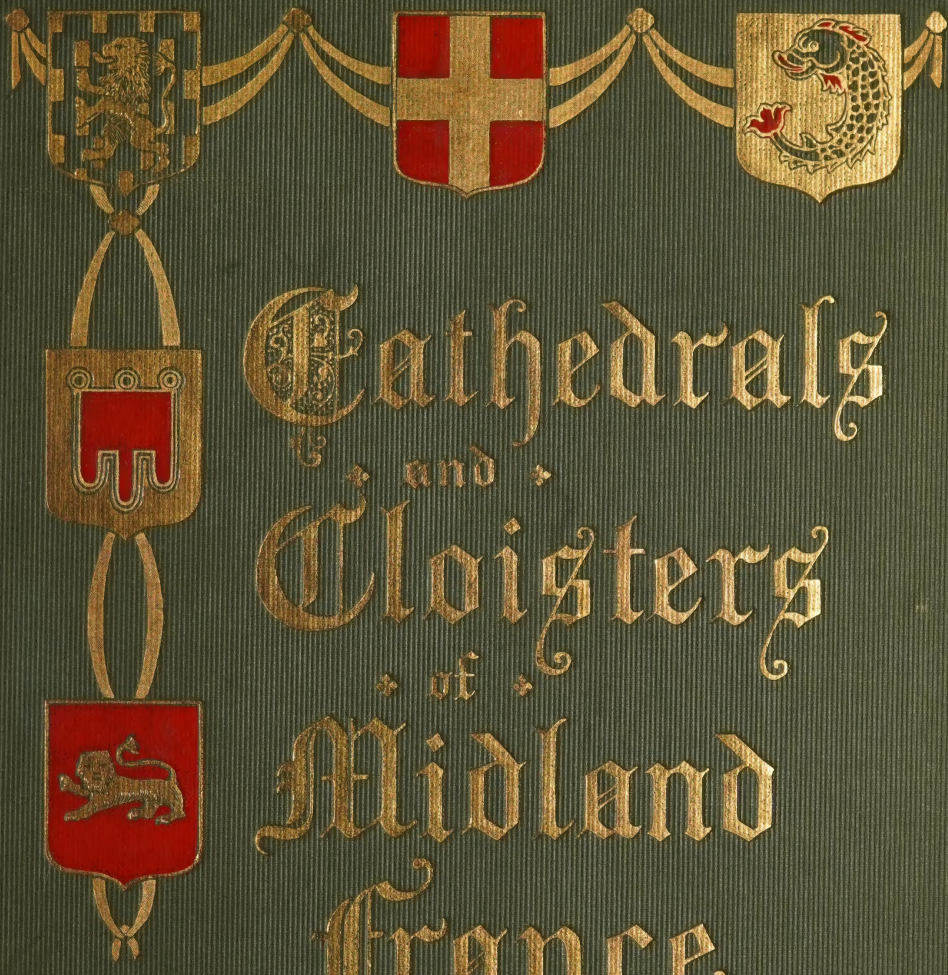

Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France

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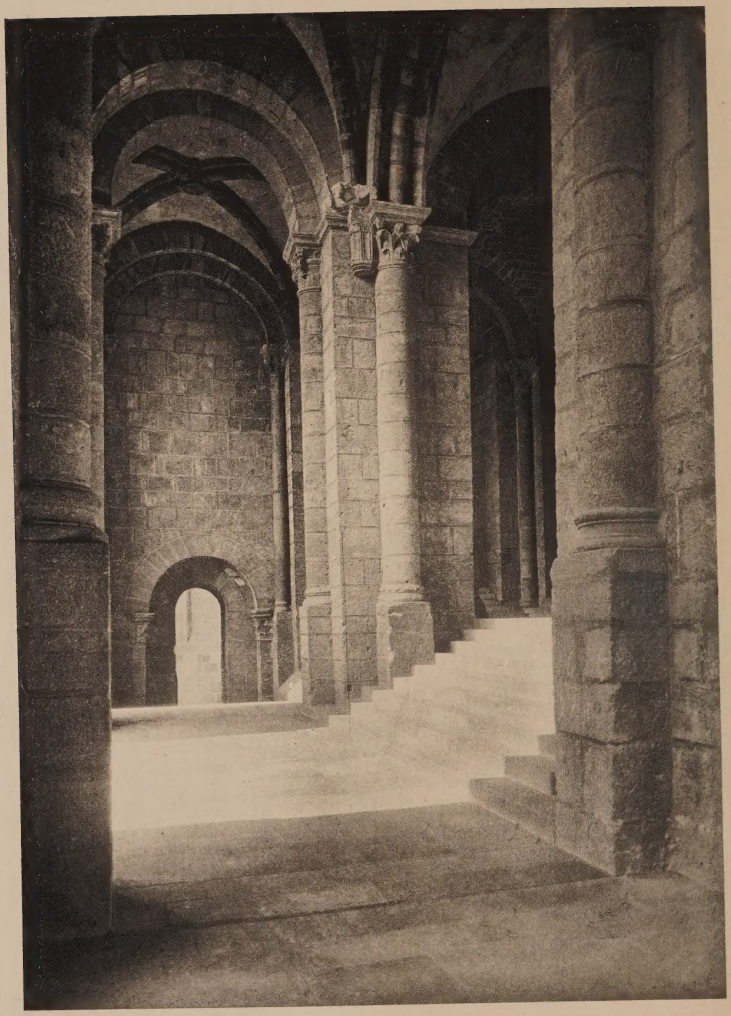

"Then the light began to fade and the whole porch was filled with marvellous, mysterious shadows."

Le Puy.

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CATHEDRALS *and* CLOISTERS

OF

MIDLAND FRANCE

BY

ELISE WHITLOCK ROSE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY

VIDA HUNT FRANCIS

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME II.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1907

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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(*Continued.*)

AUVERGNE (*Continued*).

Le Puy.

The traveller was stopping with a well-to-do farmer of Langogne. He had arrived about the first of August and, as he had come with letters from their friends, the whole family had immediately taken him into their confidence and told him of the extraordinary favour which heaven was about to bestow on them, and on him too, if he so elected,—"all the world—everyone—the family entire—" was to go up to Le Puy for the Feast of the Assumption.

"All the world" consisted of Monsieur Leborne, Madame his wife, Philomène, a sage little person aged ten, and Charlot, a delicate boy of seven. Never was the Blessed Mother more ardently besieged than by this "family entire." They prayed for a clear day, a cool day, a still day; they prayed that the left front wheel which had once fallen off might do so no more, and that Charles the Bald—their horse—might feel especially well, and that their sins might be forgiven. They prayed incessantly—until they discovered that the traveller had never seen Le Puy and did not know why it should be so much more beautiful to celebrate the Feast there than in Langogne. Much of the attention of the whole family, it is to be feared, was then turned from her whom they called their "Good

Lady" to the unworthy traveller. They catechised him in a thorough manner which did credit to the teachings of Monsieur the Vicar.

"Did he not know who the Virgin was? Did he not know about the Feast of the Assumption—and its date—and one's duty on the holy day?"

To all these questions the traveller was able to give satisfactory answers.

"Well, you do look like a Christian," said Philomène with relief. And the traveller, who had seen the pictures of heretics and infidels in the little girl's "prize-book," felt complimented.

"It is, however, serious to know no more," continued Philomène meditatively, looking up at him with her large brown eyes. "Every good Christian in the whole world knows why the Feast of the Assumption is more beautiful in Le Puy than just here at home—even I, who have not yet taken my First Communion, even I know that."

"Monsieur knows more than you will ever dream of, and has already seen more than you will ever see until you get to heaven. Give Monsieur peace, I beg you," her mother interrupted sharply.

"Monsieur," she turned to the traveller, "they are of an impudence quite insupportable!—However it might be just as well," nodding to her daughter, "if you and Charlot took yourselves down to Monsieur the Curé's and asked him for a book on Notre-Dame du Puy. I know he has one, for I have seen him reading

from it, and he is goodness itself and will take pleasure in lending it to us."

"Mind you don't tear the leaves or you go to bed, both of you," called their mother, with a twinkle in her eye, as she watched Philomène and her brother, hand in hand, scampering down the road.

That afternoon the children, directed by Madame Leborne, led the traveller to a quiet spot in the orchard, and "gave him peace" and the book of Monsieur the Curé.

For the historian, the psychologist, and the lover of human nature, all its pages would be interesting, but those which held his attention longest ran in this wise,—"Forty-five years after the Incarnation of Our Lord Jesus Christ, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, Saint Peter, who two years before had transferred his See from Antioch to Rome, sent several of his disciples to preach . . . in Gaul. . . . Saint Martial was sent to Limoges, Saint Denis to Paris, Saint Julian to Le Mans, Saint Trophime to Arles, . . . Saint Front to Périgueux, and Saint George to the Velay. Saint George and Saint Front left together to go to the places of their mission. But at the end of three days . . . Saint George was seized with a sudden malady and died almost immediately.

"Heartbroken . . . , Saint Front . . . returned, found Saint Peter, and with tears, told him of the sad beginning of his journey.

" 'Weep no more, my son,' said Saint Peter to him,

'there is no evil in what you have told me. God permitted this death only for His glory and the conversion of many souls. In proof of what I say take my pastoral staff, place it on the tomb of your companion, and say "George, servant of the living God, in the name of Jesus and through Peter, His Vicar on earth, I adjure you to now leave the tomb . . . in order that, your soul having rejoined your body, you may continue the journey you have begun." At these simple words and at the touch of this staff George will surely rise again,' added Saint Peter, 'and you will be able to go forward together and illumine with the light of the Gospel many poor souls who . . . are in the darkness of idolatry.'

"Much rejoiced . . . , Saint Front took the staff of the Apostle, Saint Peter, and returned in haste to the place where lay the inanimate body of Saint George. A great multitude of infidels of both sexes were gathered to see what would occur. Then, in the presence of all these spectators, Saint Front drew near to the tomb, placed the staff . . . upon it, and invoking the name of Jesus Christ commanded the dead man to arise. Suddenly . . . George, like another Lazarus, came forth from the tomb full of life and health. Immediately the multitude shouted triumphantly in honour of Christ, . . . and Saint Front had the joy of . . . baptising several thousand converts."

After this second and auspicious beginning the two missionaries continued happily on their way, and soon

arrived in France where Saint Front was obliged to leave Saint George in order to go to Périgueux, which was the place Saint Peter had expressly assigned to him.

"Saint George, . . . alone in the Velay, began the conversion of idolaters with the greatest zeal. Everywhere that he could make himself heard, in the streets, in the public squares, and even within the walls of the prætorium, . . . everywhere he courageously preached the Word of God. And the Holy Spirit gave him so persuasive an eloquence . . . that in a short time he had baptised a great number of heathen. . . . Then George, armed with the sign of the Cross, penetrated into a pagan Temple dedicated to the Sun. . . . The multitude followed precipitately. But scarcely had the Saint put his foot in the Temple when the invisible demons, with which the place was filled, began to cry and shriek horribly. But George, armed with the sign of the Cross, commanded all the demons who were there to leave . . . the statues which they were occupying. Immediately horrible black shapes, casting flames from their mouths and eyes, were seen to come from the statues which adorned the Temple. They roared like lions, to the great alarm of the people who would have fled if the Saint had not ordered all the evil spirits to return to the depths of Hell. Then a terrible noise was heard like that of a falling mountain. It was the sound which all these infernal monsters made in disappearing and retiring to their haunts." Saint

George then dedicated the Temple "to the service of the true God under the name and in the honour of the august Queen of Heaven."

"Such was the introduction of the worship of Mary in the mountains of the Velay." This, however, was not in Le Puy itself; and the traveller, searching further, found that that event occurred in a very different manner. "A pious widow," stated the book of Monsieur the Curé, "who had been baptised by Saint Front, . . . had long suffered from a fever which no remedy would cure. Obtaining no relief from men, she petitioned the Holy Virgin, who replied,—'Arise, my daughter, from the bed where you cannot find health and seek it on Mount Anis where it shall be given you.' Obedient to this voice the sick woman ordered her domestics to carry her to the place indicated. Upon arriving she saw a great, square, black stone [probably a dolmen] "formed like an Altar, on which she lay down and went to sleep. During this sleep she saw a group of angels surrounding a Lady who was enshrouded in light and clothed in royal robes. At first the sight troubled her; but soon reassured, she found courage to ask who this Queen was. One of the celestial spirits replied, 'This is the august Mother of the Saviour, who, from out all the places of the world, has especially chosen this spot in which to be served and honoured until the end of time; and in order that you may not believe that which you see to be a vain dream, the recovery which you desire is accorded you.'

With these words the vision disappeared in the midst of sweet music and the sick woman awoke in all the vigour of health.

"As may be believed, her first care was to find Saint George and tell him of the miracle which had just taken place. At this news the holy Bishop went in haste to Mount Anis; but what was his surprise to see its summit . . . , which forms a little plateau, covered with snow, although it was then the eleventh day of July and extremely hot. But this was not all, —beneath the eyes of the astounded Saint a stag suddenly darted forth and, in his rapid course, traced in the snow the outline of a church of which George, inspired from on high, predicted the future glory. Too impoverished or too busily occupied to build the sacred edifice, he surrounded the site with a hedge of hawthorne. The next day the snow had disappeared, and by another miracle . . . the blossoming hawthorne spread over the mountain like a virgin's crown.

"The rumours of these wondrous deeds soon came to the ears of Saint Martial who was evangelising the neighbouring country. The Apostle of Aquitaine also visited the blessed mountain. He designated the place of the Altar, and in memory of his pilgrimage left a slipper of the Holy Virgin which can be seen to-day in the Treasury of the Cathedral. The two Apostles soon separated, . . . and at length Saint George, worn by labour and . . . by age, died . . . in the year 84 of Our Saviour Jesus Christ."

"The sanctuary was built," read the traveller a few pages further on, "and it only remained to consecrate it. But as at that period no church could be consecrated without the especial permission of the Holy See, Saint Vosy and Saint Scutaire set out for Rome. Scarcely had they journeyed an hour when they met on the banks of the Loire . . . two venerable old men, who were walking solemnly and carrying . . . two little chests sparkling with gold. Seized with astonishment at the sight of these august and mysterious personages, Vosy and his companion respectfully addressed them, asked them who they were, whence they came, and where they were going amidst these mountains and forests.

" 'Faithful servants of the Mother of God,' replied one of the venerable pilgrims in a grave voice, 'journey no further; we are sent from Rome to give to you these relics which you will know by their inscriptions. Return, and, barefooted, carry them to the Church of Mount Anis. . . . As to the consecration, concern yourselves no more about it; for the hand of man should in no wise consecrate the sanctuary which you have raised to the Queen of Heaven. It is for the angels . . . that this honour is reserved. Such is the will of God.'

" . . . At these words Saint Vosy and Saint Scutaire took the shoes from off their feet and knelt to receive the precious relics, but the mysterious old men had no sooner placed them in their hands than they

suddenly vanished, thus proving that they were Angels and not men. . . .

"The people, informed of these happenings, assembled in haste . . . and ascended the mountain, singing hymns of joy. . . . When, oh, miracle! as they approached the sacred Temple, the bells began to peal without the aid of human hands, the portals of the Basilica opened of themselves, and the sanctuary was seen resplendent with the light of thousands of candles, while the celestial perfume of the holy oil, with which the walls . . . and the Altar had been anointed by the Angels, enveloped the entire church in its suave odour. . . .

"The prayers finished, the torches were gathered and religiously preserved. Two have remained to our own times in spite of the upheaval of the great French Revolution. They are preciously guarded in the Treasury of the Cathedral, where we have seen them and where they still exhale a delicious perfume."

"Have you read it all?" asked a little voice in the traveller's ear. The traveller, saturated in mystery and miracle, started as if an Angel had appeared to him also. Philomène stood beside him.

"No, not all," he was obliged to answer apologetically, "but I am getting along nicely."

"Do you know what the Great Pardon is?"

"Not yet—but I know about the Angels and Saint George and——"

"You don't know much yet I'm afraid," said Philomène gravely.

"Well, do you know what the Great Pardon is?"

"Of—course—I do," she replied with dignity, "I have known it always—or at least since I was very small, much smaller than Charlot."

"Then tell me about it."

Philomène took a long breath and selected a spot where she could sit and look up at the traveller.

"It was like this,—there was once a very peculiar year called 'one thousand.' If you write it down you will see how strange it looks, and the people who lived in that year believed it would be the end of the world. Some of them even had visions—which proves that one must be very careful. For they were all wrong; and besides, visions can come from the demons." She sighed and looked off into the orchard.

"Did you ever have a vision, Philomène?" asked the traveller, after a few seconds of silence.

She sighed again. "Sometimes one does hear things when one comes among these trees after sundown and the mountains over there have halos,—but Monsieur the Curé recommends humility—and I really have not heard any words.—

"But, as I was saying, the people believed the end of the world would come in the year 1000 or in 992 when the Feast of the Annunciation and Good Friday fell on the same day. This made the celebration of the first and last day of Our Lord's life come together.

which is in itself a mystery. I shall be almost sixteen years old when that next occurs, Monsieur. The end of the world will perhaps not come but I shall go to Le Puy, for it is prudent to be near the Blessed Virgin at such times—one is more distant from the power of the Father of Evil. Of course we all know that the world did not come to an end in 992, but many hundreds and hundreds of people came to Le Puy in that year, and so the Holy Father made it a 'Great Pardon' there whenever the two holy-days come together. Shall you come in 1910, Monsieur?"

"I hope so," said the traveller.

"One can get forgiveness for many, many sins," meditated Philomène. "But read it in the book, Monsieur, and I will come back again."

With Philomène's help the traveller was enabled to skip many pages and read of the throngs who pressed into the narrow streets of Le Puy to seek for pardon and new graces. "They were so great," wrote the good Abbé, that "if one dropped anything no one had space to stoop and pick it up. In order to find each other the inhabitants of the same district and the members of one family waved sticks bearing a particular sign; and the heat was so great . . . that they were obliged to beg those who were looking down from the windows to throw water on their heads, . . . and the charitable added fruit to quench their thirst. . . . The three thousand confessors whom the Bishop had provided were so far from sufficing . . . that another

thousand had to be added. They were placed in rows in the Basilica; the churches, the portals, and the cemeteries were lined with them. Several stationed themselves at the Gate of Saint-Gilles, and a great number were to be found in the large prairie," to-day the Place du Breuil.

"Charlemagne was the first to trace for his successors the way to Mount Anis and to come and bow before the glorious Virgin a head so often crowned by victory." From Urban II to Alexander III, from Charlemagne to Francis I, from Saint George to Saint Dominic and Saint Vincent Ferrier, Popes, Kings, princes, Saints, Abbots, priests, and monks, were in the armies of humble pilgrims. What wondrous pageants have been seen in Le Puy, what curious spectacles of Mediævalism! In 1416, at the hour of the first Vespers, an hundred monks dressed in penitential garb, barefooted, preceded by a cross-bearer carrying a great Crucifix, slowly and solemnly entered the city. They walked two by two; and at the end of their long procession, riding a mule, came an aged and infirm Saint, Vincent of Spain, who inaugurated in this impressive manner his Mission of prayer and exhortation.

It was in the Cathedral, two centuries earlier, that the Virgin appeared to the ardent founder of the Dominican Order and counselled for the conversion of perverts and heretics, not the tortures of the Inquisition but the sweet prayers of the Rosary. She exhorted that fiery soul to patience, and said, "If you would

stop . . . the evils . . . which afflict . . . the Holy Church, preach without ceasing to the poor stray sheep the mysteries of their redemption, and lead them to meditation, for all the present evil comes from ignorance and forgetfulness of the truths of the Faith."

As the dusk fell across the hills of the Cévennes and the shadows grew deeper in the orchard, the traveller closed the Curé's book and felt prepared to go to Le Puy.

The great day approached; but, in spite of precautions and many prayers, the family had forgotten one petition. On the thirteenth Madame Leborne, who had been brought up in the swamp-lands of the Mediterranean, had a severe attack of chills and fever; and at supper Monsieur Leborne announced that, as his wife would not be able to go, the children of course must stay at home to take care of their mother. He and the traveller would start at daybreak, as he could then stop on business at La Sauvetat and Montagnac and arrive in Le Puy before night.

It was a very quiet household that went to bed that night and a mournful one which arose the next morning. Madame Leborne did not appear, and Philomène stood at the door with a big lunch basket.

"Yesterday was a bad day," she said as she handed her burden to the traveller, "the thirteenth is unlucky even for Christians."

They drove away in silence. "So you will see the Virgin of Le Puy for the first time! It does not seem

possible that any one could live to your age without having seen her. Although, of course, I know that the great majority in this world have never seen her and will never see her. For I have been to Clermont and to Lyons and have learned many things.— And there is no denying that the pilgrimages to Our Lady of Le Puy are very far from what they once were."

"How do you explain it?" asked the traveller.

"Well I may be wrong, but I have reasons which satisfy me. You see the present statue is not the first one nor the second one, but a third made after the Revolution to typify the statue which was burned in the days of '94. Of course the good God and Our Lady could perform as many miracles with one image as with another—but they don't.

"I can't tell you how it was with the first statue which disappeared hundreds of years ago, because no one has much knowledge of it; but the second one was very wonderful. Once there was a holy Saint called Jeremiah, who told the Egyptians—a people of image-worshippers—that their idols should be overthrown by the Son of a Virgin Mother. Now this Jeremiah, although not a sculptor, could carve very nicely. So, in order that the heathen might not forget his words, he made for them out of a piece of cedar-wood a statue of the future Jesus and Mary. This statue was bound after the manner of a mummy and it was venerated in three countries from that day to the time of Mohammed. A little later Saint Louis was taken prisoner by the

Sultan of Egypt, and after his ransom was paid the Sultan wished to give him a parting gift. Saint Louis chose the statue of cedar, and although the infidel King venerated the statue greatly, he gave it up. Then Saint Louis, not to be outdone, promised that he would place the Black Virgin in some part of his kingdom of France where it should be perpetually adored. In that way the Black Virgin came to Le Puy, and it is certain she brought with her pilgrimages and marvellous miracles. Both became less at her departure. Some say that the statue of new wood has as great a virtue and that the power of the Blessed Virgin is the same, but that faith is less;—I am no theologian, but certain things are impressive — powerful — effective. Who can say what virtue lay in that ancient cedar carved by the hands of the venerable prophet, Saint Jeremiah?"

There was a pause. "You can tell Monsieur the Curé," he added with a quick laugh, "that I preached you into La Sauvetat and then left you to digest the sermon."

True to his word Pierre Leborne left the traveller with a glass of "café-cognac" at a country inn. In an hour they started again, and, stopping only once more for "the business" and luncheon, drove briskly among the great hills and gorges of the Cévennes. There was no further mention of the coming Feast nor of religion; but as the afternoon wore away, the traveller, who had been reading during halts in the

two villages, asked his companion if he would like to hear what other people thought of Le Puy.

"Willingly," answered Pierre, "I see it myself two or three times a year, but I never read anybody's opinion of the place."

The traveller drew out his notes. "An hundred pens have written of Le Puy, yet which has described

LACE-MAKING.—"THE BUSINESS" IN THE VILLAGE NEAR LE PUY.

its surprising beauty, which has successfully depicted its charm, which has painted the word-picture so vividly, that he who does not know Le Puy is enchanted by its wonders? Who has written so truly that he who is exiled can see, as if he were again at home, 'the hill of hills, the holy town of the Middle Ages, and the most picturesque and curious city in

France'? It is 'equally surprising,' writes Hare, an Englishman, 'in its situation, its buildings, and its surroundings.' 'Nothing,' exclaimed Georges Sand, one of your own countrywomen, 'can give an idea of the beauty of the basin of Le Puy and I know no site whose character is more difficult to describe.' "

"That is very pretty," said Pierre as the traveller paused, "it is like ground cleared for sowing. Is there no more, Monsieur?"

"Imagine a large basin," continued the traveller, "closely surrounded by luxuriant, rolling hills; imagine, above these hills and against an horizon that is sometimes sharp and sometimes blue and hazy, great, irregular ranks of cone-shaped mountains—central France with all its dead volcanoes! . . . The open heaven is as vast as that of the Campagna of Rome, but hollowed like a chalice-cup, as if all the volcanoes which have convulsed this region were held in one common crater of fabulous dimensions. Below, within this magnetic zone, the basin with its group of rocky pinnacles is no less strangely beautiful. It has the rock of Espaly; another hill; the high Mount Anis; the near-by, holy ridge, virtually part of the mountain; and the tall, narrow rock of Saint-Michel-l'Aiguille which Mandet has finely called 'a volcanic chimney.' And these pinnacles are not mere mounds of earth up which a King of France might march ten thousand men, they are sharp, jagged peaks that rise irregularly from out the plain."

"Wait, Monsieur, wait! I have brought you purposely by this road," Pierre interrupted. They drove for a few seconds and rounded a sharp turn. "Now what do you see?" he asked triumphantly.

The atmosphere was magnificently resilient, the first glow of sunset was over the land, and the traveller looked into the clear panorama which had opened so suddenly before him. For an instant, its strange beauty of outline and colour made him speechless.

Finally he said, "I see it all—I see it all, Leborne—the hillock crowned by its picturesque tower, a near-by rock——"

"That is the rock of Espaly," Pierre interrupted, "where Charles VII lived in the manor of the Bishops of Le Puy."

"I recognise Saint Michael's Mount with its tiny brown church and the fine needle of its tower—the huge pink statue of Our Lady of France on the high, rocky peak, and, lower down, the dark mass of the Cathedral with the white and reddish houses that nestle about its hillside—and far along the bluish horizon I see the soft lines of distant mountains—" The traveller stopped in breathless enthusiasm.

"Is it not beautiful?" asked Pierre with quiet pride. "I, who was born here—I am not like the people of the place. I never see Le Puy without emotion—I never leave it without regret.'

The next morning Monsieur Leborne, dressed in Sunday-best and accompanied by several cousins, led

"'THE BASIN WITH ITS GROUP OF ROCKY PINNACLES IS NO LESS STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL.'"—LE PUY.

the traveller through narrow, dark streets, that were lined by high houses, to a very small square. There, turning near a pretty Gothic fountain, Pierre said simply, "Look, Monsieur!"

The traveller gazed up a steep, hilly street. On either side, innumerable stone steps were built in broad flights to its summit, and many beautifully dressed ladies, peasant women in black gowns with white caps, gay ribbons, and gold Crosses on their breasts, men conventionally attired, men in stiff, new blouses, and boys, and girls, were hurrying up and down the hill.

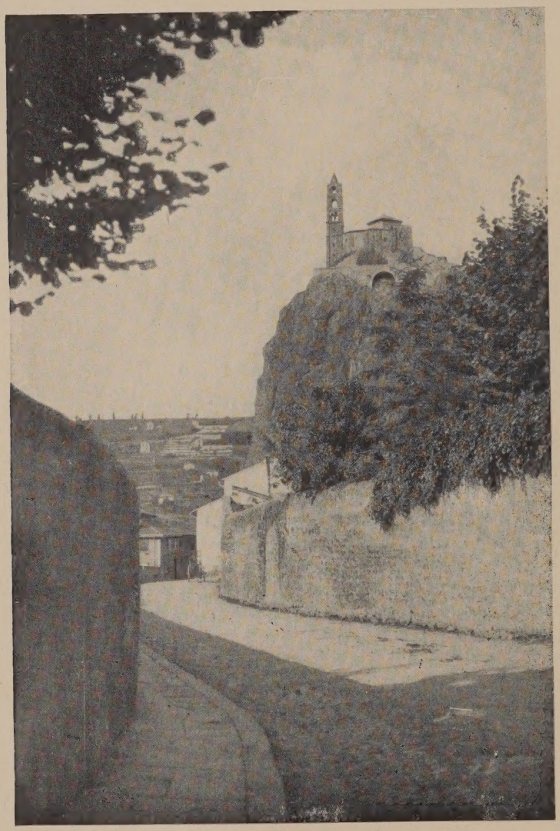
Reaching the top of the street the traveller and his companions began to climb the long, majestic flight of steps that leads to the Cathedral. Here a few worshippers on their knees were slowly and painfully ascending, but their faces were alight, and they glanced continually toward the high façade and the dark porch of the Cathedral which rose above them. Underneath the heavy arch of the porch the steps rose to an Altar, at whose base many knelt and kissed a blackish stone.

"It is the dolmen-stone—the place where the holy widow slept," whispered the farmer and bent his knee.

On either side of this Altar the stairway divided, and continued in short flights. They took the flight to the left and entered the church. With a hurried whisper and a peck at the Holy Water, Leborne and one of his cousins darted into a chapel and, with incredibly noiseless dexterity, brought back six chairs

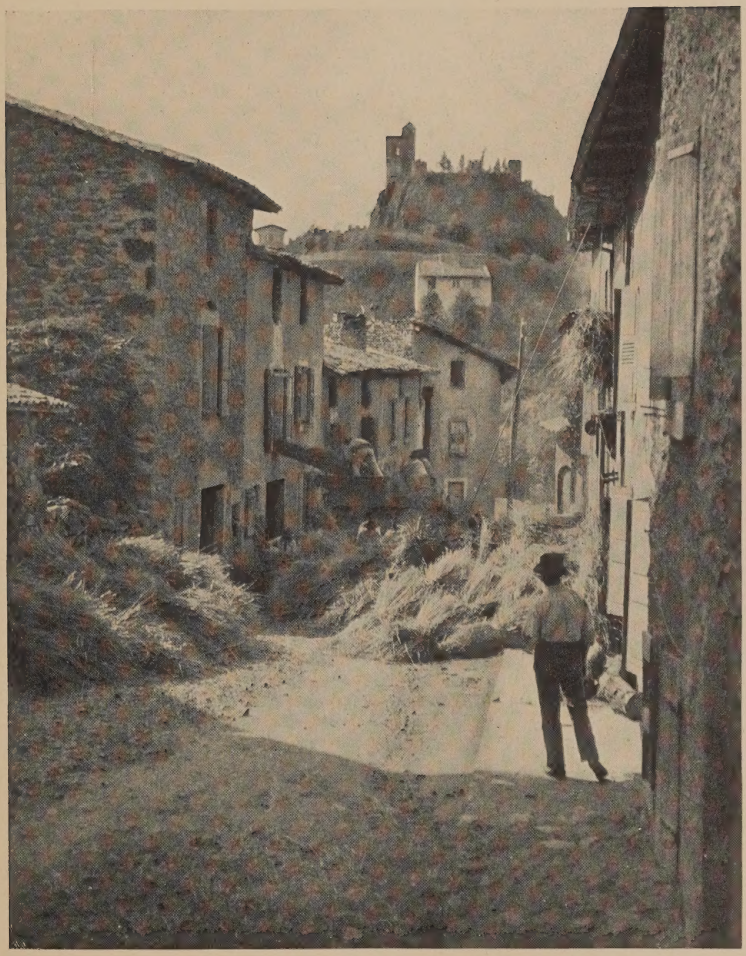
and placed them in the transept, close to the choir screen. With a sigh of relief and contentment, the whole party sank into the seats.

Pierre leaned towards the traveller and whispered,



SAINT MICHAEL'S MOUNT WITH ITS TINY BROWN CHURCH AND THE FINE NEEDLE OF ITS TOWER."—LE PUY.

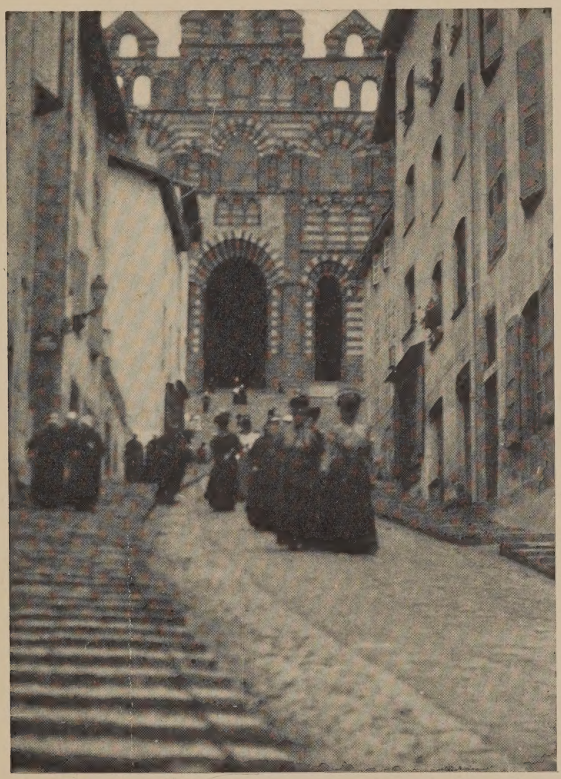
"This is the place of all places for me. One can see the whole Mass, and when Monseigneur gives the



IN THE TOWN OF ESPALY.

Benediction one is so close—just to watch him at that moment is a blessing."

The Cathedral was rapidly filling, but Mass had not begun; and the traveller, looking about him, saw that



"A STEEP, HILLY STREET, WITH INNUMERABLE STONE STEPS ON EITHER SIDE."—LE PUY.

the interior had side aisles, a nave of six bays, a square choir, and transepts ending in apses, that the first four bays were more ornamental than the others and

the arches more pointed. The central cupola formed the lantern. There was, of course, no western entrance. The transepts were divided equally into two stories, and the pillars of the lower story had "capitals of indescribable richness." These were indeed the forms of the church; but such a delineation would be the letter denuded of the spirit. Remembering his reading of the day before, the traveller was impressed by the words of Georges Sand in the *Marquis de Villemer*, "the interior is sublime in its finished strength and religious light. Never have I comprehended and, as it were, experienced the terror of the Middle Ages as under these black pillars, beneath these cupolas." Here was the true, old, fortress church; dark, heavy, and massive; with few windows, and with no large portals.

In all this powerful construction there is no crudeness, but on the contrary finish, great elegance, and fine symmetry of form. The sombre, basaltic stone of the building is relieved by the lighter tone of the capitals; the carvings on pier and column and in the beautiful cupolas are deep and rich beyond compare; and not only is the mature art of its builders made manifest in the decorations, but in the beautiful lighting of the interior, in that subdued and devotional light which falls and envelops the church in pale, mysterious radiance. The Cathedral is no less staunchly built than the fortress-churches of the Mediterranean, but between the two constructions the

"HERE WAS THE TRUE, OLD FORTRESS CHURCH, DARK, HEAVY, AND MASSIVE."—LE PUY.

difference is vast. Maguelonne is and must always have been rugged; the interior of Agde is simple; that of Le Puy is of the Auvergnat Romanesque which, "even in the XI century," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "possessed builders of rare ability, who were much more skilled than those of the other provinces of France."

As these comparisons were running through the traveller's mind, he was distracted by the ringing of a bell. Immediately the organ sounded softly, and looking through the magnificent, wrought-iron choir screen, he saw a procession of priestly figures which was entering the enclosure. There was the Bishop in trailing, purple robes, an elderly man with a fine, cameo face; there were two Canons who sat on either side of him; and other Canons, in long, dark robes and fur-trimmed capes. Behind them was the valet of the Bishop, a layman dressed entirely in black who discreetly effaced himself near a huge pier. There were the officiating priest and his assistants, clothed in gorgeous vestments embroidered in silks and thread of gold, and there were also altar-boys garbed in red, with cottas of fine lace. After the members of this procession had slowly and solemnly taken their places, the priest chanted *Asperges me, Domine*, the Bishop was sprinkled with Holy Water, the priests and the congregation were also sprinkled, and in a few moments the Mass had begun.

The traveller had assisted at many a more splendid

service, he had heard much more beautiful music in other Cathedrals, but he never had heard a Mass more fittingly and imposingly sung. In perfect obedience to the injunction of Pope Pius X the chanting was pure and simple, the movements of the celebrant were measured and reverential, the postures and demeanour of the altar-boys were carefully correct. The whole ceremony was stately and devotional, an antithesis to the Masses which European tourists are wont to describe; and at the end, when the Bishop arose and in the perfect silence, amid the kneeling priests and people, slowly chanted the simple words, *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*, it was—as Pierre had said—"a blessing just to look" at his uplifted old face, and every heart echoed the responsive "Amen."

THE BISHOP OF LE PUY.

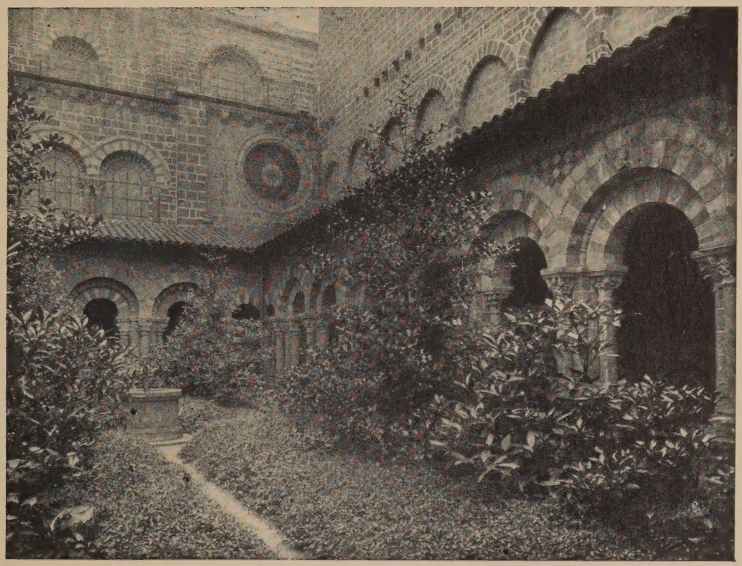
Although it was after eleven and "high time for eating," according to his cousins, Pierre led the traveller across the Cathedral and into the Cloister. It lay warm in the hot August sun and the spell of the noonday silence and solitude was on it.

"I had a fancy that you should come for the first when other folks were not here," said the farmer.

"You know we may be standing where the angels stood, for this is called 'the angelic church.' A great many people say that they don't believe it was,—once I myself did not believe it,—but it is a pretty idea—and why not?"

"Why not indeed?" echoed the traveller, completely under the spell of the Cloister.

After that eventful Feast-day had closed, the trav-



"THE SPELL OF THE NOONDAY SILENCE AND SOLITUDE WAS ON IT."—LE PUY.

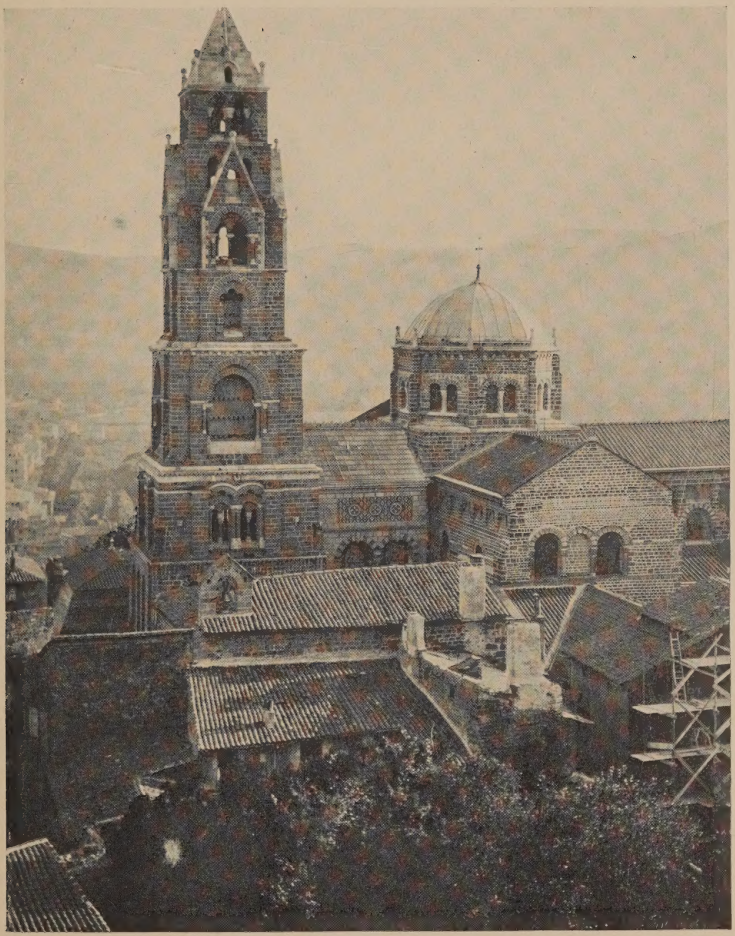
eller spent many days at Le Puy, for many are necessary to explore and understand its curious, beautiful, and bewildering Cathedral. From almost every point of the surrounding country its campanile, its great lantern, and its strange façade appear in new outline, in

fascinating perspective; and to look down at them from the height of Notre-Dame de France, to perceive them across country, or across the roofs of the little city, and to spy the tower in the far distance, mean days of delightful walks and climbs.

The most impressive approach to this venerable church of the XI and XII centuries is the stony, hilly street which leads to its great western porch. This street is still called the "rue des Tables," because along either side of it the Brothers of the Hospital formerly rented tables to traders who wished to attract the patronage of pilgrims. The daily pilgrims are now few, and venders no longer line the street, but this steep path is full of old-time suggestion, and as Viollet-le-Duc has written, "the reminiscence of a past order of things is even more obvious here than before the Cathedral of Autun."

The traveller went up the broad stairway; and, as he stopped beneath the heavy vault of the porch, the setting sun lighted its dark arches, the black and white layers of its stones, the fine carving of its capitals, and for those brief moments illumined transplendently the art of the builders of Auvergne. Then the light began to fade, and the whole porch was filled with marvellous, mysterious shadows. He turned to ascend again, and read these words carved on one of the steps, "You who are guilty of mortal sin, stop here."

Glancing backward once more before he left the great porch and plunged into the mustiness of the



LOOKING DOWN AT THE CATHEDRAL "FROM THE HEIGHTS OF NOTRE-DAME DE FRANCE."—LE PUY.

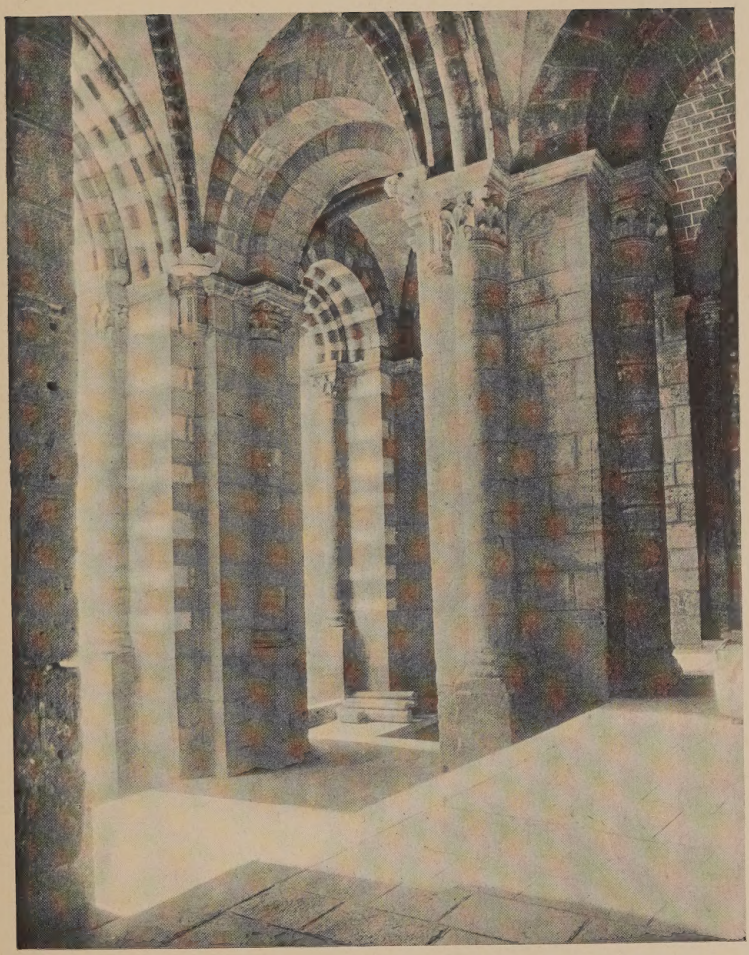
short, closed, lateral flights of steps, he looked out over a sunlit land and across the city's roofs to the hills of Auvergne.

"From the precipitous nature of the ground," writes Petit, "the elevation of this western front does not correspond with the transverse section of the nave itself." The apse of the Cathedral and its first bay were built on the edge of a volcanic declivity; when the continuation of the church was considered, it was found that part of the nave would inevitably project beyond the sharp incline of the hill. To support this nave the porch of the XII century was conceived and its huge vaults and enormous pillars were firmly built against the hillside. "The Cathedral of Le-Puy-en-Velay," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "possesses an open porch . . . with a great staircase, or rather the church itself was only an immense porch whose steps led directly to the foot of the Altar." Unfortunately the unique and stupendous architectural and devotional effect of this great, unbroken flight of steps, where thousands of pilgrims might kneel and see, in the distance, the lighted tapers of the Mass, was almost destroyed when its last steps were blocked by a wall which supports the flooring of the nave. Since that time, worshippers have mounted to "the angelic church" by the smaller, lateral staircases into which the great flight diverges at the Virgin's Altar which forms part of the obstructing wall.

Owing to its peculiar substructure "the floor of the

nave," continues Petit, "is about the level of the string course above the western door. . . . Now as this front is not immoderately lofty in its proportions, the interior itself must be . . . deficient in height. The architect had to correct this deficiency to the eye and to the imagination. He did this by throwing across, at each division of the bays, an arch supporting a wall pierced with arched openings; thus giving to each bay a rectangular lantern covered with a domical roof. It is clear that this arrangement by which almost the whole of the real roof is concealed from the spectator, whatever be his point of view, adds an amazing imaginary height; and the light through the clerestory gives to each compartment the effect of an open, central tower."

A number of small doors lead to the stairways, the Sacristies, the Capitulary Hall, the Cloister, and the pathway to the higher hill. Of all these doors the most interesting is that which opens upon a little terrace, towards the Episcopal Palace. The little terrace is the sunny ending of a dark, narrow street, a sort of tortuous, winding staircase between the Canons' houses, that leads downward to a heavy, arched entrance to the "Consular city." To the traveller's mind, the doorway of the little terrace was always the "Bishop's Portal," because it is here that Monseigneur usually enters his Cathedral-church. It is, however, more than a portal; it is a porch. Two of its square sides are formed by the Cathedral's walls, the other



"FOR THOSE BRIEF MOMENTS THE SETTING SUN . . . ILLUMINATED TRANSPLENDENTLY THE ART OF THE BUILDERS OF AUVERGNE."

two are fashioned by arches and pillars exquisitely carven with geometric art, typical figures, and beautiful foliage. In the *Dictionnaire raisonne* Viollet-le-Duc has written sympathetically of "the extreme delicacy of the black and white carvings of this porch," of its rare bronze knocker, the oldest in France, which

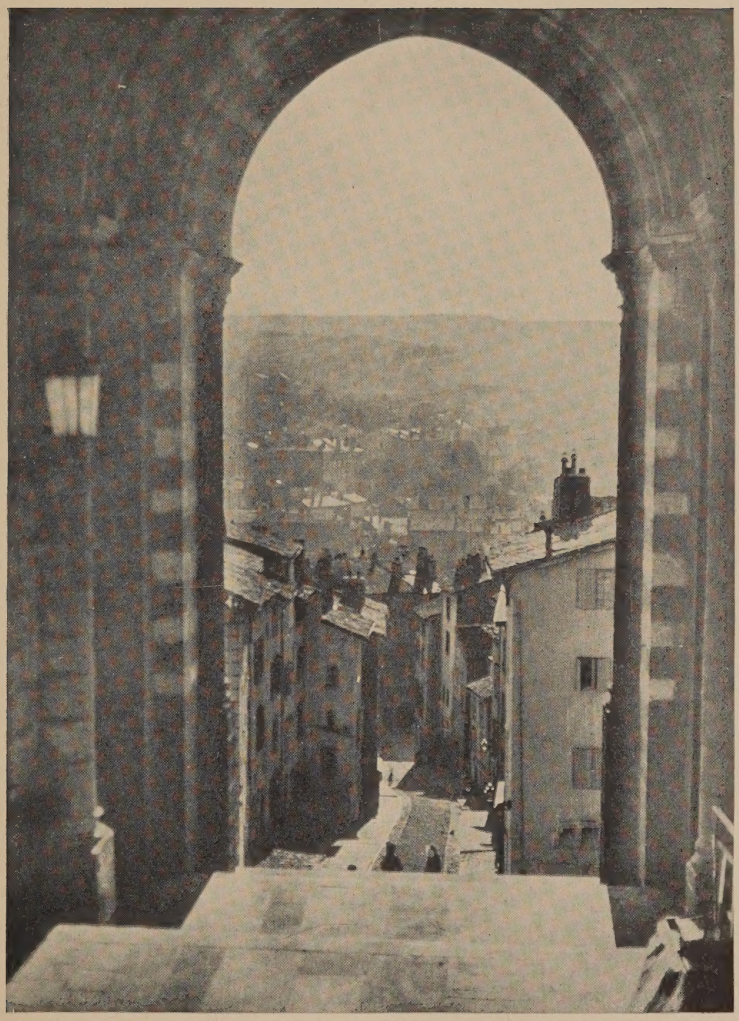
"IT IS MORE THAN A PORTAL, IT IS A PORCH"

the fugitive of the Dark Ages grasped "for sanctuary," and of the finely cut and chiselled shafts. So beautiful is its whole construction, both in the harmonious strength of its forms and the exquisite yet vigorous elegance of its details, that one lingers to study its

many perspectives and to regret that the art of Auvergne should have been so soon eclipsed by the triumphant progress of the architecture of the Royal Domain.

Through another doorway which opens beneath a heavy, overhanging arch, one enters the path to the high promontory of Notre-Dame de France. Just opposite this arch is a building of plain, rough walls. Its interior is a miserable, half-abandoned, whitewashed chapel; and nothing more decayed and commonplace could be imagined than the whole structure. It is so unnoticed that, in their works, archæologists sometimes ignore it and, in their visits, tourists pass it by. Information about its history is contained in a few, meagre sentences,—it was the Baptistery of Saint John, of the IV century, and partially of Roman construction. These phrases, however meagre, fired the curiosity and the imagination of the traveller. He climbed rickety ladders to see the shadowy frescoes now hidden by the beams of the chapel, he clambered over rubbish to find traces of the true domical form and peered in dusty corners to trace some bit of ancient construction. All is very worn and very sordid, but the traces of antiquity exist; and if only the magic power of the archæologic restorer were at work, the old Baptistery might again appear. But few of these edifices have endured.

Those of Aix and of Fréjus and even that of the tower of Viviers seem but a part, a chapel as it were,



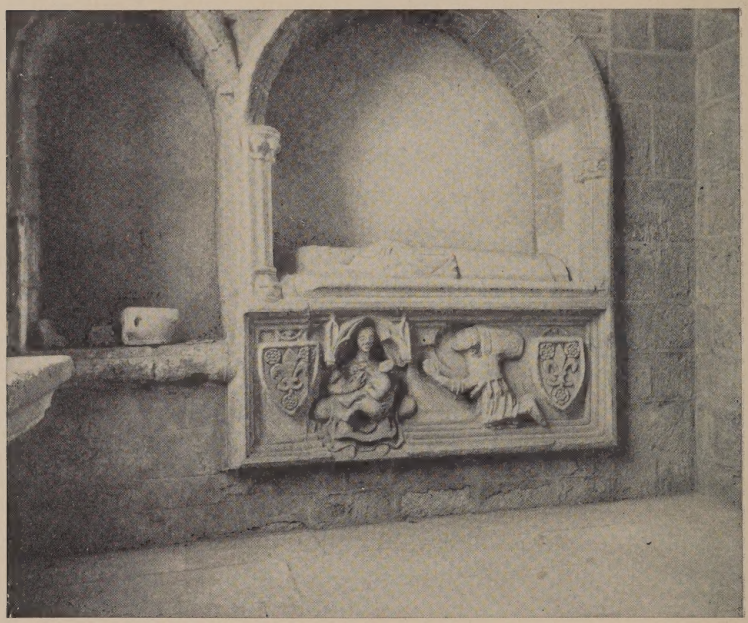
"LOOKING OUT OVER A SUNLIT LAND AND ACROSS THE CITY'S ROOFS TO THE HILLS OF AUVERGNE."—LE PUY.

of their Cathedrals; those of Riez and of Poitiers seem isolated from the appropriate churchly surroundings. It is scarcely possible for the layman to see the architectural possibilities of the weather-beaten, distorted, and bedaubed Baptistery of Le Puy, to take real pleasure in its exploration, or to foretell that it would have an interest as great as the classic charm of Riez, as notable as that of the Temple of Saint John of Poitiers, which the reverend Père de la Croix believes to be the most ancient Christian edifice in France. But whatever its comparative significance, its importance is marked, for it is situated in the midst of a notable congregation of churchly edifices and its restoration would add in no minor degree to the completeness of the group.

Leaving the Baptistery, with small expectation of seeing this restoration, the traveller went back to explore the nooks and corners of the Cathedral itself. To walk through the aisles of this church, tourist-fashion, in one portal and out another, is to gain an even more imperfect notion of the church than is usually acquired in hasty visits to ancient places. In the upper stories of the lantern where the sculpture is ineffably rich and the structural scheme as interesting; about the organ where the walls are covered with curious frescoes; in the second story of the other transept across the choir; in the abandoned chapel of the Bishops; and in many another corner; there are rare details and beautiful "things to see." In the

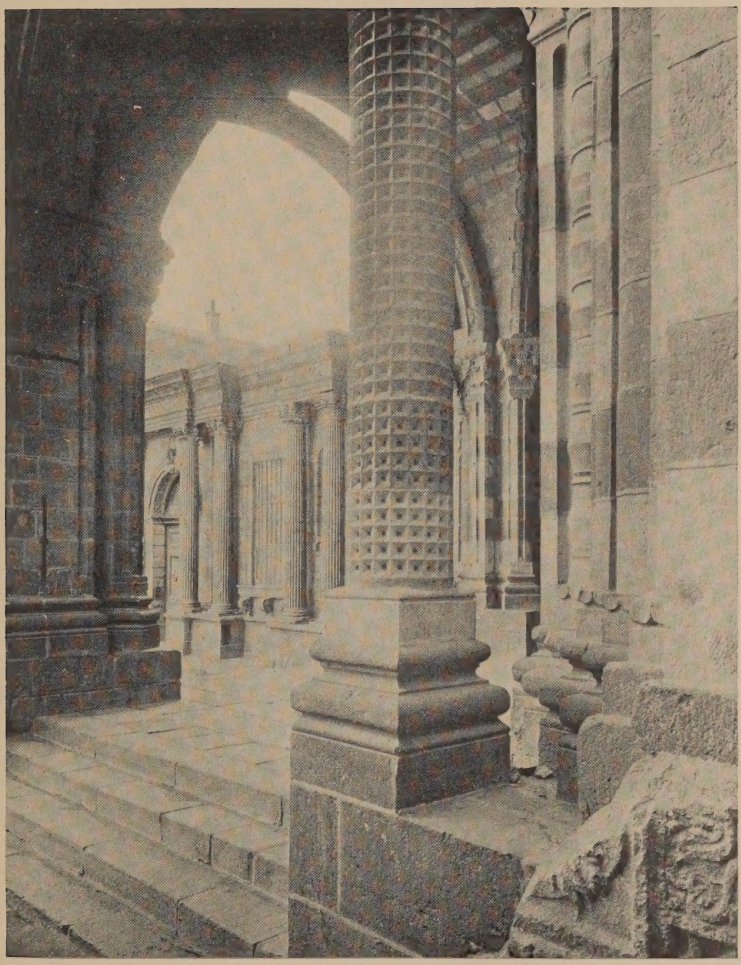
"maîtrise" there is a notably original and artistic chimney. The Sacristy contains a rare manuscript, an early Bible, dramatic scenes carved in rich, dark wood, and, besides many lesser treasures, the slipper of the Virgin and two of the angelic candles.

Passing from the Sacristy to the tower, one sees



"A SOUL IN PURGATORY EARNESTLY IMPLORING THE AID OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD."—LE PUY.

true Roman remains, fragments of spirited pagan sculpture incrusted in Christian walls and actually aiding in the support of the church. From this apparently fortuitous use of old materials it is easy to imagine the numerous ruins and rare bits of antique



"ITS FINELY CUT AND CHISELLED SHAFTS; . . . ITS STRENGTH OF FORM AND EXQUISITE YET VIGOROUS DETAILS."—LE PUY.

monuments which were thickly scattered over mediæval France, and the all-pervading influence which, until the beginning of the XII century, Gallo-Roman art exercised by the very insistence of its presence.

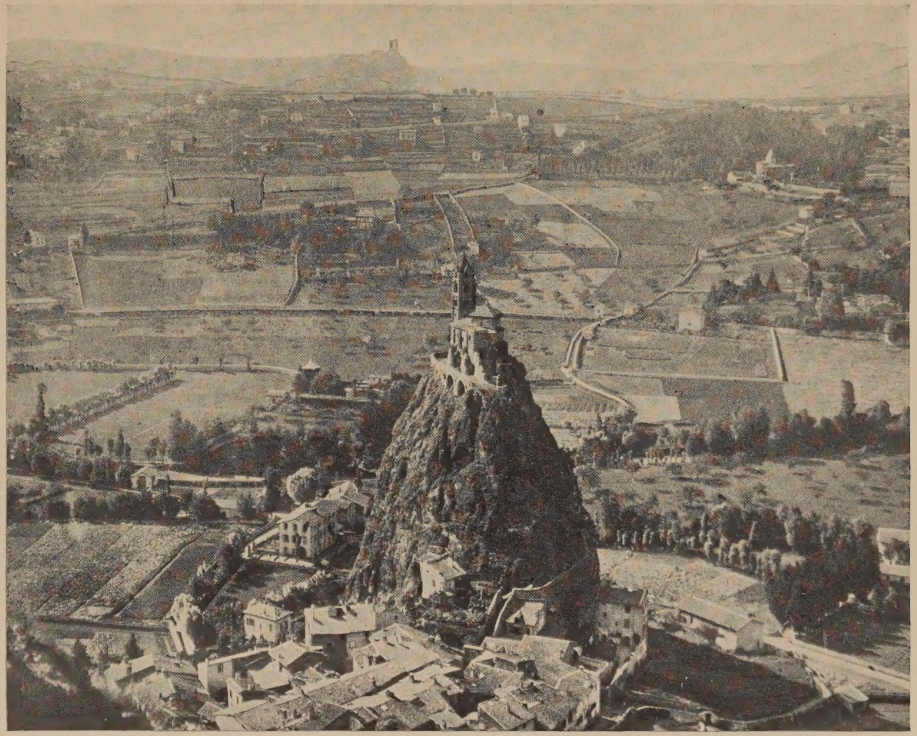
The seven-storied tower that rises just beyond the walls in which these vestiges of ancient sculpture are found suggests very different recollections. Its lowest compartment was used as a burial chapel and contains one of the quaintest sculptured conceits of the Cathedral,—a soul in purgatory earnestly imploring the aid of the Virgin and Child.

In form, the tower is a charming campanile, almost independent of the church itself. In the period of its construction it had practical as well as artistic purposes. The Bishops of Le Puy were temporal lords, and their tower which loomed over the country was not alone a reminder of religion, it spoke as eloquently, Viollet-le-Duc tells us, of the prelates' rank and importance as the lofty, battlemented donjon told of the lay lord's power. It was also a belfry, a watch-tower, and its highest story is a sentinel's lodge, a veritable lookout. Here the mediæval sentinel lived on guard. It was his duty to ring the church-bells or to blow a horn whenever he saw a fire or perceived the approach of a violent storm or a band of marauders. He signalled the rising of the sun, and the opening and closing of the Cathedral's portals; and he doubtless looked often and anxiously towards Polignac where the faint outlines of a castle rose like a warning phantom, and where

Princes, chiefs of the Routiers, and enemies of his Bishop sometimes lived.

Another structure which combined a religious and a defensive character is the machicolated building which stands against the Cathedral's northern wall. Within, its ecclesiastical purposes are evident. The great vaulted hall, which contains the famous XI century fresco of the "Liberal Arts," was the place of assembly of the Provincial Estates and is now a chapel. Without, the important military intent of the building alone is obvious. It could accommodate two hundred men, the access to its upper battlements was difficult, it had apertures where missiles and boiling oil could be thrown on besieging foes, and was generally constructed with all the strength and cunning which the strategic architecture of the XIII century had devised. Below this fortified hall, completely sheltered and protected, lies the quiet Cloister, as strange a contrast to modern eyes as may well be imagined, and one equally illustrative of the Middle Ages.

This Cloister is among the most ancient that now exist in France. In order to keep out the Auvergnat winds and the hot summer sun it was made very low and rather broad, which increases the appearance of solidity native to the Romanesque; and this massiveness is accentuated still more by the heavy carving of the capitals, the weighty piers, and the general colouring of the basaltic building-stone. The walks are rather plain, suggestive of the austerities of the



"TOWARDS POLIGNAC WHERE THE FAINT OUTLINES OF A CASTLE RISE LIKE A WARNING PHANTOM."—LE PUY.

religious life, and beneath the Cloister-vaulting the architectural atmosphere is ascetic. It is from the narrow pathways of the little close that the real beauty of the Cloister appears. Here one sees the little,

"THE WALK . . . SUGGESTIVE OF THE AUSTERITIES OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE."—LE PUY.

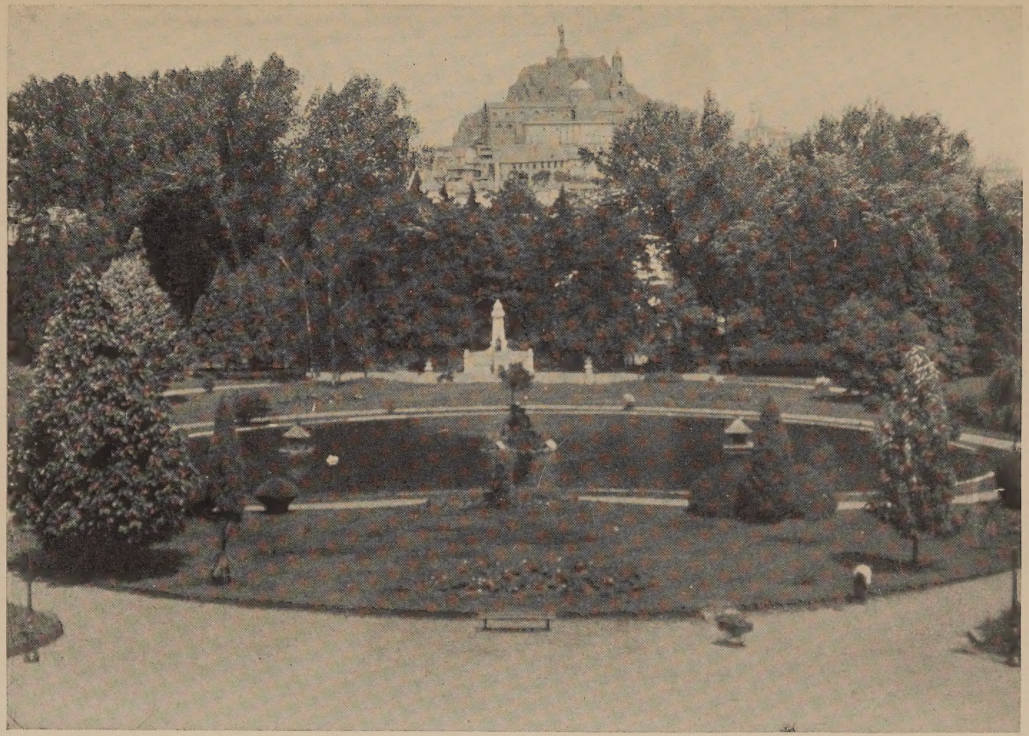
rounded columns beautifully supporting both an outer and a deep-set inner arch: the shrubs and grass and the old well add the charm of picturesqueness, and the sombre richness of the original browns and whites of

the colour-scheme is greatly enhanced by the reddish and blackish tones of the inlaid patterns of the Cloister's external walls. The church has a strange and mystic atmosphere; the Cloister has as mysterious an Orien-

THE CLOISTERS OF THE PALACE OF "MONSEIGNEUR OF LE PUY."

talism—very different from that of Périgueux, but as marked, as illusive, and as insistent.

Nothing can speak more eloquently of the power and the pride of the great churchly nobles than the group



"THE MOUNT ANIS."—LE PUY.

of buildings of which this beautiful Cloister is a part. This is only one among the many groups which formerly existed in every Cathedral-city of France, but it is one of the few that has endured in comparative perfection to modern times. Autun's "claustral city" has almost entirely disappeared; Clermont, whose Bishops were princely prelates, bears but little trace of their former state; the other Sees of Auvergne are equally denuded. But the Episcopal Palace, the Capitulary Chamber, the Hospital, the Tower, the Baptistery, and the Cathedral of Le Puy give to the world of to-day a clear idea of the actual grandeur of a mediæval Bishopric. Monseigneur of Le Puy was protector of the Consular city whose dark and tortuous streets lay at the foot of the hill. But who shall say how unlimited was his power in the smaller, clerical city which lay about the Cathedral, on the crest of the rock? This was the abode of Churchmen, the residence of my Lord Bishop. Where its streets met those of the lower town gates were hung, and at night every priest was commanded to be within the churchly precincts, the gates were closed, and the "city of the Lord Bishop" was shut off from the rest of the world.

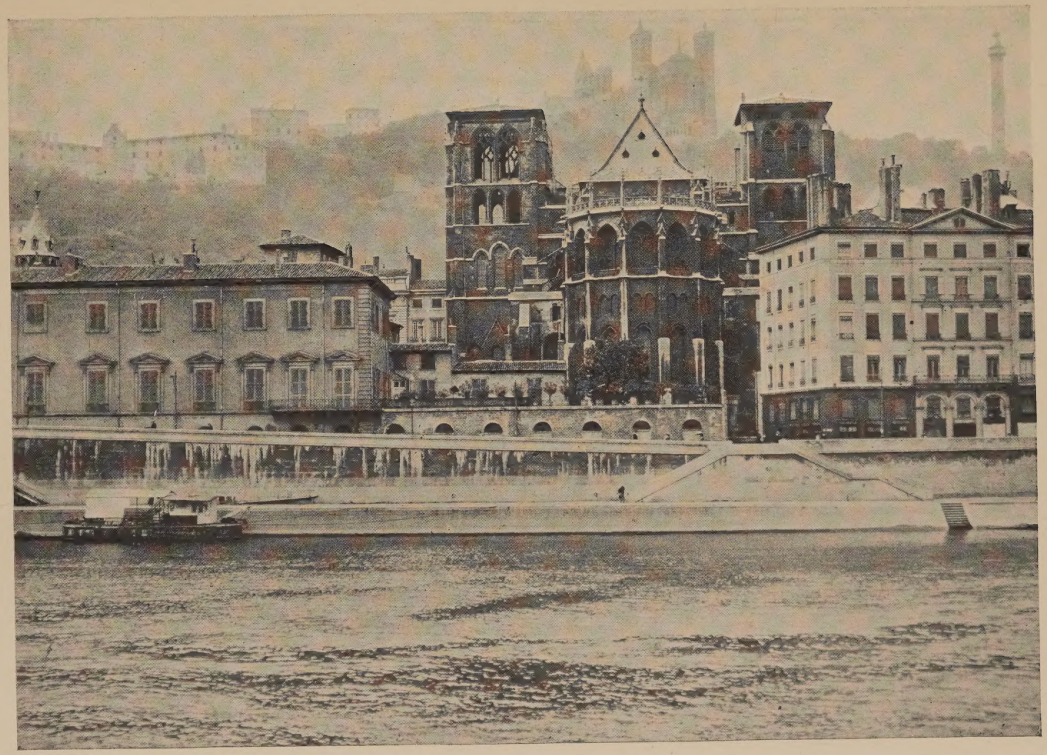
"Although the earth belongs to the Lord Who made it," writes the good Abbé Peyron, "there are chosen places which He loves . . . above others. These places are generally mountains. . . . David . . . cried 'the Lord is admirable in high places! *Mirabilis in altis Dominus.*' It is in truth certain that the cor-

ruption of sin attains less frequently to the solitary heights of mountains than to the rest of the earth. . . . For that reason the Psalmist cries, '*Deus . . . in altis habitat.* God dwells in high places. *Altitudines montium ipsius sunt*—the mountain-tops are His.' "

These are some of the many pious reasons which lead the Abbé to believe that Mount Anis was as favoured of Divinity as tradition relates. Whether it is thus scripturally susceptible of proof is a question beyond the province of a traveller, but it is particularly interesting from two very different points of view —its natural and its architectural originality; and its significant chapter in the history of religious life and thought, from the simple, poetic stories of early Miracle and early Saint, to the sacerdotal magnificence of those who followed in this mountain See of Auvergne.

Lyons.

To place Lyons among the Auvergnat cities is an historical and geographical error; but one which may be, perhaps sophistically, condoned by the fact that none of the great French provinces can claim it, that it was the capital of the little Lyonnais and was annexed with this small territory to the crownlands of France by Saint Louis and Philip the Fair, and because it is to-day the Mecca of all Auvergnians. They may resign themselves if they seldom or never see Paris, the resplendent centre of their universe, but they are



"ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER ARE SEEN THE SMOKE-STAINED WALLS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-JEAN-BAPTISTE."—LYONS.

not ready to die until they shall have made a journey to the great inland metropolis of the Rhone.

From the hill where the modern Church of Fourvières points its turrets against the sky, it is a pleasure to look down upon Lyons. Like two broad silver bands the Rhone and the Saône, crossed by the black lines of their bridges, flow majestically through the city, join, and wander away among the distant fields; and beyond the fields, on an horizon that is often misty, rise the faint outlines of the distant mountains.

Looking nearer, on the banks of the Saône, are seen the smoke-stained walls of the Cathedral of Saint-Jean-Baptiste. The ecclesiastical atmosphere and quiet of this archiepiscopal quarter of the city, although less marked in these days of anti-clericalism, still persists, and has been described by the inimitable pen of Daudet. There is, he writes, "the Archbishop's Palace, the seminaries, the continual sound of bells in the tranquil streets, deserted squares traversed at the hours of Offices by long files of surpliced seminarists, and the little clerks of the singing-school who pass gravely by, their arms crossed under their ermine-trimmed capes, letting their long trains trail along the pavement. This part of Lyons reminded me of parts of Rome. Behind it, steep alleyways mounted to Fourvières between the walls of convents, the gardens of communities, portals surmounted by the Cross, and chapels whose bells were carolling in the midst of trees. One met the processions of parishes,

confraternities bound on pilgrimage wound about the twisting streets like a long white or blue ribbon, with spreading veils, waving banners and capes, and the glitter of motionless Crosses struck by rays of light."

An older writer, Lamartine, can well add to this description. "The city, too crowded by its . . . rivers, has leaped the . . . boundary, and has, as it were, overflowed the peninsula. . . . Its Cathedral, its courts, and its most quiet streets are . . . pressed between the mountains and the Saône. Streets rise on the slopes like ladders. The houses seem to climb the rocks and to hang on the flanks of the hill." These keen French appreciations of the city have been well condensed by an Englishman with characteristic frugality of words. "Old and picturesque Lyons lies along the banks of the Saône; modern and featureless Lyons on that of the Rhone."

In spite of this purely modern and purely mediæval atmosphere, the city is of a much more remote antiquity. Its site at the angle of the two rivers seems to have been always a sacred spot, a place of omens. Druidical rites were celebrated here; nearly six hundred years before Christ, Greeks, expelled from the Midi, chose this situation for their new home. The Romans settled on the hill of Fourvières; Augustus Cæsar lived on the hill for three years, and there "the hundred tribes of Gaul" raised an altar or a Temple to his imperial godliness. Germanicus, Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla, and Ambrose of Milan were born in the

Gallo-Roman city, and Caligula endowed it with those fearful contests of eloquence to which Juvenal alludes:

> Turns pale as one who has trod with naked heel upon a snake,
> Or is about to recite his rhetorical discourse at Lyons.

Well might those who entered the imperial lists "turn pale," for the unsuccessful speaker either "effaced his oration with his tongue" or was drowned in the waters of the Rhone.

Celebrations, contests, and great names evoke pictures of ancient splendours; but beneath this pagan magnificence, underground, literally as well as figuratively, the new motive power of Europe, the Christian Church, was growing. The Bible history ends before the period of general European conversion to the Faith, before the violent persecutions of the Emperors had begun; and its continuation, the history of the church, is related by "letters" of greater or less authenticity. Among these, none are more touching, simple, and holy in spirit than the "Epistle of the Churches of Vienne and Lyons to the Brethren in Asia and Phrygia." It shows, too, how general in conformity was the whole Roman Empire and how imperial in atmosphere and in mentality the great cities of Gaul had become. It is strangely interesting to bridge the very usual gulf between the lifetime of Christ and the Twelve Apostles and the emergence of the Established Church into history.

"The holy Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons," writes this

moving chronicle, "upwards of ninety years old and very infirm, . . . yet strong in spirit and longing for martyrdom, was dragged before the tribunal, his body indeed being worn out by age and disease, but his soul one through which the cause of Christ would triumph.

"Borne by the soldiers to the tribunal, and accompanied by the magistrates and all the multitude shouting against him as if he were Christ Himself, he made a good confession of faith. Being asked by the governor, 'who was the God of the Christians,' he answered, 'If ye are worthy, ye shall know.' Then he was mercilessly dragged about and suffered a variety of ill-treatment; those who were nearest insulted him with their hands and feet, without the least respect to his age; and those at a distance threw at him whatever came to hand. Everyone looked upon himself as deficient in zeal if he did not insult him in some way or other; for thus they imagined that they avenged the cause of their gods. He was almost lifeless when he was thrown into prison, and after two days he expired.

"An extra day of the Show being given to the people on our account, Maturis and Sanctus again underwent various tortures in the amphitheatre, as if they had suffered nothing before. They sustained again, as they were led to the amphitheatre, the blows usually inflicted on those condemned to wild animals; they were exposed to be dragged and torn by the beasts, and to all the barbarities which the savage populace demanded; above all to the hot iron chair, in which

their bodies were roasted. Nor was this all,—the persecutors raged still more, if possible, to conquer their endurance. But not a word could be extorted from Sanctus except that of confession, which he had at first uttered; and, after lingering a long time, they at length expired, having presented a spectacle to the world equal in variety to that which is usual in gladiatorial fights.

"Meantime Blandina, bound to a stake, was also exposed to the wild beasts. She was bound in the form of a cross, and employed herself in ardent prayer. None of the beasts at that time touched her, so she was taken down from the stake and thrown again into prison, to be reserved for a future contest. . . . On the last day of the Show she was brought in again with Ponticus, a boy of fifteen who had daily been brought with her to behold the sufferings of the rest. They were commanded to swear by the idols, and when the mob saw that they remained firm and despised their threats, their fury was so excited that no mercy was shown either to the sex of the one or the youth of the other. Their sufferings were increased by every imaginable torture, the whole chapter of agony was exhausted, but all was powerless to move them. Ponticus, encouraged by his sister to the end, at length gave up his spirit.

"Then the blessed Blandina, the last of all, having, like a mother, exhorted her children and sent them before her victorious into the presence of the King,

having watched over all their sufferings, prepared for the pains of death herself, rejoicing as one going to a marriage feast, not as one to be devoured by wild beasts. Having endured scourging, the tearing of the beasts, and the iron chair, she was enclosed in a net and thrown to a bull, when after having been long tossed by the animal, raised beyond pain through the power of hope and realisation of her fellowship with Christ, she at last expired. Even her enemies confessed that no woman had ever before shown such endurance."

"From the blood of these martyrs," writes Martin, "new churches were born; and the Church of Lyons remained the Metropolis of all these Christian societies."

This congregation, founded by the blood of martyrs, was very different from that of the Dark Ages and its picture of apostolic simplicity was replaced by one of sacerdotal magnificence when, in the XI century, Burchard II, Archbishop of Lyons, Primate of all Gaul, usurped the temporal power and became, in actual if not undisputed fact, the sovereign of the city.

Theocratic feudalism was often no less imperious than aristocratic feudalism, and in Lyons it became a period of open wars and secret plots between the Counts of Forez, the former lords of the city who still claimed to be its rulers, the Archbishops who were its actual masters, and the burghers who desired independence. It was during this epoch of churchly domination that the Gothic Saint-Jean-Baptiste was begun, and the

Archbishop removed his throne from the humbler Cathedral of Saint-Etienne to the newer and greater church.

In the meantime, there were incessant civic turmoils and quarrels which continued until Saint Louis in 1265 united the city and territory of Lyons to the crown. His grandson, Philip the Fair, who humbled the Papacy, found no difficulty in taking the right of "secular justice" from the hands of Peter of Savoy, a mere Archbishop; the burghers of the city obtained the recognition of their communal rights; and the spiritual and temporal freedom of the whole Catholic Church was menaced in the Cathedral of Lyons when, in 1305, Bertrand de Goth was crowned Pope, and in 1316 the luxurious Jacques d'Euse of Cahors became his successor as John XXII, Vicar of Christ on this poor earth.

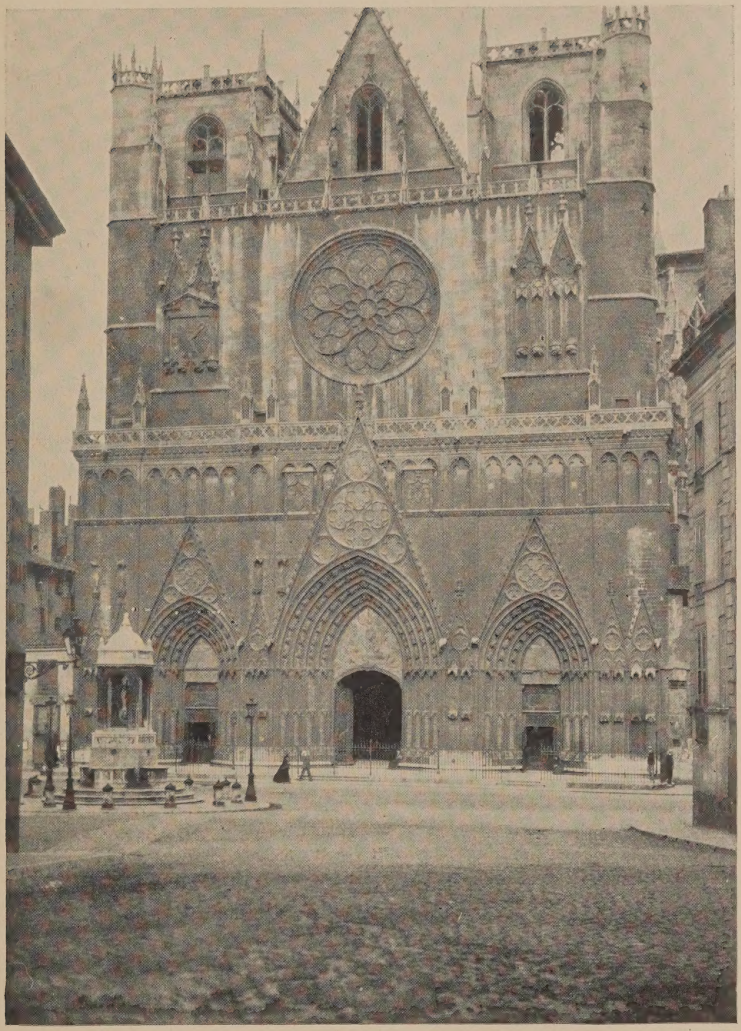
With its communal liberties established, the commerce and manufactures of the Lyonnais began to flourish. Many Italian families, forced by civil wars to emigrate, brought with them the secrets of silk-weaving. Fairs, those Expositions of mediæval days, instituted in Lyons by Charles VII, were cleverly organised by Louis XI and contributed no little to the city's prosperity. By its growing industries, its printing houses, hat manufactories, tanneries, its silk-making, and weaving of the costly cloth of gold, it has risen to its present importance.

"No city," writes Hare, "has changed its politics

so often, no city has been more ready to take a part in every possible revolution." Following the struggle between rulers and people came the religious strife which culminated after the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, when, in a spirit of emulation, the Faithful of the city killed a thousand Huguenots. Uprisings of hungry work-people and political insurrections which followed along the years, together with as many inundations of the Saône and the Rhone, have at times brought the city almost to ruin, and its revolt against the revolutionary Convention almost cost its existence. "The name of Lyons can no longer endure," said Barrême, the Consul, "you will call it Ville-Affranchie, and on the ruins of this infamous city a monument will be raised which will attest the crime and the punishment of the enemies of liberty. One word will tell the tale, 'Lyons warred against liberty. Lyons exists no more.' "

"To fulfil this terrible anathema the Committee of Public Safety sent Fouché, an unfrocked priest, . . . a fanatical imbecile, Couthon, and an actor who longed to be revenged upon the Lyonnais for the hisses with which they had justly received him." Couthon, who was a paralytic, was carried in state to the largest square of the city and there, with a terrific blow of a hammer, he gave the signal for the general demolition.

The work of destruction began. Every day fifty or sixty citizens were shot or guillotined, and the vengeful actor conceived terrible projects for the explosive ruination of buildings. But Robespierre,



"THIS FAÇADE IS HEAVY AND BROAD WITH THREE LARGE PORTALS AND A POINTED TERMINATING GABLE."—LYONS

the patron of horrors, fell; and in spite of many succeeding dangers, the invasion of foreigners, the White Terror, and political and industrial uprisings, Lyons still consistently upholds its supremacy among the towns of France.

After the city's union with the kingdom and its ostensible political independence of the Church, the history of the See was not so closely interwoven with civic affairs. The building of the Cathedral was quietly continued when ambition or funds permitted. The XIV century gave the great façade, two bays of the nave, and the western rose; an hundred years later there came the addition of towers and chapels and minor decorations; and in later times there have been restorations, new chapels, and less important details.

Although the Archbishop's political prestige had dwindled, he was still a great ecclesiastical personage, "a Primate," and his church grew in architectural beauty and was the scene of many pompous ceremonials. As the traveller wandered down from the heights of Fourvières, he thought of one event which had taken place there, the marriage of the great Henry of Navarre with the orthodox and stupid Marie de Médicis. His first marriage with the not less orthodox but far less devout Marguerite of Valois took place at Notre-Dame of Paris; but Henry the heretic could be married only before the door of the church and wandered disconsolately in the Cloisters while his gay bride entered for the Mass.

Years later, Henry the converted, at heart no Catholic and in life a less admirable man, was received before the High Altar of Saint-Jean-Baptiste by the Cardinal-Legate in richest vestments, his Italian bride was led by the most orthodox Prince de Conti and the most Catholic Duke de Montpensier; not only the Legate, but three other Cardinals were happy to aid in the performance of the ceremony, while all the assembly knew that the beautiful Henriette d'Etranges, Marquise de Verneuil, was assisting scornfully at the Mass and saying in her heart, "So this is the fat bankeress from Florence!"

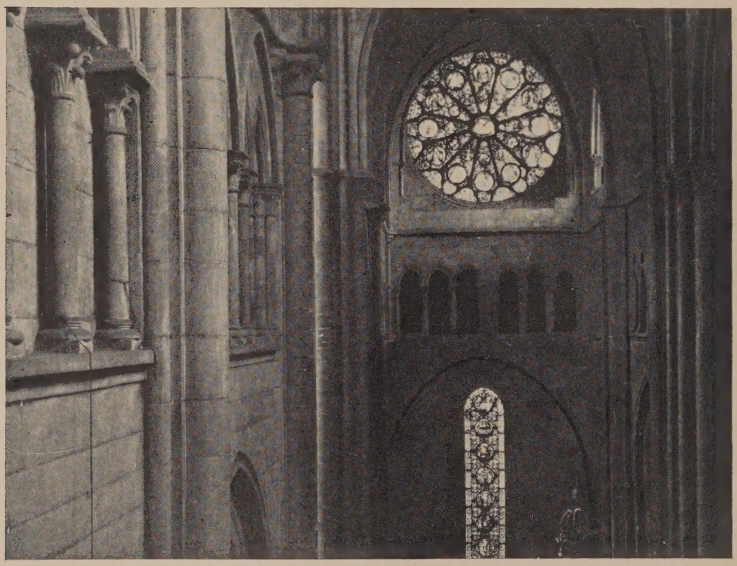
Musing on these little ironies of human nature, the traveller crossed the bridge to the Church of Saint-Nizier which has the name and site and crypt of the first Cathedral of Lyons. Here is a Gothic building of the XIV century which preserves, in memory of its predecessor's rank, only the name of Saint-Nizier, the saintly Archbishop of the VI century, and the restored, modernised chapel where electric lights chase away the memories of its early, struggling Christianity which grew in the shadows and dampness of the ancient crypt.

The Church of Saint-Etienne, the second Cathedral of Lyons, which succeeded Saint-Nizier, was destroyed in 1796. The traveller therefore retraced his steps, recrossed the bridge, and came to Saint-Jean-Baptiste, the third and last edifice to bear the archiepiscopal title, a dark building which in its architecture typifies the spirit of mediæval Christianity.

Two dark, low towers and the apse are turned towards the river; the lateral walls of the church, with unbeautiful flying buttresses, are almost hidden by buildings; and the western front, which is also flanked by two low towers, faces an open square. This façade is heavy and broad with three large portals, most terrifying gargoyles, and a pointed, terminating gable. It was once very lavishly ornamented; and even now, although many statues are gone, much fine carving remains. "The pedestals of the lacking statues," writes Lübke, "are adorned with a number of charming reliefs in medallions, full of life, and embracing an inconceivable variety of . . . different subjects. Here are all kinds of symbolical scenes, such as the pelican feeding her young with her own blood; fantastic scenes of the most different kinds, Sirens playing on organs, contests between dragons and fabulous creatures; scenes also from animal life, such as the stork drawing the bone from the fox's throat; and a number of representations from the life of Christ, the martyrdom of the Apostles, and similar subjects. In the archivolts there are numerous small, seated figures, similarly fine and pure in style." How many who have seen this heavy façade have noticed these details? Even a careful visitor is often too cursory; for much time may be spent where so much labour and talent were freely given; and even the nooks and corners and tiny bits of carving of this ponderous whole are beautiful and interesting studies. It is strange that among

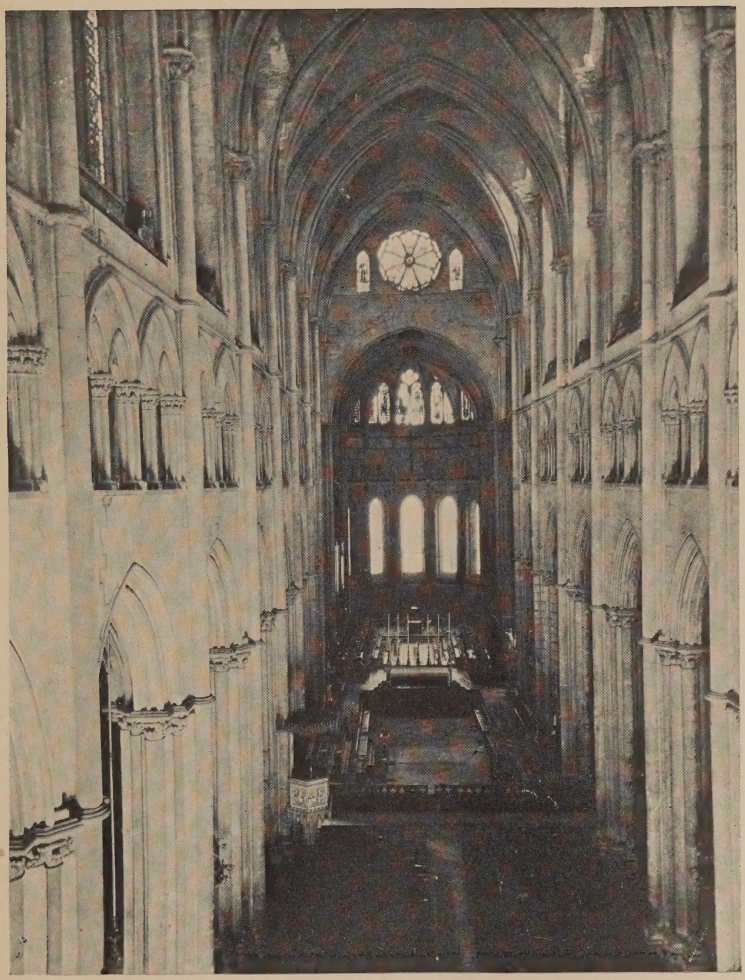
all the favourite arts of little things, the mania for the small, the "antique," there is so little interest in the different kinds of stone medallions, for those of Amiens, Reims, Lyons, and others portray, better than many a learned treatise, the intelligence, ignorance, and imagination of the Middle Ages.

The interior of the Cathedral has three aisles, three



THE BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS AND ARCADES OF THE TRANSEPT—LYONS.

apses, side-chapels, and transepts. "A singular mixture of local Pointed styles is shown," writes Hunnewell, and there are also many traces of the Romanesque, but the general effect is triumphantly Gothic. The nave, which is more than an hundred feet high, has very tall arches, columns whose delicate capitals are



THE CATHEDRAL "HAS THE STATELY ECCLESIASTICISM WHICH WAS AN IDEAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES."—LYONS.

charmingly and moderately ornamented, and above, beautiful Gothic windows which form a high clerestory. The arches of the nave have very peaked points, those of the transepts are less sharply pointed, and those of the choir are round. This part of the church is lower and much more primitive in form than the nave. It was too small for the exigencies of the ritual and its size was artificially increased by the enclosing of two bays of the main body of the church; and, to hide the difference in height, a narrow wall decorated with stained-glass windows was built to extend from the vaulting of the nave to the lower vaulting of the choir.

Saint-Jean-Baptiste has a curious detail, one of the old clocks which used to delight our ancestors; it has also, at the ends of the High Altar, two processional Crosses, melancholy signs of a proposed union of the Greek and Latin Churches, which the great Ecumenical Council of 1274 met in Lyons to bring about and failed to accomplish. Another interesting object which might be called a "detail" of Saint-Jean is the Manécanterie, a small, adjoining building whose curious Romanesque façade has been defaced by the Huguenots and poor restorations. This building belonged to the singing-school of the Cathedral, it was the Singers' House, a place of strict training, reminiscent of Daudet's pen-picture and of the famous *chapelle* whose singing, like that of the first ages of Christianity, was without books, or organ, or any other instrument.

The most interesting chapels of the Cathedral are

those of Saint-Pierre, north of the choir, which is Romanesque, a relic of the church's beginnings, and that of the Bourbons, so called because it was built by a Cardinal of that House and by his brother, Pierre de Beaujeu, son-in-law of Louis XI. This chapel, which is dedicated to Saint-Louis, is the antithesis of the strong, plain old Romanesque of Saint-Pierre. Its luxuriant ornamentation has most remarkable, most extraordinary precision and delicacy, and its rich, dark stained-glass windows cast over its graceful carvings a wonderful, dim light.

This is the most artistically beautiful corner of the Cathedral, but the general view of the great nave is much simpler and more majestic. The front doors are too often open and let in the hard, glaring sunlight which is so destructive to the harmony of the Gothic's majestic, solemn calm. To be appreciated the nave should be seen on the rare occasions when the portals are closed. Then, standing in the choir and looking down the aisle, one sees the church in the richness of its red-brown stone, the fine moderation of its carvings, the dignity of its lines, and the loftiness of its height. The Cathedral is not religious in the solemn manner of Clermont, but it is more than merely artistic; it has the stately ecclesiasticism which was an ideal of the Middle Ages; and not only its more beautiful interior but its sturdy, blackened, old walls stand as an example of protest to the modern worthlessness of the architecture of Notre-Dame-de-Fourvières.

Aquitaine.

Moulins. Lying in a flat country, Moulins-on-the-Allier was a quiet, unimportant little bourg during the Middle Ages. In the XIII and XIV centuries it acquired a certain dignity as the residence of the rich and powerful Dukes of the Bourbonnais; but when, in 1628, the Constable de Bourbon became a traitor, his tiny, confiscated Duchy was submerged in the great "crown lands" and Moulins, shorn of its temporary rank, sank again into quiet insignificance until 1822, when it reached a new era of importance and became a Cathedral-city.

Moulins has not been invaded by any of the nerve-racking bustle of the age. It has neither the sordidness of industrial centres nor the ostentation of great wealth. Nature has not made it picturesque and it has no handsome modernity. Its atmosphere is that of a large, contented country town to which episcopal rank has lent a gentle dignity. Yet Moulins has achieved that which gives it a real claim to distinction. In these days when churches are built which suggest either a barn or a theatre rather than a House of God, this small city in the heart of rural France has succeeded in constructing two religious edifices, worthy examples of the eminent styles they reproduce, and

which recall, as do "the heavens" in the Psalmist's song, "the glory of God." These are the Church of the Sacré-Cœur and the nave of the newly constituted Cathedral-church.

In 1839 Prosper Mérimée wrote in his report to the Minister of the Interior that "the Cathedral of Moulins . . . consists only of an exceedingly small choir." Less than fifty years later "the exceedingly small choir" was preceded by a nave, and to-day the Cathedral of Moulins is practically completed. It stands in the most interesting part of the city, near the Pavilion of Madame Anne de Beaujeu, near the castle with its donjon, and near many quaint old houses.

In itself it is an intricate and beautiful problem. For the nave is Gothic of the XIII century, the choir is Flamboyant; the stones of the former are white and black, used in the Auvergnat manner, the latter is built entirely of rich brown stone that has a warm pink tone; and this juxtaposition was willed by Viollet-le-Duc, a modern master in architecture.

Both exteriors, the apse and the nave, are fine rather than beautiful in conception. The apse is curiously planned but simply carried out. The first story, surmounted by a gallery, is square; the second story, also surmounted by a gallery, is curved after the usual fashion of apses; and above, is the huge peak of the roof with its gabled windows. Considering its late period, these walls are by no means overweighted with ornamentation. They have gracefully canopied niches

"What must have been the effect of this glorious white church upon the mediæval beholder who saw it rise above the Isle with its one, exquisite tower, its great cupolas, and its delicate, little minarets?"

Périgueux.

"What must have been the effect of this glorious white church upon the mediæval beholder who saw it rise above the Isle with its one, exquisite tower, its great cupolas, and its delicate, little minarets?"

Périgueux.

"THE NAVE OF THE NEWLY CONSTITUTED CATHEDRAL."—MOULINS.

whose statues have disappeared, and a small, modest portal. Both stories hold the traceries of their large windows, both are surmounted by carved balustrades. Short flying buttresses, falling from the height of the wall, rest on the roofing of the first stage, and their tiny, double balustrades and profusion of pinnacles form the most luxuriant decoration of the apse.

It is not only in colour but in height and general proportion that this old apse forms a great contrast to the newer nave; and although too great uniformity is no doubt monotonous, in these differences the new walls suffer the odium of the comparison, their roofs are lower, their windows less graceful, their buttresses angular, and all their lines are stiff.

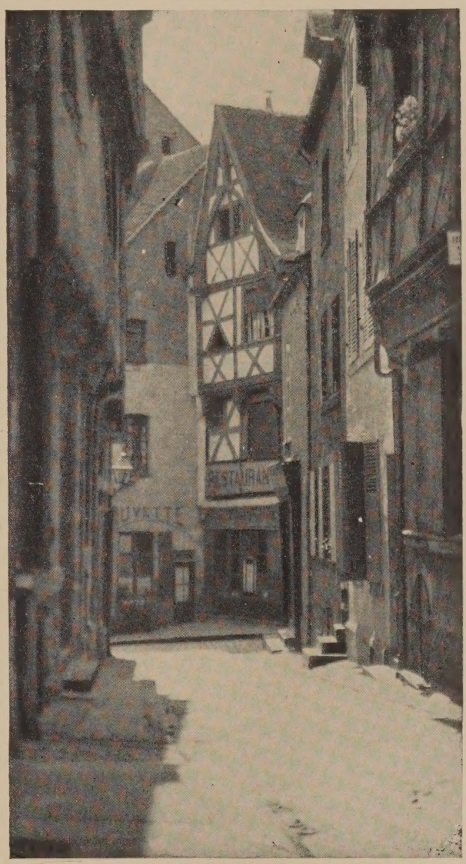
The original style chosen by the architect is undoubtedly superior to the tertiary Gothic of the XV century apse, but in his adaptation there is too much science and too little inspiration, too much obvious, geometric precision; and the hard blacks and whites—a combination of stone foreign to the Gothic—accentuates this severity of line. The façade of the church is of the same scientific exactitude; but it is further removed from the warmer, richer apse and the contrast is not so obvious; its parvise and deep porches, its large wall pierced by the conventional rose-window, and above all, its tall spires, have generous architectural lines which are imposing in spite of the persistent angularity. Its sculptures, too, are very interesting;

Saints in niches, gargoyles, heads, beasts, and birds are carved with more care than is usually given to the details of a modern church.

"THE PAVILION OF MADAME ANNE DE BEAUJEU."—MOULINS.

Before this façade the architect has placed, with a characteristic historic consciousness, a little parvise, lower than the level of the street, whose entrance-posts

have places for lanterns and swinging lights. "It was here," writes Viollet-le-Duc in his *Dictionnaire raisonné de l'Architecture* "that ladders were placed, on which priests who had scandalised the city by their conduct were exposed in punishment; on the stone of the parvise certain offenders made amends for their sins; it was also to the parvise that relics were brought on certain holydays, and it was here that the lower orders of the clergy stood while the Chapter intoned the Gloria from the heights of the exterior gallery." Many Cathedrals, as Notre-Dame of Paris and Notre-Dame of Reims, have lost their old precincts, and it is pleasant to find one which, if



"THE CATHEDRAL STANDS . . . NEAR MANY OLD HOUSES."—MOULINS.

itself without history, suggests many of the quaint customs of a half-forgotten past.

Beneath the porches the traveller saw paintings which seemed inappropriate in the Gothic tympanums, and he hurried through the portal to the contemplation of the juxtaposition of the early and the late Gothic of the interior.

Looking down the central nave his eye was immediately arrested by a huge mass of gilt which rose above the High Altar with the barbaric splendour of the Grand Turk. One who visits old Cathedrals is accustomed to incongruity in the styles of their furnishings, and the eye is quickly trained to lose these unpleasant details in the beauty of the whole. But this modern canopy is not a detail, it is a terrible, monstrous creation which defies evasion and entirely spoils the long perspective of the nave.

This nave is very beautiful, very much more beautiful than its outer walls presage. Where they seem the work of a conscientious copyist, this seems an inspired creation. The large, pointed arches, rest on round, robust pillars which end in four carved claws that clutch the great bases. The capitals, carved in massive crockets, support not only the nave arches but a cluster of three little columns which rise past the triforium to carry the arches of the vault. Between these clusters are the two upper stories of the Gothic nave, the triforium with its slender arches and columns, and the clerestory's large, twin windows, each surmounted

"IT IS NOT ONLY IN COLOUR BUT IN HEIGHT AND GENERAL PROPORTION THAT THIS OLD APSE FORMS A GREAT CONTRAST TO THE NEWER NAVE."—MOULINS.

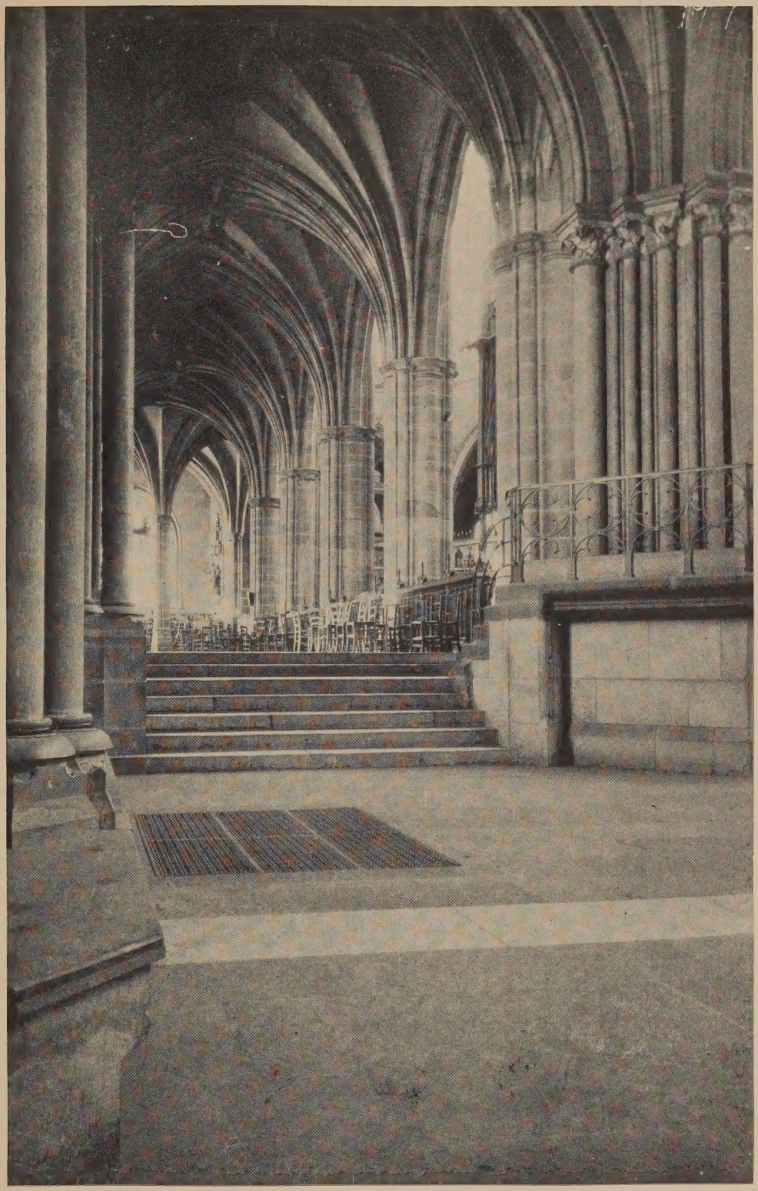
by an oculus. The hardness of the greyish stone and the pure black and white trimmings is softened in the mellow light; the height has no angular proportions, and the lines are neither prim nor sharply precise.

Beyond this fine nave, seven steps lead to the old Collégiale, "the exceedingly small choir." Its first stone was laid on the fifth of August, 1468; and it is, therefore, writes Desrosiers, "of the last Gothic period . . . and nearly contemporaneous with Saint-Nizier of Lyons, certain parts of the Cathedral of Limoges, and of the Sainte-Chapelle of Riom; . . . and, constructed in the same years as the Sainte-Chapelle of Bourbon, it was probably planned by the same architect."

The tertiary Gothic period was that of the old age, often of the senility of the art; and it has become the fashion of modern masters either to decry all its works or to damn them with faint praise. They are "charming but they are weak," "elegant but over-ornamented";—for every excellence a defect must be found. It is not so that great mountains and charming little hills are compared, or forest-trees with the shrubs of the garden; and although the mountain is more inspiring than the little hill and the forest-tree than the shrub of the garden, each has its legitimate place in the beneficent scheme of Nature. So is the Flamboyant in Gothic Art. In its decadent forms, of which many examples exist, it has all the foolish exuberance and weakness of degeneracy; and when

looking at them it seems as if one must see the good old workman who, having lost his wits, sits jabbering in a corner as he carves myriads of bits of stone, building the Gothic church of a crazed fancy. But this is the deflorescence of the Flamboyant, as seen at Hautecombe, and corresponds with the mediocrity of the earlier forms which is so often seen in the pitiful Gothic of Savoy. In its most ideal expression the Flamboyant has as many beautiful qualities as the early Gothic; for grandeur it has elegance, for majesty, lightness and grace, for pure serenity, exquisite charm, instead of being imposing it is rich. Its nature is more expansive, more exuberant, yet it can be artistically controlled in expression. And when the comparison is made—the inevitable and somewhat futile comparison—the decision is, in final analysis a matter of preference, of taste.

The choir of Moulins is a true creation of the Flamboyant. Its square outer walls and lateral chapels give space and breadth to the ambulatory, and the columns which rise to meet the rounded upper story form the deep, curved recess of the choir. These, with the downward sweep of the vaulting which rests on a single, slender column in the far perspective of each walk, modify in the general effect the sharpness of the outer angle. The tall arches and high windows have the most beautiful proportions, much rare old glass gives the whole choir a softly radiant glow, and shadows lurk among the curves and carvings of the warm



"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS, COLOUR, FORM, AND PROPORTION, ALL ARE EXQUISITELY BLENDED IN THIS BEAUTIFUL CHOIR."—MOULINS.

coloured stone that seems to shade from mellow pink to a rich brown. Lights and shadows, colour, form, and proportion, all are exquisitely blended in this beautiful choir.

What, it may well be asked, is the effect of the union of this choir and the nave? No union could offer greater contrasts, but it is, perhaps, in these very contrasts that the miracle occurs,—a sort of friendly juxtaposition that is as far from clashing discordance as it is from harmony. Few churches have so many differing perspectives, few so many beautiful ones as this Cathedral of the stately grey nave and the rich and glowing choir.

Cathedrals, like their confessionals, echo none of the secrets which are whispered within them, but history preserves the memory of four notable women who worshipped here; and in the mysterious silence which falls upon a church at twilight their shadows seem to reappear. First, in high, stiff ruff and long, brocaded robe, comes Madame Agnès de Bourgogne, proud and well-pleased to pray within the church which she had helped to build. Then follows another Princess, but dressed in a Sister's garb. She scarcely sees the beauty of the church, she only thinks of him she loved and him she hates,—her husband, Henry of Montmorency, and Richelieu who beheaded him. She sits before the Altar as the Mass is sung, and her mind wanders to the past. She sees the Prince alive, handsome, magnificent, as she used to see him from her window, and, in the strange perversity of her grief, she thinks with pleasure

of other ladies whom he loved and feels she loves them too. A bell, an organ peel, remind her where she is, and slowly—most slowly—she kneels and prays for grace to pardon the great Cardinal whom she calls murderer. The Mass is sung and she passes quickly

SAINT PETER, THE PATRON OF THE CATHEDRAL.—MOULINS.

to the Convent she has rebuilt, for there lies all that remains on earth of Henry of Montmorency.

After this vehement nun, comes one whose mind is all serenity, Jeanne-Françoise de Chantal, Mother Superior and Saint; and last along the years, a strange

and storm-tossed being, Anne-Geneviève de Bourbon-Condé, the too famous "heroine of the Fronde," whose soul awakened in Moulins; she found that she was not great and happy as she had dreamed, but "loaded with chains and pierced with wounds," a penitent, who afterwards became a zealot of Port Royal.

They pass out,—the Princess-patron of the church, the tearful Sister, the saintly nun whose only aspirations were toward spirituality and good works, and the Magdalene. Other figures, less spectral, pass in and out; for until the doors are closed prayer seldom, if ever, ceases within the church. To the traveller, watching and meditating in the failing light, it seemed as if, when the night had fallen and the worshippers had gone, the Cathedral itself became "an ever-living prayer, a work offered anew to God, a perpetual witness of these daily supplications."

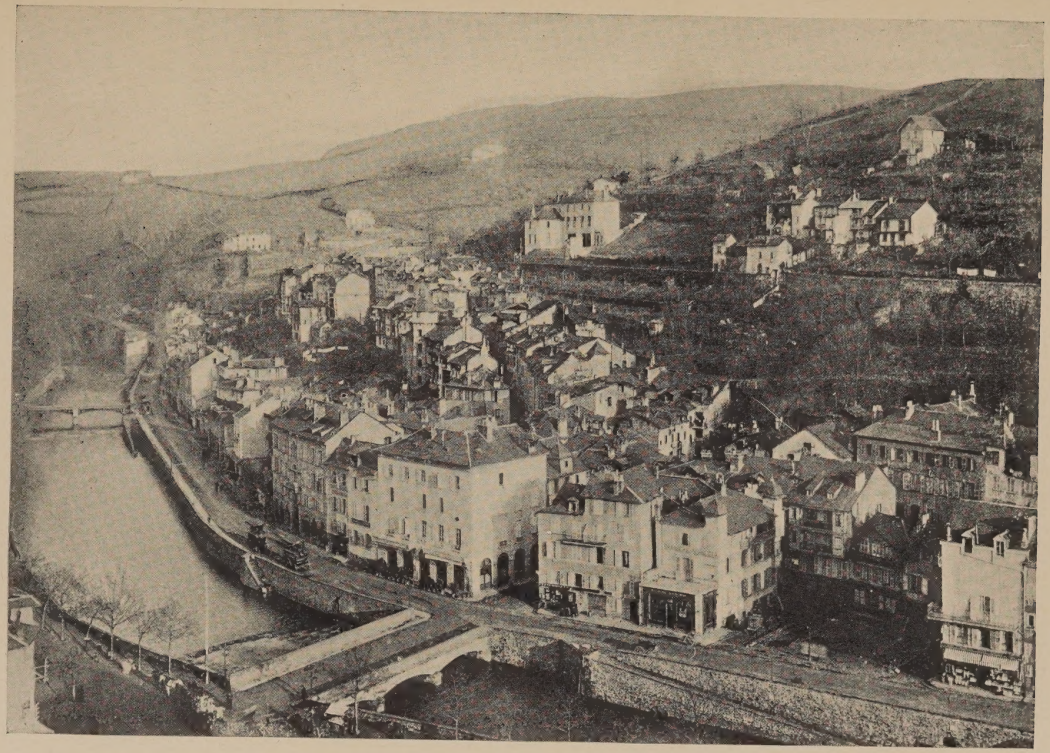
Tulle.

"If it were not necessary to go there, Tulle would be a very pretty city. The valley in which it is situated is . . . charming, and beyond its gates are meadows, wooded hills, gorges, and streams where one might well dream dreams. There is a high city and a low city, . . . well-kept quays on the river . . . and . . . if my Cathedral-church were not so dark, it might be called beautiful. . . . But all this cannot make me forget that the approaches to the city are so rough and steep that, on arriving, one feels as if one were being

precipitated into the depths, and thus I am not surprised that those who merely visit Tulle should speak ill of it, and that those who remain here should speak well of it."

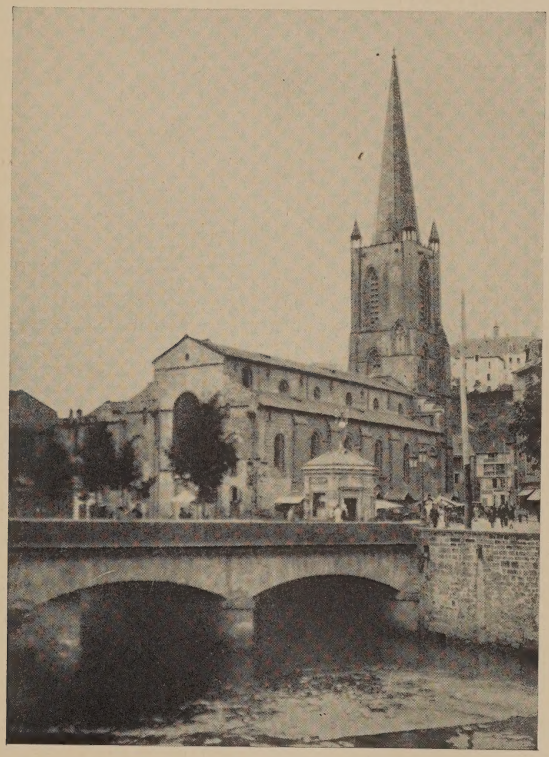
With the exception of the "gates" that exist no longer, this description, written two hundred years ago by the polished Monseigneur Mascaron to Mademoiselle de Scudéry upon his first arrival in the diocese, might have been written of the pleasant, monotonous Tulle of to-day, and probably described as well the prosperous town of the XIV century which had gradually grown about the Benedictine monastery. In that century the Abbot of Tulle was a lord who had lay vassals, and who was described as "a vigilant, powerful protector who knew how to preserve and defend his rights and interests," and a little later, the last Abbot of the monastery, Arnould de Saint-Astier, became the first Bishop of Tulle. It was the period of transformation for not a few Benedictine foundations, and the change was affected by one person, Pope John XXII, and towards one end, the relaxation of the monastic rule of Saint Benedict and the creation of an episcopal See.

John XXII has been called a luxurious and miserly prelate, and it is said that the rich Benedictine Abbeys of Sarlat, Tulle, Maillezias, and Limoux became Bishoprics in such rapid succession because of their fat contributions to the purse of gold which the French Pope left with his Florentine bankers.



"TULLE IS A VERY PRETTY CITY; THE VALLEY IN WHICH IT IS SITUATED IS . . . CHARMING."

The Bull for the erection of Tulle reads very differently, however; and in view of the charges against John XXII and his well-known characteristics, it is a most interesting document. "John, Bishop, servant

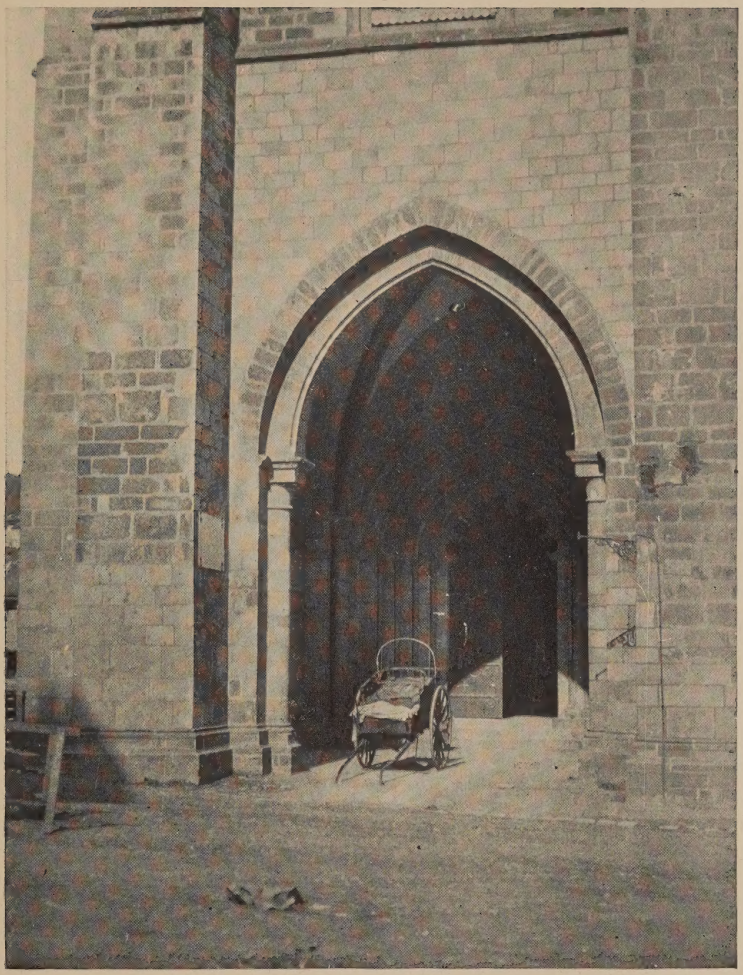


"THE NEW CATHEDRAL, AS THE POPE HAD DECREED, WAS THE CHURCH OF THE MONASTERY OF THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT."—TULLE.

of the servants of God," writes that "Our Saviour, by Whose will all is accomplished, seeing a great harvest in the field of this world, and considering the

small number of labourers, thought that the master of the house should be asked to send forth others, and himself rising early in the morning like the good father of a family, sent labourers to his vineyard at different hours of the day. For this reason the Roman Pontiff, who according to the will of this Divine Master is recognised as His Vicar on earth, and who should also conform himself to all His acts as far as human frailty will permit, as soon as he perceives the growing harvest, that is to say the increase of the people, is obliged to multiply the necessary labourers, and as the Prophet says to increase the guard, . . . and to send suitable workers into the vineyard of the Lord. Full of this solicitude and having attentively reflected on the great multitude of people which it has pleased the Most High to grant to the city and diocese of Limoges, we think that it is not possible for one pastor properly to visit all his diocese and to fulfil at the same time the functions of a great ministery. . . . For these motives and other just and reasonable causes . . . we divide, by our Apostolic authority, the diocese of Limoges in two, . . . declaring . . . the city of Tulle . . . to be created a Bishopric . . . and that the church of the monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict be henceforth a Cathedral-church."

This See was never very important; and in granting it to a favourite priest, Louis XIV said, "I name you to the Bishopric of Tulle; it is little and for that reason I give it to you, for it will permit me to have the pleasure



"THE PORCH . . . IS A FINE AND DIGNIFIED OLD STRUCTURE."—TULLE.

of keeping you with me, or of seeing you oftener."

The new Cathedral, as the Pope had decreed, was "the church of the monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict." This building, begun in the XI or XII century and finished in the first years of its elevation, has characteristics of both the Romanesque and the Gothic. The general plan seems to have been the usual three-aisled form of the Romanesque; the long, round-headed windows of the lateral walls, ornamented with two small columns and their little capitals, belong to the same form; the simple vaulting and the pointed nave arches are Gothic; and all the other architectural details, neither very beautiful nor very important when the one, fine, old tower is excepted, denote the period of transition.

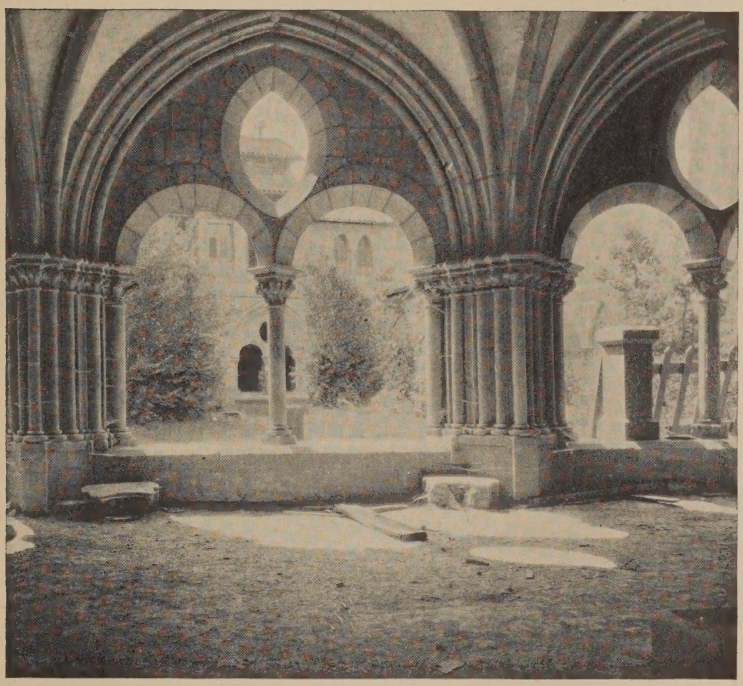
The Bishops of Tulle did little for their Cathedral. Several never saw it and accepted the gift of the See for its title and its benefices alone. These prelates were often men of brains and influence, friends and advisers of Kings, and one has been slightingly called "a tolerant of the XVI century who in our own time would have been a liberal." This was the counsellor of Francis I, Pierre Duchâtel, who persistently protested against the strenuous, sanguinary methods of religious persecution which were then so popular. Taken to task by a zealous superior for "too broad and too liberal ideas" Duchâtel replied, "I have spoken as a Bishop should; you, on the contrary, perform the office of an executioner."

Whatever the spiritual significance of the fact, from an architectural point of view the presence of a prelate in the days of the Renaissance was an unmitigated evil. If he were an energetic builder, a Corinthian façade, a rococo chapel, or at least a large, incongruous altar, marked his passage, and the Church of Notre-Dame may be accounted happy to have escaped these architectural perils.

After the danger of change came that of spoliation and destruction, and the early revolutionists allowed the Cathedral to be transformed into a factory for firearms. In this capacity its great dome fell, and the inhabitants of the city who had been accustomed to tell the time of day from the sun's reflection on the dome's twelve windows were deprived of their favourite clock. The choir and the choir chapels were also torn down and, as the revolutionary ideas increased in violence, fanatic hatred against this material reminder of the Second Estate grew to fury. It was finally sold for twelve hundred francs, and in return for the material of which it was built the buyer agreed to tear down the church. Being secretly a Catholic, he deferred the actual destruction as long as he could; and finally, after many pretexts, he declared that the edifice was so large and heavy it could be demolished only by gunpowder. This alarmed the householders who lived near by, and, forgetting their new principles in the desire for self-preservation, they began vehement petitions for the church's safe-keeping. Ostensibly

"ONE BEAUTIFUL CORNER REMAINS, THE CATHEDRAL-CLOISTER, HIDDEN BEHIND . . . HIGH HOUSES."—TULLE.

that he might devise another method of demolition the Catholic owner demanded a new delay; and as time passed, sentiments changed. The Consulate cared very little what the good Sieur Laval did with his



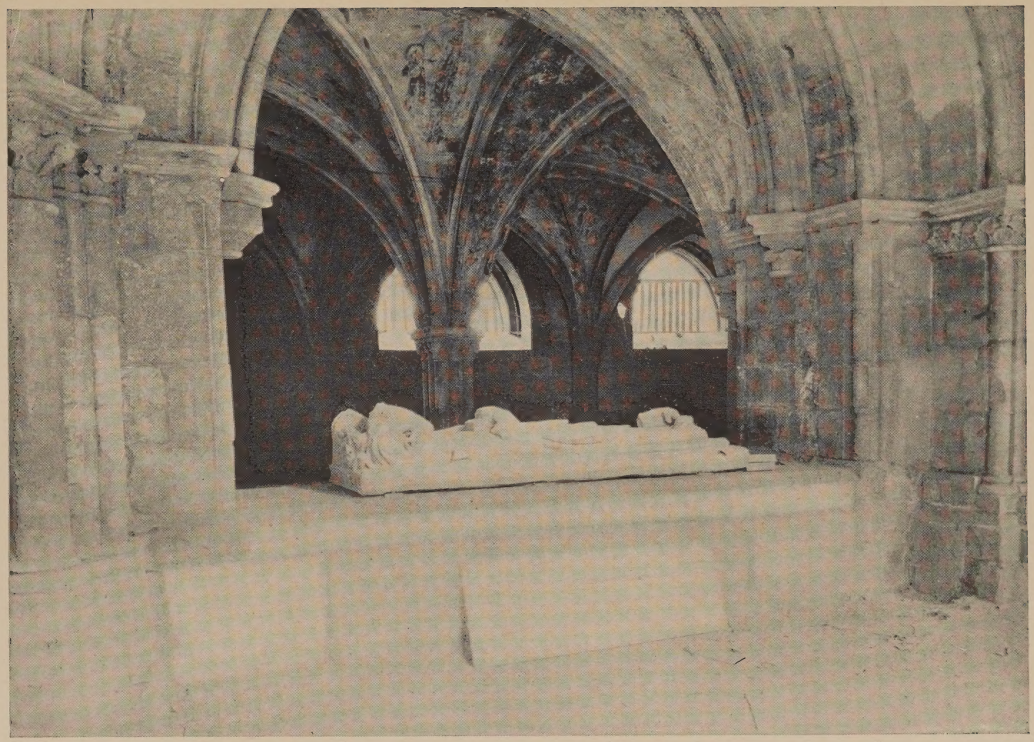
"A LARGE BAY, ENCLOSING AN OVAL ŒIL-DE-BŒUF ABOVE TWO SMALL TWIN ARCHES."—TULLE.

Cathedral, and with the Concordat of the Empire it was restored to the Church.

The building which survived these dangerous vicissitudes is but a remnant of its former self. A porch surmounted by the tower and the spire is a rather

fine and dignified old structure, but the main body of the church consists only of the low nave and the straight wall which protects its mutilated eastern end. As a choir was necessarily introduced into part of the nave, the perspective of the interior is ruined. One gets but little idea of its former size; and paltry wood-carvings, statues, pictures, chandeliers of many degrees of brilliancy, a lecturn surmounted by a gilded eagle, and mediocre stalls add to it an indescribable incongruity of colours and forms—an oppressive sense of confusion.

No stranger would imagine that an ancient, battered statue of Saint John the Baptist, pieced together with iron rivets, was the church's chief treasure. But an Abbé of the Cathedral declared with many a sigh and shrug that he feared "many Tullistes are so poorly balanced that they think more of Saint John than they do of the Virgin or even of Christ." On last Saint John's Day many who heedlessly passed the place of the Holy Sacrament bowed the knee to the Precursor, and during one day in quiet little Tulle over a thousand candles were burned in his honour. This especial devotion began in 1340 or 1348. The city had been ravaged by war, famine, and plague, and the ancient chronicle says that the "good men and true and the religious persons of the aforesaid city ordered a solemnity . . . in order that Monseigneur Saint John the Baptist should intercede to preserve them." This solemnity was called the "Lunade," and consisted of a great procession.



"ON THE LOW COPING, WHICH DIVIDES THIS CHAMBER FROM THE CLOISTER-WALK, IN SOLEMN EFFIGY OF STONE, RESTS A FORMER PRELATE OF THE CHURCH OF TULLE."

As the plague ceased after the first "Lunade," it was repeated each year with great rejoicing. On Saint John's Eve bonfires were built along the streets; the houses were filled with lilies and decorated with green branches; flutes, fifes, drums, trumpets, and hautboys were played in the turrets of the Cathedral-tower, innumerable torches flamed from the spire, and singing priests, Grey Penitents, and laymen accompanied the holy statue in its triumphal progress about the town.

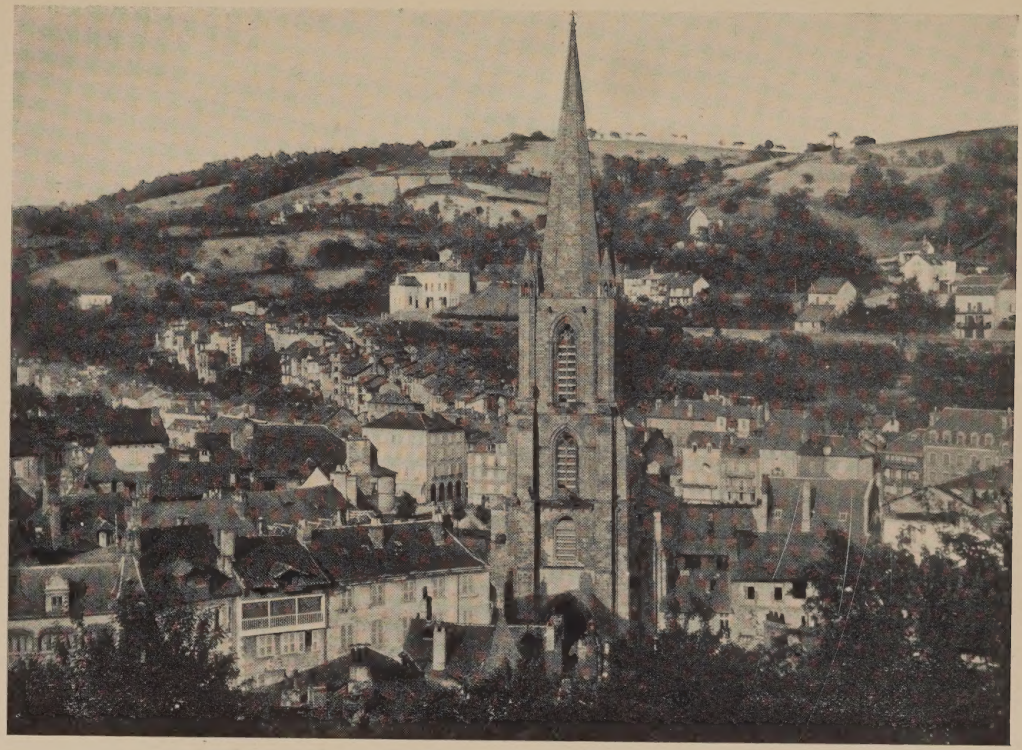
The revolutionists forbade this celebration, but in 1793 the faith in its efficacy was still so great that a gunsmith placed the statue in a bag, slung it across his shoulders, and with his holy burden thus concealed, religiously trudged along the entire route of the "Lunade." In 1896 modern Jacobins again prohibited the celebration, and sent several companies of soldiers to enforce their decree. On his Eve Saint John's statue remained in the Cathedral, but in the darkness of the following night eight valiant priests and as many laymen carried it through the city streets; and the Abbé Bertry claims that "in spite of masonic opposition the Lunade will endure . . . as long as the city which established it."

However temporarily, its magnificence is now eclipsed; and, with processions forbidden, with an unrestored Cathedral, and a town of an increasing commercialism, Tulle has lost much of its old-time quaintness. Like Lodève it is in the midst of a

picturesque country, and like Lodève it is an ugly rather than a gracious addition to the landscape.

Of its mediæval days, one beautiful corner remains —the Cathedral-cloister. Hidden behind locked doors and high houses, lying below the level of the streets, half ruined, it is awaiting a complete restoration, and in the meantime slowly crumbling away. Its walks are very low and broad, with an almost Romanesque massiveness reminiscent of the forms of Montmajour; planned in the heavier proportions of the older style, but shaped and ornamented in the Gothic manner. The medallions of the vaulting sculptured with Angels bearing the Chalice and the Host, the large bays enclosing an oval œil-de-bœuf above two small twin arches, the big piers decorated with little columns, and the slender, single columns between the twin arches, all form a construction that is not without real beauty.

In one of the walks the inner wall is broken by three immense bays, and one of these, opening to the ground, leads to the Capitulary Chamber. This entrance and the low, dark Hall are the finest parts of the Cloister, but much that would be interesting in their ornamentation has disappeared. During the Revolution of 1793, when the Chamber was used as the cellar of a café the frescoes of the vaulting became mouldy and defaced, the dampness and neglect of the many following years have aided in their obliteration, and now only a few gilded halos and faint outlines are visible. From



"THE CENTRAL HILL-COUNTRY AND THE QUIET, PLEASANT LITTLE CITY OF TULLE."

time to time popular balls are held here; and the populace, who come in a spirit of ribald derision, sing and dance, chip off a bit of stone here and there, and scratch the painted faces of the Saints; and so late as 1906, the diocesan architect found that some unknown, irresponsible vandal had been breaking the delicate foliage of a capital.

The Cloister's atmosphere of neglect and decay is heightened by the contrast of some abortive attempts at restoration. The little close is full of weeds and stones, the walks are dirty and unkept, and the dignified Capitulary Chamber is now the resting-place of the advertising signs of the "Concours hippique," of national emblems, odd planks, bits of carvings, and the dust of ages. On the low coping which divides this Chamber from the Cloister-walk, in solemn effigy of stone, rests a former prelate of the church of Tulle; and the still figure with hands folded on its breast, lying in the midst of the ruins, adds an effect of mournful solitude. But the architecture of the Cloister and the Capitulary Hall of Tulle still maintains its supremacy over the encroachments of filth and débris, and the traveller who finds in solemn, cloistered walks a beauty and inspiration as fine as those in any church, will not regret a trip through the central hill-country to the quiet, pleasant little city of Tulle.

Cahors.

Henry of Navarre was much incensed at the fair Marguerite of Valois because of an indiscreet flirtation which he considered much more befitting himself than his wife. Isolation in Nérac under these circumstances was not productive of happiness to either of this ill-mated couple, and in order to introduce pleasure into their household Marguerite's mother, the very mischief-loving Queen Catherine de Médicis, came to Nérac with a "flying squadron," of youthful and beautiful maids of honour. Then began the "Guerre des Amouroux" whose battle-field was confined to a mile and a half about the castle. Here there were no creeds, no parties, not even the minor vexation of principles. Here the music of the dance was the call to war, flowers the ammunition of the gallant combatants, and sighs and songs were the battle-cries. There was a banquet every day, a ball every night, an extravagance of pleasure that had been ably planned to dull the conscience and weaken the will of the extravagant and pleasure-loving Gascon host.

Outside this enchanted battle-field lay another, grim and real; and, after feasts were over, Catholic and Huguenot who had not been able to forget, even over wine-cups, that there were parties and creeds, retired to this bloody land to fight in hatred until death. Although he was the very head and centre of the gallant company at the castle and the not unwilling host,

Henry of Navarre wandered beyond the confines of the lovers' lanes, and was haunted by the tempting memory of the city of Cahors, loyal to the Valois and the Church,—a fair prize for a Huguenot.

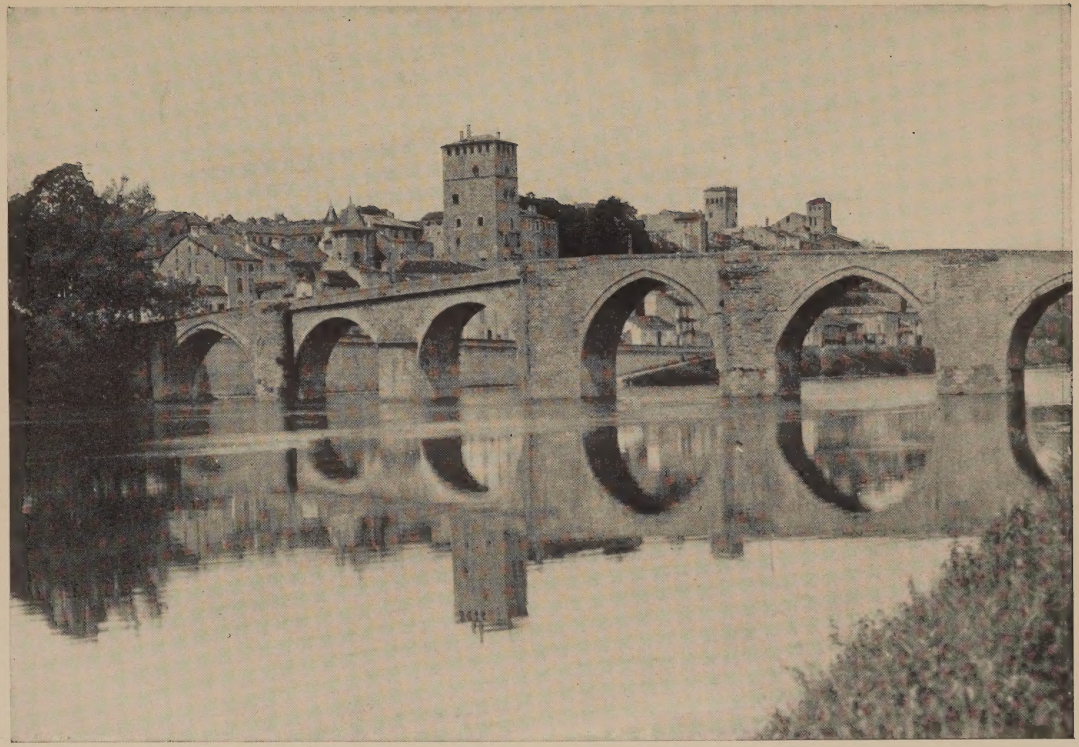
In imagination he saw the little peninsula on which the long, narrow town is built, the river flowing on either side and protecting the place by its broad, full current. In vivid mental picture he saw the high towers that rose above the river in added defence. From the steep hills on either side of Cahors he had looked across the Lot—longingly and impotently—into the streets of the royal and episcopal stronghold. Only one entrance was possible,—the gate which opened landward. Henry coveted and planned; and on a pleasant night in June, after having feasted and flirted with his charming visitors, the King slipped away, sprang to horse, and rode off in the darkness to join his band of seven hundred men and blow up the gate of Cahors.

As he passed the rich fields near Anglars, day was already breaking; meeting a pretty peasant girl going to work and stopping his horse to speak to her, he learned that her name was Jeanne of Aymet and that she had a lover in the city. Touched by her sweetness, the kindly, susceptible King promised to spare the lover's life in the sack of the city, and passed on to battle. In those same fields which Henry saw in the dawning light, he is sung and remembered to-day as, in Wordsworth's beautiful verses, they

"Cut and bind the grain,
And sing a melancholy strain.
. . . The vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound,
The plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago."

Having met his soldiers near the fields, Henry stopped in a thick walnut-grove and there, safely hidden, he waited till the darkness of night-fall; and then, blowing up the gate with a petard, he began to fight his way into the city. The attack was fierce and totally unexpected, but the inhabitants were equally loyal and resolute. To their Bishop, who was in his episcopal château at Mercuès, they sent for reinforcements; they crowded the streets; they ran to their upper windows, arquebuse in hand, and poured shot on Henry's men. They rushed even to the roofs, and tearing off the tiles showered them on the besiegers. Not a man of Cahors deserted to the White Plume of Navarre, and the battle raged during the whole night.

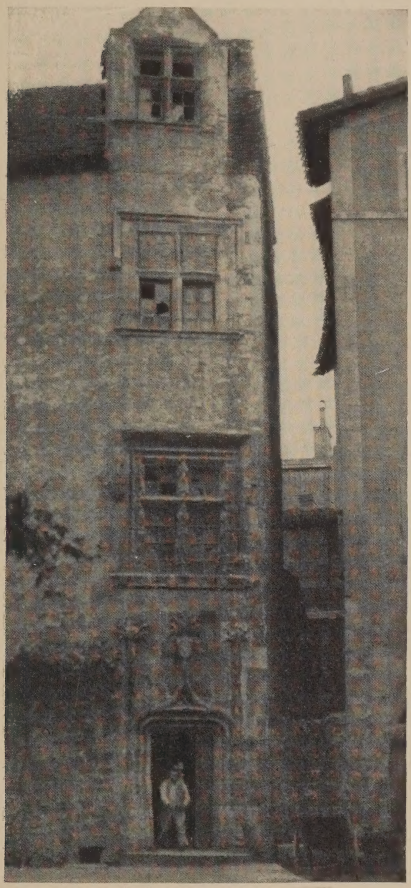
Daybreak found the King among his soldiers, leaning against the wall of a shop, undaunted and fighting desperately. They begged him to retire, but Henry's whole, impetuous heart was in the struggle, and he exclaimed quickly, "My retreat from this city will be that of my soul from my body." He turned again to the fray, took house after house, street after street



"IN VIVID MENTAL PICTURE HE SAW THE HIGH TOWERS THAT ROSE ABOVE THE RIVER IN ADDED DEFENCE."
—CAHORS.

stubbornly and determinedly attacking for four whole days, and on the fifth Cahors was his.

"Irritated at the heroic resistance," writes an historian of the battle, "he gave up the town to pillage, the churches to plunder and profanation, numerous houses to flames, and many citizens to butchery." Even in later, calmer moments, its commercial privileges were not restored and it sank to the position of a small, provincial city.



"THE HOUSE IN WHICH HENRY IV. RESTED AFTER THE FIGHTING."—CAHORS.

In mediæval times Cahors was not only prosperous, but wicked and renowned. Through the inherent strength of its position it had risen from the small capital of a Celtic tribe to be the "Divona" of the Romans; and from being one of many Roman cities it rose to the prouder and more important post of episcopal stronghold and King's town.

Then it acquired its evil repute. It was believed to be the resort of usurers; its Bishop, with small respect for Metropolitan and even for Pope, declared that he held power from the King of France alone; and, enjoying the title of Count, wore sword and gauntlets which he laid on the Altar when he celebrated Mass. That the inhabitants of Cahors should never forget his importance, each new Bishop required his noble vassal, the Viscount of Sessac, to meet him at the gate of the city, uncloaked and hatless, with one leg bare and one foot in a slipper, and thus humiliatingly attired to conduct him to the episcopal Palace and there to serve him at dinner. This haughty state of the Lord Bishops, together with their ever ready sword and their disagreements with my Lord Abbots, naturally did not add to the spirituality of their city, and in the *Inferno* these terrible words of Dante echo its reputation,—

> "The inmost round marks with its seal
> Sodom and Cahors and all such as speak
> Contemptuously of the Godhead in their heart."

Yet even this Sodomite city stood appalled at the rumoured wickedness of the greatest and most terrible of its children, Jacques d'Euse, son of a cobbler or burgher, who in 1316 ascended the papal throne as John XXII. Apart from the lavishness of sin which made him notorious throughout Christendom, there was much generosity, as well as a few special crimes,

"A SHORT, BROAD, AISLELESS HALL, DIVIDED INTO TWO BAYS OF GENEROUS SIZE."—CAHORS.

which he reserved for his native town. Like all French Popes he was a patriot in the widest sense of the word. He impartially founded a University in Cahors, planned a great papal Palace whose ruins still exist, cut the ancient diocese into three Bishoprics, and believing—or feigning to believe—that Hugues Geraud, the Bishop, was hastening his death by magic arts, had him either burned to death or flayed alive and torn asunder by wild horses, and then appointed to the vacant See his relative, William of Labroa.

The Cathedral of Cahors does not owe the debt of gratitude to this Pontiff which Notre-Dame of Mende must ascribe to Urban V. It belongs indeed to almost every architectural school in France, it is, as Monsieur Calvet truly says, "like a museum which unites the works of all generations," and its most important parts either antedate or follow both the period and the style of the reign of John XXII.

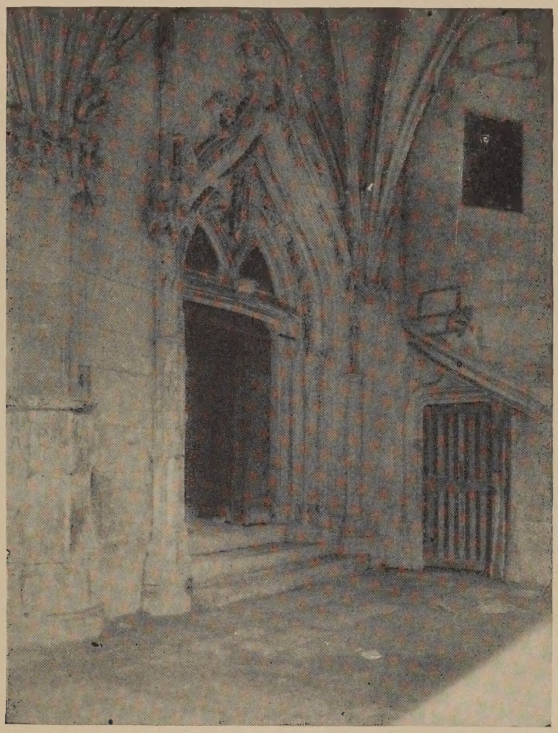
Descending the fifteen steps which indicate the changed level of the ground since the Cathedral's foundation, one is immediately impressed by the hall-like nave belonging to the XII century church which Pope Calixtus II visited, and which is of the style that, for want of a better term, may be called Gallo-Byzantine. The chapels of this room, its galleries. the round-arched windows, and the circular windows above, are sometimes curious; but they are the details, and details which detract rather than add to the impressiveness of the chamber, and the traveller felt as if many

of them should be torn away in order that the church might be seen in the original simplicity of its strong proportions,—a short, broad, aisleless hall, divided into two bays of generous size, each of which is covered with a great dome.

A coat of fresh, clean whitewash covers the walls; and as whitewash is almost as destructive to the beauty of ecclesiastical architecture as was Puritanism, much of the dignity of the conception is marred, and he who would truly penetrate the thought of the old builders and see the nave as they intended it, must look long at the few frescoes which have been uncovered and imagine those which still lie hidden beneath the whitewash. Then instead of these staring expanses whose curves have an insistent and ludicrous resemblance to bald heads, he will see again beautifully toned walls and domes whose rounded lines, lost in a darker, more mysterious height, may again suggest as they suggested to the mediæval Christian "the image of the celestial vault of heaven." Only by such recollections can he see, in true appreciation, this early Gallo-Byzantine nave which the work of time, poverty, and inappreciation have done so much to distort.

Beyond its second bay the choir arises in Gothic height. This is the re-building on the old apse walls which Bishop Raymond de Cornil commenced in 1285. Out of harmony with the older style of the church it is also less beautiful than its style would imply.

Passing from the Cathedral into the Cloister doorway the traveller seemed to have moved forward several centuries as he looked upon its gracious Flamboyant. The carven piers, the richness of the mouldings, the



"THE CLOISTER DOORWAY."—CAHORS.

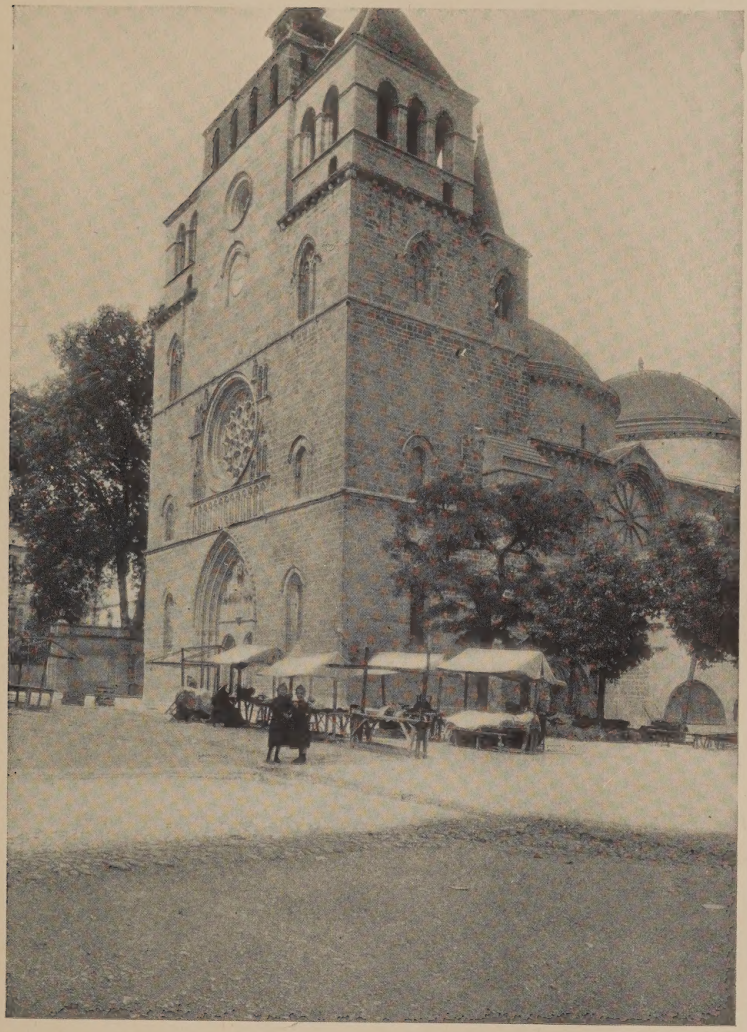
fine and beautiful vaulting, and all the splendour of detail, entrance the eye; and the sunny old age of the Cloister, its wornness—which is still far from dilapidation,— and the wayward tangle of the little close, add to the spell; while through the arches the Cathedral

itself, its Gothic choir, its queer front wall, its Oriental looking domes, become more romantically irregular and partake of the charm of this beautiful Cloister.

As a whole, the Cathedral is "a building of strange outline." The Gothic apse, writes Mr. Freeman, is not without "stateliness," but it is in forced contrast

"THE SUNNY OLD AGE OF THE CLOISTER."—CAHORS.

to the two big domes which rise above it in curiously interesting and Oriental suggestiveness. High above them again is the western façade, a wall of the XIV century which, continues Mr. Freeman, "takes a form sometimes seen in north Germany but that seems strangely out of place when attached to a domical



"A WALL OF THE XIV CENTURY WHICH. . .'TAKES A FORM SOMETIMES SEEN IN NORTH GERMANY, BUT THAT SEEMS STRANGELY OUT OF PLACE WHEN ATTACHED TO A DOMICAL CHURCH IN SOUTHERN GAUL.'"—CAHORS.

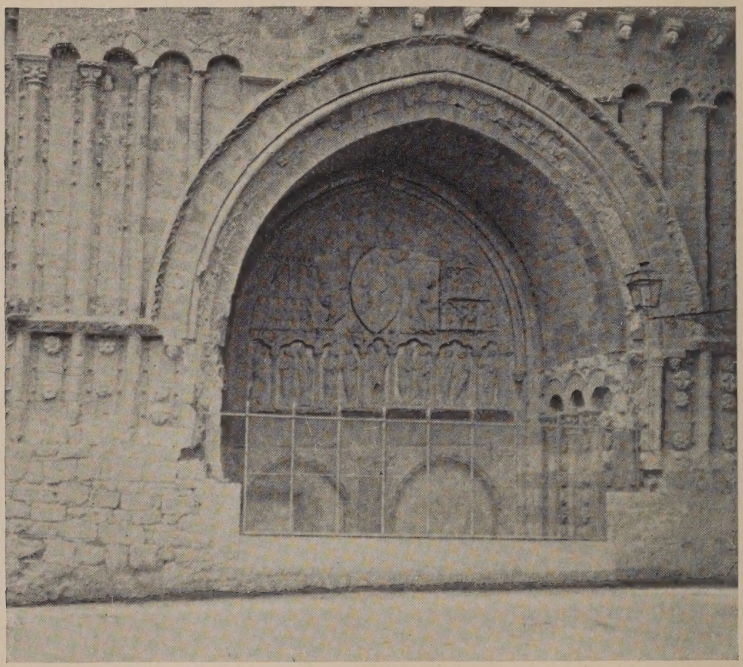
church in southern Gaul." It is not beautiful, but it is rather quaint, queer, and archaic, with its round windows and its arched windows, its arcaded openings, and its peaked roofs.

A tall, pointed entrance way is cut in the façade, but the finest door of the Cathedral is the north portal of the XII century, whose doors are closed and partly hidden by the rise in the ground level. Although this very essentially disturbs the effect of its original proportions, and although the sculptures are much defaced, the portal is comparable with that of Moissac and with many of the beautiful Romanesque creations of the Midi. Its great arch, which is very deep, cuts the columns and arches that decorate the church's outer wall. Much of the ornamentation is now gone, but the figures of the tympanum still stand in clear relief. Christ, in the centre, blesses, and holds the Holy Book; Angels, adoring, stand at His side and hover over Him; below are large statues of the Virgin and the Apostles; and the groups which surround the angelic figures represent scenes from the life of Saint-Genou, Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, and other churchly subjects which lend themselves to a dramatic representation in stone.

Perhaps it was through this door, then in all its splendour, that the great visitor of the XII century, Pope Calixtus II, entered to consecrate the Altar of the new church. Certainly it was here that the citizens crowded on Saint Stephen's Day to witness the crown-

ing of the youngest Canons, in memory of the crown which sorrowing Deacons placed on the head of the first Christian martyr, the patron Saint of the Cathedral.

The doors are now closed, the interior is marred by whitewash, the exterior wasted by decay, all the mili-



"THE FINEST DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL IS THE NORTH PORTAL OF THE XII CENTURY."—CAHORS

tary display of the Bishops and much of the ecclesiastical pomp of the Middle Ages have passed away. Yet here is a pleasant field for imagination; here, for those that care to see, is, as Monsieur Calvet truly writes "a museum which reunites the works of each genera-

"THE CHARM OF THE CLOISTER."—CAHORS.

tion and may furnish matter for a complete course of archæology," with its two bold cupolas of Byzantine reminiscence, the Romanesque of the north portal, the awkward Gothic of the choir, and the charm of the Cloister's Flamboyant.

Besides the Cathedral, there is the quaint little city of Cahors, charmingly and picturesquely situated on its peninsula in the Lot,—with a bold arch of the ancient Roman thermæ, with the same old, narrow streets where Henry IV fought his way, a house in which he rested after the fighting, and a tower in whose wide opening malefactors swung in warning to others. There are the towers and crumbling walls of the old fortifications, the most beautiful bridge in the world, and walks in the surrounding hills which well repay the wanderer who lingers at the old inn of Cahors.

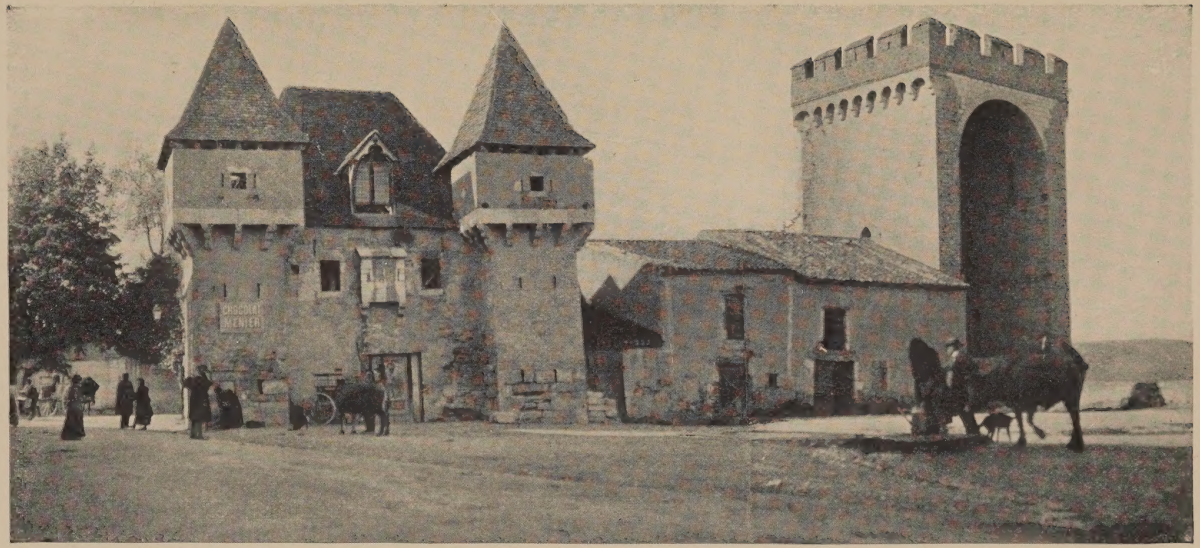
Sarlat.

The traveller had walked through the lonely wooded country between Périgueux and Sarlat, past villages, an old fortified church, and the picturesque castles of the Dordogne country. Arriving early on a summer's afternoon he found Sarlat a busy little town. It was market-day; many empty carts were standing about the streets, the big, inn-like hotel was crowded with farmers, while in an open square, horses, mules, pigs, buyers, and sellers were noisily jostling each other. Escaping from this hot, jabbering crowd, the traveller

passed through narrow, deserted streets to the old Cathedral.

Unlike the neighbouring city of Tulle, Sarlat has remained an old-time town; but like Tulle it owes the foundation of its See and its mediæval prosperity to its Benedictine Monastery. The monks came before the VIII century, drawn to the charming valley by the "sweetness and abundance of its waters." After centuries of good works, they fell into simony, and were visited by Saint Bernard, the greatest monk of his times.

This reformer, says Michelet, "was nourished by the Bible, and the Gospel quenched his thirst. He could scarcely stand, yet he found strength to preach the Crusade to an hundred thousand men. When he appeared, thin and pale, . . . the people believed that they saw a spirit rather than a man. His sermons were terrifying; mothers kept sons away from them and wives, their husbands, for all would have followed him to the monastery." Another writer says that this powerful monk was "the true, undisputed head of the Christendom of his epoch, . . . he had succeeded against untold odds in reforming the Church to his ideal, in directing a new Crusade to the Holy Land, in vanquishing by theological discussions one of the greatest charmers of crowds who, perhaps, has ever lived, the eloquent and learned Abelard." Saint Bernard came to Sarlat in 1147, his miracles brought astonishment and awe to all the country, and in his



"A TOWER IN WHOSE WIDE OPENING MALEFACTORS SWUNG IN WARNING TO OTHERS."—CAHORS.

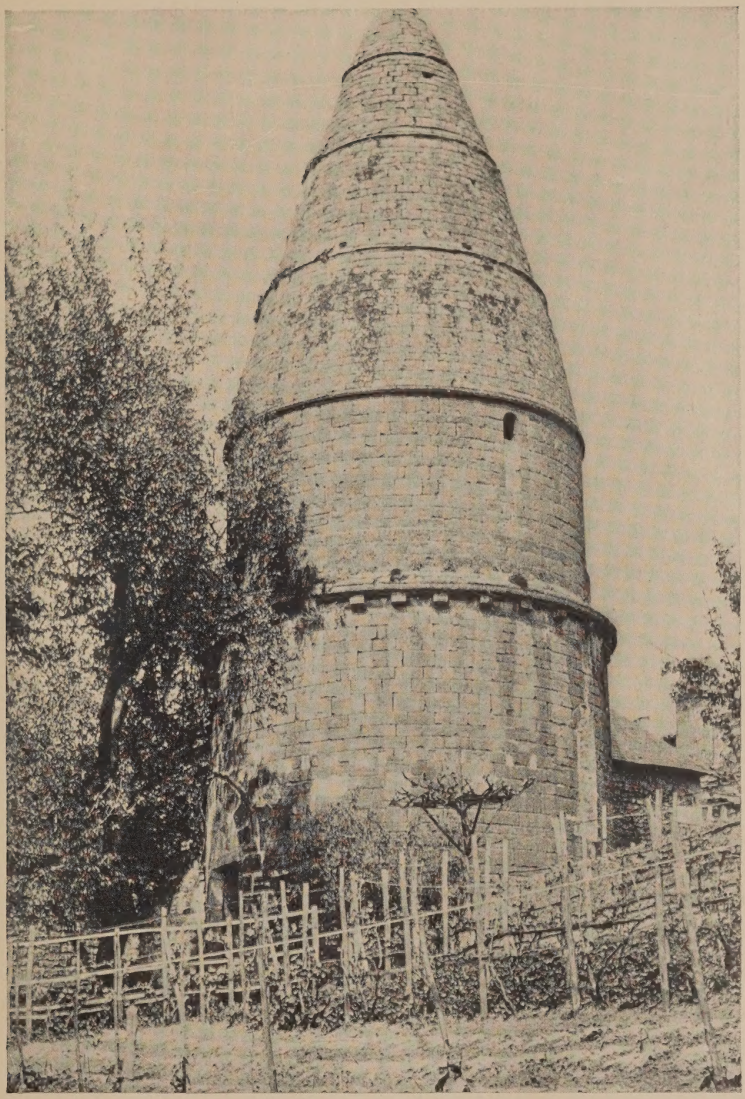
honour a tower is said to have been erected on the monastery grounds. But this curious, cone-topped tower—the most curious structure of Sarlat—became later, not only a chapel but a burial-place, and is called "Saint Bernard's Tower" less often than the "Lantern of the Dead." And the name seems almost symbolic, for the life which the fiery, zealous monk infused into the Benedictines of the city died away; they fell again. Their last state of disorder became chronic, and so much worse than the first that it is said their Order would have disappeared from the city and Sarlat would have lost its ecclesiastical prestige if, in 1318, during the second year of his Pontificate, John XXII had not elevated the Benedictine Monastery to a Bishopric.

The old church is said by tradition to have been of a fine type, but as it was little and Romanesque, and as the architectural taste of the period was for the large and Gothic, it was deliberately demolished in 1504 to make way for a more splendid and, as it were, a more episcopal edifice, the Cathedral which still exists.

Nothing in this exterior would seem to have justified the destruction of the Abbey-church. It is large, but its size is principally shown in a long expanse of slated roof-line and broad stretches of wall. Flying buttresses, so thick and solid that they are unworthy of their name, support the lateral walls and are ornamented with poor little turrets; and plain buttresses, also turreted, flank the angles of the apse; and here below the long windows, the low, slanting roofs of

the choir-chapels humbly project. This is obviously a construction of the XVI and XVII centuries when architecture was falling to low estate and Bishops had no longer the mediæval ardour for church-building.

The tower which forms the most important part of the façade is a relic of the Abbey-church; but, like the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, it has been so re-made that its creator would scarcely recognise his work. It once had a spire, but when that fell it was replaced by an ungainly hood; the good little Romanesque door of the monks was enlarged in accordance with the bastard XVIII century style, and it is between the hood and the portal, the top and the bottom, that the remnants of the older building must be sought. Here, above the portal, are five mutilated statues so very ancient and time-worn that they are almost unnameable. Some see in them figures of Christian Saints; but the Sarladais, who loves the mysterious and the legendary, claims that they represent heathen personages and came from a long-lost pagan temple. Two of them are so mutilated that they defy even his picturesque imagination. But there is Teutatès or Mercury; and Camulus or Mars who is dressed as a Roman soldier; and he who raises a great globe above his head is called Esus or Jupiter. Besides this tower and its old statues which are said to have been placed above the portal as a symbol of the triumph of Christianity, there are, behind the Cathedral, in the wall which used to protect the cemetery, arcades belonging



"THIS CURIOUS, CONE-TOPPED TOWER . . . WAS CALLED NOT SO OFTEN 'SAINT BERNARD'S TOWER' AS THE 'LANTERN OF THE DEAD.'"—SARLAT.

to the old Cloisters of the Benedictines which should be restored to art. These arcades are now deformed, ruined; and so much money and labour would have to be expended before they could again take on their ancient, claustral significance that, with the changes and decay of time, they will probably disappear.

The exterior of the church is also in need of many repairs, it is bulky and monotonous even in its decay, and it has no great lines, no beauty to inspire the regret which the humble ruins of the Cloister evoke.

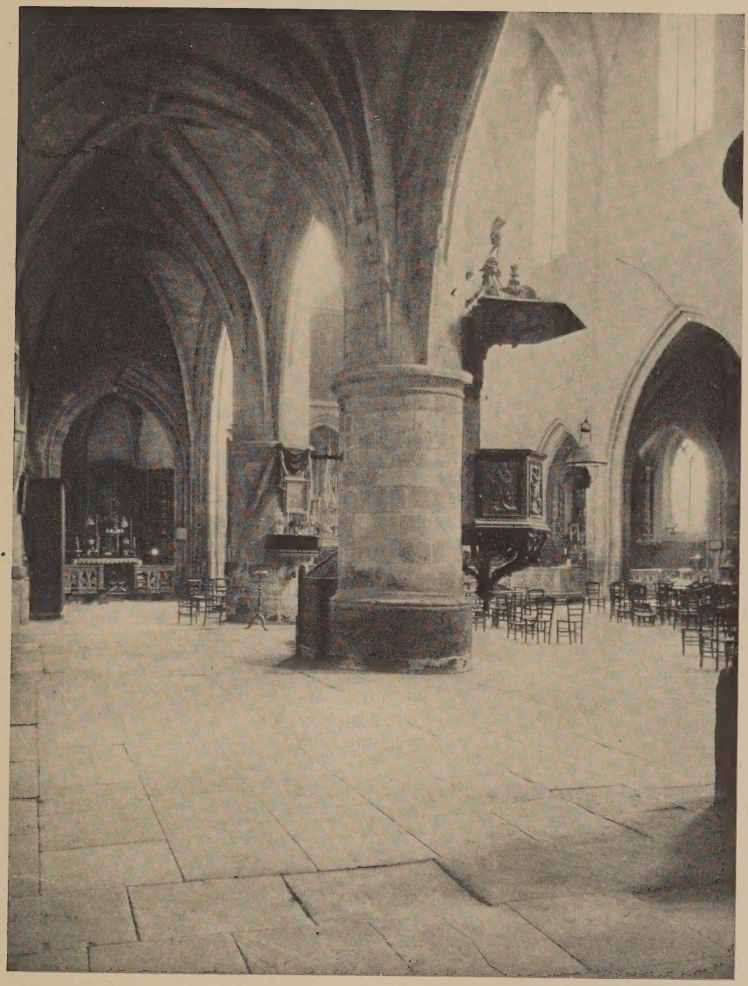
On entering the Church of Saint-Sacerdos, the first impression is that of a room of simple, broad dignity. In reality it is an interior of surprises and complexities. Behind the choir are three vestibules and as many chapels that have almost the formation of churches in miniature; yet these peculiar additions are scarcely perceived from the central nave and, far from disturbing its simple architectural conception, give dim, pleasant perspectives to the choir.

Through the arches of the nave one sees broad, low side aisles and, beyond them, chapels shrouded in mysterious light. The eye is not held by any of these constructive details but returns insistently to the central nave and the choir. Here the lines are uneven; in the nave the breadth is greater, the arches are taller, and the ground level is lowered, yet the choir and the nave seem to form but one vast room. In the choir very lofty, slender windows half walled-up and smaller ones placed high in the nave give this room a strong.

but not a glaring light. Below the windows there is no clerestory and the broad, low arches join pillars whose huge roundness is appropriate to the size of the nave and the seeming weight of the wall they bear. For capitals the pillars have plain, narrow bands, and the arches are plainly grooved; these forms of Spartan simplicity are the decorative details of the room. Its whole conception is large, broad, and lofty. It is imposing and stately, not from beauty, but from an almost ascetic severity. The furniture of this interior is not noteworthy,—woodwork of crude but spirited composition and a few paintings.

"The creation of the See," writes Escande, an historian of the country, " . . . was made to increase the prestige and the wealth of the city, but the Hundred Years' War of the XIV and XV centuries, the Wars of Religion of the XVI century, and later, the rapid decrease of religious faith prevented this institution from bearing all the fruits of which it had given promise." After 1600 Sarlat had ceased to grow, and, unlike many others, its Bishopric was often poor. At one time it was so impoverished that a dying prelate left in his stables only "a broken-winded horse, another, one-eyed and black, and a blind mule."

Many things beside wars and irreligion contributed to this decline of churchly prestige. Protestantism became so strong in the country that the Bishop of Sarlat, to avoid violence, was obliged to allow heretics as well as Catholics to worship in the church of the



"A ROOM OF SIMPLE, BROAD DIGNITY."—SARLAT.

neighbouring town of Issigeac. The tithes of the reverend clergy, generally collected by an unfeeling lay official, grew more and more unpopular; many good priests incurred the hatred of the poorer classes because they paid voluntary or involuntary court to the powerful parishioners whom alone they named in the public prayers, and to whom they first gave Holy Water at the Asperges. All these occurrences and customs, both small and great, tended to lessen the real and lasting influence of the Church; and when, in the Revolution of '89, her hold on the people was tested, her external splendour disappeared and her power was eclipsed. The Bishop of Sarlat refused to take the "Oath" of fidelity to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, and the See became vacant. In 1795 he returned and secretly attempted its re-organisation, but he was so unsuccessful that he soon retired into Italy, the Bishopric of Sarlat ceased to have an independent existence, and its title was joined to that of Périgueux.

The city retains few traces of these stormy times. If one can imagine the ancient fortifications instead of the country streets which replace them, if one can picture the old houses as new as they still appear in the moonlight, the mediæval town will live again. With years of growing civic independence and the comparative security which brought renowned fairs within her walls, the city traders became wealthy burghers and built beautiful houses. Those who were Consuls hung large iron rings on the front walls in token of their

rank. Some of these fine houses still stand and a few rings hang on the walls.

But in the narrow streets, not only the magnificence, but the sordidness of the Middle Ages can be pictured, and although Sarlat was not a mean type of the mediæval city, with even a slender fancy he who reads its annals will realise that life in the humblest house of the XX century is more comfortable than life in the most princely mansion of Sarlat during the days of its famous citizen, La Boëtie. The fortifications were high and prevented the free circulation of air, as well as the entrance of murderous enemies. Within, rose the peaked roofs of the houses of the Sarladais, bordering dark, narrow streets; and near the centre of the town, about the parish church, lay the cemetery. The dead, sewed in pieces of cloth and uncoffined, were buried near the surface of the earth, and when the small consecrated spot became crowded, bodies were exhumed and piled carefully on the ground to make room for others. When the cemetery was moved, the new site, which was used until the XIX century, lay above the waters of the Canons' foundation, the city's principal spring. It was also customary to bury ecclesiastics, nobles, and wealthy burghers beneath the pavement of the Cathedral, and the royal prohibition of so late a date as 1776 did not, even then, include the interment of Bishops and patrons of the Church. Beside these pestiferous customs the street was used as a general dumping ground and the home of

the barnyard fowls; miasmas and foul odours were seldom entirely dissipated in these dark ways bordered by high houses, and when the discomforts within doors are considered, as well as the unsanitary conditions without, the mediæval ravages of smallpox, plague, and the "Black Death" will seem small and infrequent instead of strangely virulent, and the wonder is not so much that many succumbed as that so many survived.

Some one has said that the Middle Ages were times of most vivid contrasts, of the grossest vices and of noblest virtues, of splendid festivals and sordid living. The Sarladais is still fond of old stories, legends, and memories of quaint old customs, and will gladly tell of the grain market held in the church on rainy days, or of the farces played there; he has tales of sieges and sackings, and of the Carnival which his ancestors enjoyed as greatly as the Romans of to-day. With his ancestors the Mardi Gras was celebrated by a gorgeous cavalcade. The Consuls, in full regalia, riding fine horses, were preceded by young people waving banners and a man who carried a branch decorated with an earthen pot, the arms of England painted on a piece of wood, and other curious and symbolic objects. When the procession arrived at a stated place along the moat, the First Consul solemnly mounted a platform, lifted a hammer, and, in token of his fellow-citizens' undying hatred, broke the English coat-of-arms; he then as solemnly handed the pot to the oldest

widow who had re-married during the year; and amidst the unbounded joy of the spectators the games began. Nowhere in modern literature has the picture of this

"THROUGH NARROW STREETS TO THE OLD CATHEDRAL."—SARLAT.

life been drawn more naturally or more vividly than in Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger of Nuremberg*, and those who really desire to know not only the skeleton, but the living figure of the past, should see this

"'MONASTIC CHURCHES ROSE IN DIGNITY AND SUMPTUOUSNESS.'"—PÉRIGUEUX

modern, musical history. For though Nuremberg is a German town, it is also a type—more or less magnificent—of all the old cities of Europe; and after seeing on the stage her narrow streets, her burghers, her joyous revellers, and, last but not least, her watchman, other old towns will become more real. A house, even a beautiful, sculptured house of the Renaissance, is more beautiful to those who know its legends than to the stranger who looks only on its outer walls. The history of Sarlat tells that in the strange days of long ago a church was not only a place of decorous worship, but the market and the theatre of the Faithful; and the Cathedral and the streets, interesting in their antiquity, are many times more interesting, many times more significant, to those who know their story.

Périgueux. Modern Périgueux includes two foundations of ancient times; the Roman city of Vesunna clustered at the foot of the low hill and ruled in later Christian ages by Bishops, and the Puy-Saint-Front, a bourg on the top of the hill, grown about a monastery that was powerful enough to protect and govern it. Between these two settlements existed the most complete separation of government and goods, and between their spiritual rulers, an altogether worldly, natural, and unspiritual jealousy and suspicion. To-day when the Bishops sit in apparent state upon the throne and the monk is shorn of much power, when the Cathedral is almost

invariably the great church of the surrounding country, the Abbey in ruins or in the charge of secular priests, it seems hard to realise that in mediæval times my Lord Abbot was very generally a more powerful person than my Lord Bishop, and a very prickly thorn in the Bishop's side because of his independence within the episcopal jurisdiction, his larger wealth, and consequent haughtiness.

The monastery was the refuge for sinners who gave not only their lives and persons, but their possessions in return for the boon of absolution and cessation from strife; it received substantial peace-offerings from those who wished for reconciliation with the God Whom they had outraged; and all its members, from lay-brother to mitred Abbot, worked for the aggrandisement of the Church through the increasing greatness of the Abbey.

The Bishop had no such united force, no such concentration of effort, and as Baring-Gould has written, "monastic churches rose in dignity and sumptuousness, and Cathedrals lagged far behind. Bishops and capitular bodies could not command the means to erect Cathedrals that would rival the splendour of the monastic churches. This is conspicuously exemplified in Périgueux where the head church of the diocese could easily have been packed under the domes of the crossing and one transept of the abbatial Church of Saint-Front."

Times have indeed brought changes, for the Abbey

of Montmajour is a ruin and the Cathedral of Arles is well known; Saint-Denis is but the church of a faubourg and Notre-Dame is the more famous place of pilgrimage; Brou seems scarcely more than a show-place and the more lowly Notre-Dame of Bourg is the truer house of worship and of prayer. There are few places in France where, as at Hautecombe on the peaceful Lake of Bourget, the monk still worships in his Abbey-church. He has long since departed from Périgueux, and the Bishop who magnificently celebrates in Saint-Front doubtless thinks but seldom of the days of his predecessors who celebrated in the humble Church of Saint-Etienne; and to the traveller also Saint-Etienne is an insignificant parish church, for Saint-Front rises near by in lordly splendour, and is to-day the Cathedral.

Nevertheless, the Church of Saint-Etienne was the Bishop's church during six centuries; it was dedicated in 1047 by the Archbishop of Bourges who, on the same day, dedicated in the Puy the Abbey-church of Saint-Front. The monks of Saint-Front were able to continue their work until it was completed, but the Cathedral remained much the same. Yet the Bishops were not a less proud line than the Abbots. There was one so valiant in the wars with the Routiers that he was quaintly said to be "as skilful in strife as in turning the pages of his breviary," and he seems to have possessed many of the general characteristics of the occupants of the See, for they cherished the remarkable

privilege of saying Mass with a loaded pistol on the Altar.

Although the Cathedral of Saint-Etienne never rivalled the glory of Saint-Front, it was not as humble as the Saint-Etienne of to-day, but a church of three domes, with a tower which an engraving of the period shows to have been very like that of the Abbey-church, with a Cloister of four low, simple galleries, and near by, the large Palace of the Bishops. Through the valour of its prelates the Cathedral escaped the perils of the Routiers, but in 1577 both the "Puy" and the "Cité" of Périgueux were taken by the Protestants and held by them for six years. During that period the invaders succeeded in pillaging the Abbey-church, in destroying the episcopal Palace, and in burning the eastern and western parts of the Cathedral, as well as its tower.

A PRELATE OF SAINT-FRONT.—PÉRIGUEUX.

Between 1617 and 1664, after the departure of the

"FOR SAINT-FRONT RISES NEAR-BY IN LORDLY SPLENDOUR AND IS TO-DAY THE CATHEDRAL."—PÉRIGUEUX.

Huguenots, both Bishop and Chapter tried to restore and to re-build, and coats of arms on the church's walls mark their labours; but they restored chiefly those portions of the Cathedral which were necessary for the celebration of their own worship. The tower, which Michelet calls "the organ and voice of a church," was considered an ornament and its reconstruction was not attempted, the part of the church which has been covered by the western dome and used by the people was not re-built, and the ruined Cloister soon became a mere storehouse. The little church, which had always been sadly overshadowed by the great Abbey, was now but a wreck of its former insignificance. The episcopal Palace lay in ruins. The Puy-Saint-Front had gradually absorbed all the political and administrative importance of Périgueux, and in 1669 the Bishop gladly abandoned the Cité for the Puy, the Chapters of the Cathedral and the Abbey were united, the monastery became an episcopal residence, and the venerable Saint-Etienne, which was supposedly founded on a site of a Temple of Mars, and is indeed surrounded by many fragmentary remains of pagan times, was left among its ruins.

The deserted little church, no longer a Cathedral, is neither unsymmetrical nor uninteresting. The western dome has never been re-built, and as the choir is of late reconstruction, but little remains of the XI century church. Yet the part of the ruined arch which is still plainly visible in the front wall shows the disposition

of the ancient edifice, and entering the low door, one sees the old dome which illustrates a disputed link in the evolution of western dome-building. This cupola of Saint-Etienne is supported by four thick, unmoulded

"THE PART OF THE RUINED ARCH WHICH IS STILL PLAINLY VISIBLE IN THE FRONT WALL SHOWS THE DISPOSITION OF THE ANCIENT EDIFICE."—PÉRIGUEUX.

and pointed arches, the walls of the section have a round-arched arcade surmounted by two round-arched windows which, in turn, are surmounted by a circular

window. There is no ornament. Externally the walls have two shallow arches, and the dome, deep and rough in the interior, is here broad and flat, with a tiny, columned circle that bears a conical roof and is reminiscent of the larger circles of the cupolas of Saint-Front.

Scarcely less interesting than this ancient section of Saint-Etienne is the restored choir of the XVIII century, a reproduction which, considering its period, is of remarkable fidelity, and which might well have served as an example to the XIX century reconstructors of Saint-Front. This restoration, if not of an XI century style, is of one closely following, the XII. It is as long and as wide as the choir it replaced; but it is higher, lighter, and more graceful. Its piers are ornamented with slender, applied columns, its windows have decorated frames, the dome arches are moulded; but the general form being similar and the carving moderate and chaste, the effect of the re-building is most harmonious.

The interior of Saint-Etienne gives, however, a very inadequate idea of its former state. Having lost—it is to be feared irretrievably—its western dome which was one third of the whole church, it has no longer its original proportions and its natural perspectives. Its furniture, too, is distressingly conglomerate, and the whole interior is overweighted with a wooden Altar carved by an industrious Jesuit of the XVII century, which was removed from Saint-Front to be unhappily and injudiciously placed in Saint-

Etienne; the former beauty of the old interior must be left to the imagination.

The charm of the church lies in its exterior. Although the primitive style is unornamented, although it has no fine portals or delicate details, and although tower and Cloisters have disappeared, a real and simple beauty remains. The plain walls of the older part and its low, flat dome, the dignified piers and arches of the XVIII century which have a faint resemblance to the distant walls of Agde, the grey of the building stone and the dull, reddish tiles of the cupolas make a quaint and venerable looking church.

Few, however, who visit Périgueux take leisurely pleasure in old Saint-Etienne; the magnificence of Saint-Front is too engrossing. And if Saint-Front is magnificent amid the commonplace of modern houses, what must have been the effect of this glorious white church upon the mediæval beholder who saw it rise above the Isle with its one exquisite tower, its great cupolas, and its delicate little minarets, dominating the wretchedness of the mediæval dwellings? It may indeed be said that so marvellous a building could not fail to "impress the imagination of the people and to determine the character of their architecture."

Saint-Front is an edifice of most Christian memories, built above the tomb of the Saint who had brought the "good news" into Périgueux, who by the sign of the Cross had razed the Temple of the tutelary goddess, and who through the same holy sign had delivered the

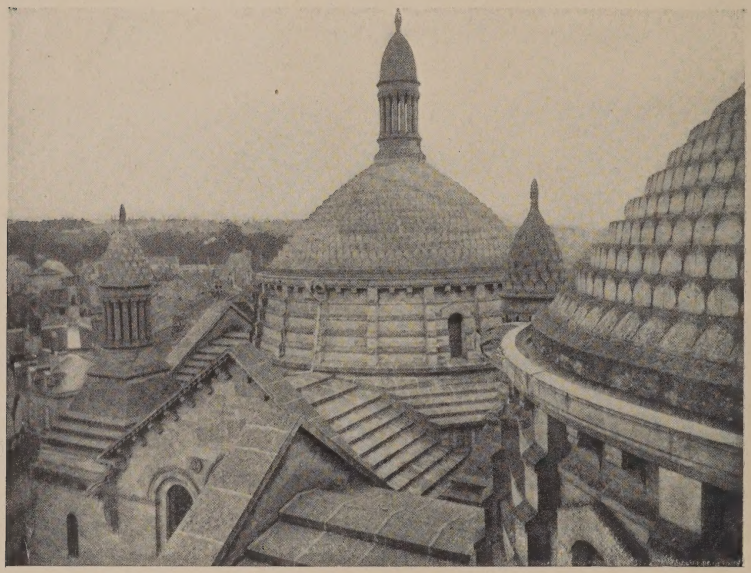
"A QUAINT AND VENERABLE . . . CHURCH."—PÉRIGUEUX.

Gallo-Romans of the district from a horrible dragon.

In spite of its importance, the early history of the old Abbey-church and the origins both of its style and its architects are lost in impenetrable obscurity, and have formed the basis of controversies as interminable and intricate as they are futile. Whether Syria lent the traditions of its building, whether Venetians brought the ideas of Saint Mark's to Aquitaine, whether some unknown monkish pilgrim or some learned and travelled architect was its originator, whether it was contemporaneous with the great Basilica of Venice or of a later date, no one can tell. Coins of John Zimisces, who ruled from 969 to 976, have been found in the débris of the church, and suggest a date for the work and the nationality of its builders. But the date is so exceedingly early that the hypothesis seems extravagant, and one turns gladly to the meagre but more satisfying facts.

In the latter part of the X century Saint Froterius, a pious Bishop of Périgueux, was buried in a Church of Saint-Front; in the XII century a monastery of that name—and a monastery included a church—was destroyed in a conflagration so terrible that even its bells were melted. The monastic buildings rose again, and it is probable that the Gallo-Byzantine church which is now the Cathedral of Périgueux was a part of them, and that the remains of a former structure which are now preserved in the western entrance belonged to that church which was burned in 1120.

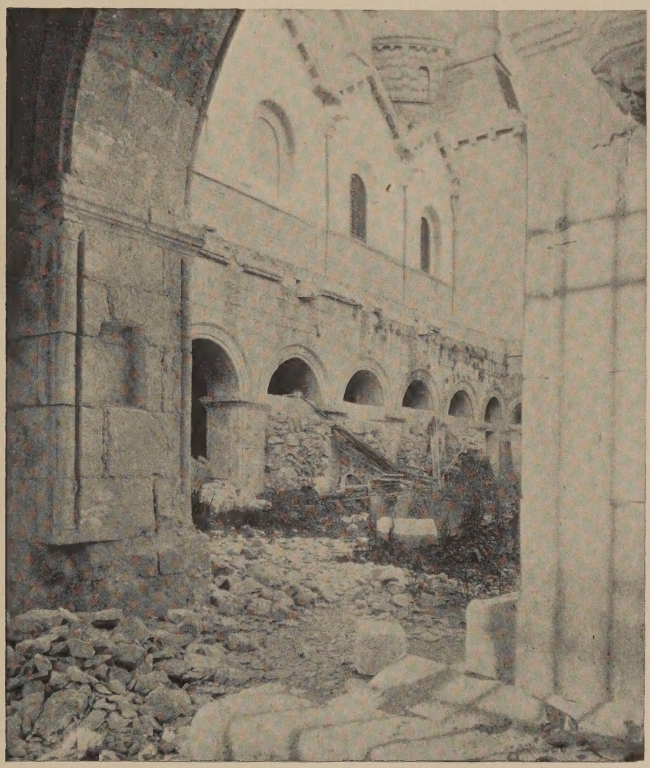
For the first few centuries of its existence Saint-Front seems to have enjoyed the prosperous life of "the nation without a history." Time was the first to attack the church, and, aided by fire and water, inflicted severe blows. Some one has quaintly said that "these domed churches are as sensitive to wet on their



THE DOMES WHICH . . . "'ARE AS SENSITIVE TO WET ON THEIR BACKS AS ARE DUCKLINGS.'"—PÉRIGUEUX.

backs as are ducklings," and chalky stone is equally sensitive to fire. But the monks repaired the ravages of all three foes of their church; and when the Huguenots took Périgueux it was so great and strong that it defied even their destructive genius, and after ruining the Cloisters and breaking the statues and altars, they

left the edifice itself virtually intact. The heretical rule ended, the reign of the Bishops soon began and, as was inevitable, the surroundings of Saint-Front



"BISHOPS OF THE XVII AND XVIII CENTURIES, CARING LESS FOR CLOISTERED WALKS THAN MONKS OF PREVIOUS AGES, ALLOWED THE CLOISTERS TO REMAIN IN RUIN."—PÉRIGUEUX.

changed. Its monastic character was gone, its old cemetery passed into disuse and disappeared, much of its atmosphere of antiquity was lost, and, perhaps

most unfortunate of all, its architectural features underwent a radical transformation.

Bishops of the XVII and XVIII centuries, caring less for cloistered walks than did monks of previous ages, allowed the Cloisters to remain in ruin; finding domed roofs expensively troublesome, they allowed the Cathedral to be covered with an immense roof of timber and tiles which protected and hid the domes. and the tower was given a covering of lead. In this disguise the edifice descended from its purely religious character to become, in 1789, the Hall of the Three Orders of Périgord; and within its walls, in spite of the preceding Mass of the Holy Ghost and a solemn Invocation of the Creator, ill-feeling arose among the clergy, the part of the Assembly supposedly animated by charity, and Monseigneur of Périgueux swept out of the church, followed by other dignitaries, declaring that the remaining members of the Second Order were "animated by independence and insubordination." Religious fervour, which was at a low ebb on the eve of the Revolution, revived during the Terror, but was then impotent. Saint-Front was first devoted to the "constitutional cult," and afterwards, entirely secularised, became a shop. In the Concordat of 1801 the See of Périgueux was suppressed, and it was not till twenty years later that the Bishopric was restored and the church again became a Cathedral.

Less than half a century after this happy date, during the more peaceful days of Louis Napoleon's rule,

"A MAGNIFICENTLY SEVERE. . . BUILDING MARRED BY THE . . . PRESENCE OF . . . CHAIRS, CHANDELIERS, . . . OAK FENCES, AND A . . . HEAVILY-CARVED PULPIT."—PÉRIGUEUX.

Saint-Front received its only great and terrible mutilation. It had been believed indestructible, it had successfully defied time, heretics, and revolutionists, losing only its altars and coverings of lead; but what Huguenots and "sans culottes" had failed to move, one architect easily and successfully destroyed. After his iconoclastic "restoration" a helpless and unhappy member of the Archæological and Historical Society of Périgord wrote, "we have watched these mighty piers and pendentives torn down piecemeal, often with much difficulty; we have seen walls and cupolas and the Gothic choir levelled to the dust. . . . Even the sculpture has been replaced in the capitals of columns and pilasters, nearly all of which was in perfect preservation. Every scrap of this precious old work has been thrown away as rubbish and replaced by copies absolutely devoid of character and interest. In a word, after twenty-five years of work, after an expense of many millions of francs where a few hundred thousands would have sufficed—what has been the result? . . . What would be thought of a skilful painter who was charged with the restoration of a rare work of art, a partially effaced fresco of Giotto or a worm-eaten panel of Van Eyck, who executed copies very fresh, highly varnished, in brilliant colours, in which he had not failed to correct or change what struck him as defective in drawing or in tint, and who having done this, threw the original panel into the fire?" Baring-Gould, a modern and an Anglo-Saxon also

writes: "Saint-Front has been a job on which architects and contractors have found means to spend vast sums to their own advantage and to the ruin of the grandest memorial of art in Aquitaine."

The monks had constructed their church with a native stone, l'Archant; the new Saint-Front was built of stone from the distant quarries of Angouléme; the old church had great, pointed arches; the new arches are neatly rounded to please the fancy of Monsieur Abadie; chapels were removed; the ancient apse was torn down to make place for another equally inconsistent with the general style; millions were freely expended in changes, but the Cloister was not restored; and the great church has been defaced not only by the vainglorious work of its restorers, but by the barbarous taste of its possessors.

If so magnificently severe a building had existed in America and had there been marred by the permanent presence of hundreds of cane-seated, pine chairs, by large, glittering Stations of the Cross, by huge, gilt chandeliers, by an altar festooned in blue, by oak fences flanked by still more hideous gas-posts, by a handsome, heavily carved, walnut pulpit in consonance neither with the church nor any of its woodwork, the European press would have poured forth—and justly —its eloquence of irony and scorn. But as this artistic barbarity occurs in the most artistic country in the world no voice is raised in protest. The architectural scandal of Saint-Front is so tremendous as to seem

A VISTA THROUGH THE OPENINGS OF THE "SQUARE PILLARS ON WHICH THE GIGANTIC MASS OF THE EDIFICE RESTS."—PÉRIGUEUX.

irreparable, but furniture is capable of removal. If the fences in the central nave are necessary to the proper collecting of pennies during the Sunday Mass let them be portable; let the chairs be discreetly stacked, as they are in many churches after Masses are over; the Blessed Mother of Good Counsel would not be less helpful—and she would be a thousand times more beautiful—without her cheap blue curtain; and the Stations of the Cross carved in stone would be far more real and touching than against their present artificial backgrounds of gold.

Sometimes it is useless to protest. One must endure. One must endure Saint-Front in its garish whiteness, the existence of an apse as incongruous as it is uninspired, one must endure the sight of the rounded arch of Monsieur Abadie instead of the pointed arch of the monk-builders,—but it is more tantalising than human nature can bear with patience to be in one of the grandest and most unique churches in Europe and be obliged to dodge first this huge gilt chandelier and then that; to see instead of broad, majestic space hundreds of wooden chairs; to gauge the majestic height of the church not by the eye but by the black cable on which the chandelier is suspended. It says much for the genius of the original creators that, in spite of the vandalism of men of many ages and faiths, the greatness of Périgueux persists; and that, entering with imagination aglow, one may still perceive it as it was only fifty years ago, or, better still, as it was in the

days when silent monks worshipped God in the beautiful austerity of Holiness. The church with its domes then becomes strongly reminiscent of the East and of certain of its native ideas, of Saint Antony in the Thebaid, of desert vastness, desert space, of loneliness and renunciation,—of that monastic idea which came out of the Orient to find so permanent a home in the West.

The general plan of Saint-Front is a Greek Cross whose four arms are surmounted by four cupolas. Over the crossing there is a central cupola a little higher than the others. Under each of the five cupolas the plan of the whole basilica is reproduced in miniature, for the Greek Cross is again formed by the disposition of the four pillars which bear the great arches, which in their turn, support the cupola. Each of the twelve square piers, on which the gigantic mass of the edifice rests, is itself divided into four equal pillars by longitudinal cuts at right angles, thus again presenting the Greek Cross. The church is lighted both from its domes and from windows in the lower walls, and is oriented according to the requirements of the prescribed forms; in memory of the dying Christ, the choir inclines from right to left, as the holy Head inclined. This choir is a piece of stupid incongruity, with channeled columns and abundant carving and ornament, in such violent contrast to the Spartan severity of the old Abbey-church and its few and simple banded mouldings, that it can hardly be more appropriate than the old Gothic choir which it replaced.

Upon this work of Monsieur Abadie one has, happily, but to turn the back, and the old Abbey-church stretches before the eye. It has very often and very naturally been compared to its eastern prototypes, and in particular to the Venetian Basilica of Saint Mark, its "mother or sister"; but if the form is that of the Orient, not only the meagre ornament but the all-pervading atmosphere is of the West. There is none of the gilded ornamentation of Venice, no richly toned mosaics, no enamel; the blue and white tiles of the Mosque are not here; and there are—as yet—no mural frescoes. The church is imposing by qualities which are not dominant in the Adriatic and the East, by its vastness, by the immensity of its lines, and by the almost terrible simplicity of its nude stone. Even dry figures take on a certain grandeur when they express the dimensions of this lonely and impressive interior whose length and breadth are equal, an hundred and eighty-four feet, and whose spacious cupolas are over ninety feet in height.

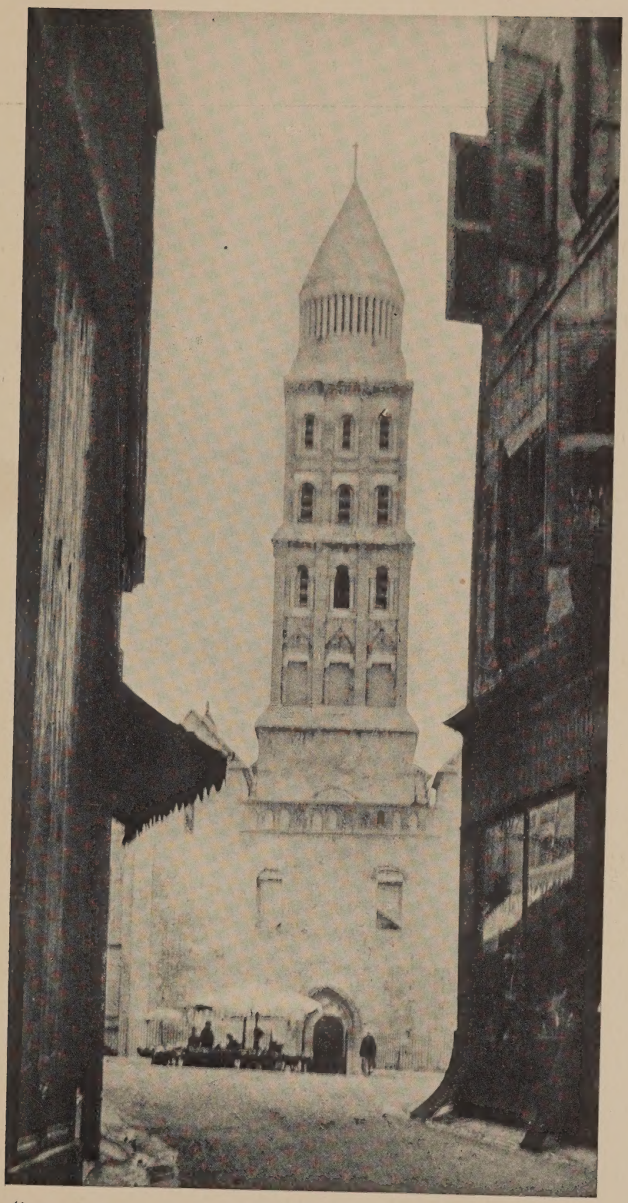
In spite of its western atmosphere this does not seem the place where mild and gentle western Saints should be invoked, but rather the Temple of some great Prophet, of one who thundered forth Jehovah's dread decrees and sternly counselled righteousness.

The exterior of Saint-Front is neither as severe nor as awe-inspiring; and closer views are not as satisfying as more distant perspectives. For below the circular drums of its cupolas, the Cathedral has few beautiful

details. The door of the south aisle scarcely deserves the name of portal. The western façade, with its court formed by the walls which contain remains of the Latin basilica, is archæologically curious, but rather unfinished and uncouth in effect. The principal entrance to the north aisle is under a heavy, commonplace porch; and although the Cathedral is by no means entirely hemmed about by houses, the views from market-place and streets are suggestive rather than satisfying.

The Cloister of Saint-Front is almost lost to the world. Its entrances to the church have been blockaded by the church's carpenter either because, as the sacristan says, "he is jealous of my prerogatives" or because, as he himself says, "I don't want everyone always in my workshop." Whatever the reason, not only are the doors which lead to the church blockaded, but the two outer gates are locked, and to enter, one must have a special permission. The Cloister is indeed in melancholy condition. It has no longer either a religious or a contemplative character; and is not so much a "workshop" as a dusty storehouse for broken columns, bits of capitals and arches, and the various implements of carpenters and masons.

After climbing over the stones and heaps of rubbish which encumber the walks, the traveller sat down to contemplate the sordidness of these ruins, while his guide charitably went off to get a clothes-brush. It does not seem as if this Cloister, an irregular structure



"THE SLENDER, WHITE TOWER WITH ITS STORIES OF MANY WINDOWS, ITS CIRCLE OF COLUMNS, AND ITS TALL, CONICAL ROOF."—PÉRIGUEUX.

of the XIII and XIV centuries, can ever have been of great beauty. One side is supported by heavy, awkward buttresses; the round-arched walks have a few rude sculptures, a few capitals with roughly carved heads, and the most ornamental parts are the simple corbels on which rest the vault arches of the Gothic walk. In juxtaposition with the garish newness of the restored church, the sordidness of the Cloister is both sad and inexcusable.

It would have been so easy, so natural, to have left to the Cathedral the tone which its great antiquity had given to the stone and which would have become it as age improves the tint of ivory; it would have been so natural, so easy, to have restored the Cloister which, because it was more exposed to all the elements of destruction, was in more pressing need of the cleansing processes and the new stones which were freely wasted in the church.

The Cloister was probably the building of mediocre architects, in ruin it has none of the neglected beauty of Tulle, and in restoration it would not rival the glory of its church; but the most humble Cloister has its inalienable charm, it is a form of ecclesiastical architecture which expresses, as no other, an ideal of mediæval faith,—repose, meditation, and communion with higher things. Too many of these peaceful walks have already crumbled to dust and it may be hoped that this of Saint-Front, not only for its ancient memories but for its place in the church's plan, may be preserved

to those who enter with pleasure into the calm of old conventual walks.

As from the streets so from the Cloister, but a fragment of the huge Cathedral appears, and it is most beautifully and impressively seen from the opposite bank of the River Isle. The awkward apse then sinks into an appropriate insignificance, the pointed gables of the massive walls appear, the cupolas of the tiny pinnacles, then the cluster of great domes, and above all, the slender, white tower with its stories of many windows, its circle of columns, and its tall, conical roof. This construction is of a strange, wonderful impressiveness. Each dome rests on a low drum and has in miniature the columned circle and cone-shaped roof of the tower, each pinnacle again reproduces in miniature the circle and the roof. They are massed together in perfect regularity, but in a dissimilarity of height that is most artistic. The tower, nearly two hundred feet high, is one of the oldest and most curious as well as most beautiful in France. It has four square stories, the first with closed window spaces, the last three with many open windows which give it a graceful lightness; and above these stories is a stepped pyramid which bears the columns that, in their turn, uphold the cap-like roof. In all this variety of size combined with similarity in general forms there is exquisite harmony and proportion, and the exterior is very impressive, strangely exotic, and very wonderful.

It may be impossible to believe that the rounded

"THE GRANDEUR OF ITS INTERIOR, . . . IMPOSING . . . BY ITS VASTNESS, BY THE IMMENSITY OF ITS LINES, AND BY THE ALMOST TERRIBLE SIMPLICITY OF ITS NUDE STONE."—PÉRIGUEUX.

arches of this church will ever again be restored, it may be too much to hope that time will soon soften the false newness of its stone, but perhaps, in the not too distant future, its Cloister will be again made whole and Saint-Front itself be surrounded by a great open space befitting its importance. But whether these things shall come to pass or not, the Cathedral has, in spite of all, successfully defied its foes—from the Huguenots, who were the least in power, to Monsieur Abadie, the greatest,—for in its daring immensity, in its extraordinary form, its external splendour, and the grandeur of its interior, it is still—and in spite of all—one of the most imposing and remarkable churches of Europe.

Limoges.

In the legendary age of Gallic Christianity, when Saints over all France were killing dragons and converting pagans, Saint Martial broke the idols of the Temple of Jupiter at Limoges and "made it a Temple of the Redeemer." This building, which tradition mentions without describing, was unfortunately destroyed in some of the Vandal invasions. "If," wrote Saint Prosper of Aquitaine in the V century, with piteous eloquence, "the entire ocean had swept over the fields of Gaul, its vast waves would have spared more monuments. . . . All that could be suffered we have endured. . . . Neither castles built on ragged peaks, nor places situated on the summits of mountains, nor

cities protected by large rivers, nothing escaped the cunning of the barbarians or . . . their fury."

The Christians of Limoges re-built their church in the more orthodox form of a Latin basilica, but Saint Prosper's description of early incursions portrays only too faithfully the raids and wanton pillages of succeeding invaders, and the Latin basilica was destroyed in its turn. Undaunted, the Faithful began another reconstruction and, at the beginning of the XIII century, their Bishop celebrated in a completed Romanesque Cathedral.

In his *History of Saint Elisabeth* Montalembert, ardent apologist of the Church and all her works, describes this epoch in these eloquent, idealistic words: "During the XIII century the Catholic Church reigned over Europe by the triple ascendency of genius, holiness, and temporal power. It was the century of Innocent III,—the Papacy exercised a sovereign influence in political affairs. It was the century of Saint Louis,—when royalty, as Saint Ferdinand of Spain, Saint Elisabeth of Hungary, and Saint Louis of France, added to the glory of the crown the greater glory of holiness. It was the century of Saint Thomas Aquinas,—when Albert the Great and the Angelic Doctor, Saint Bonaventura and Roger Bacon, shed upon religion the external lustre of science. It was the century of Saint Francis of Assisi and of Saint Dominic,—religious and chivalrous Orders filled Europe like powerful armies and contributed an extraordinary vigour to human

THE SIDE AISLE OF "'A SPLENDID CATHEDRAL . . . AN IMMORTAL MASTERPIECE OF CHRISTIAN ART.'"—LIMOGES.

thought. In this general movement of ideas, Christian architecture could not remain stationary. It was then that splendid Cathedrals arose, immortal masterpieces of Christian art."

Those who read history without enthusiastic partisanship find that in this XIII century Saint Dominic and his great religious Order gave "extraordinary vigour to human thought" by the instruments of Inquisition and through hideous torture of the human body; when Saint Ferdinand of Spain's claim to holiness was also a claim to the title of bigot; and when the "teaching" of Bacon, which "gave to religion the external lustre of science," was solemnly condemned in Paris by the assembled dignitaries of his Order; when for these teachings, "certain suspected novelties," the General of the Franciscans—afterwards Pope—threw Bacon into prison; and when on account of them, both Pope Nicholas III and Pope Nicholas IV "decided that he was too dangerous to be at large." After he had emerged from his ecclesiastical prison at the age of eighty, it is small wonder that he sighed, "Would that I had not given myself so much trouble for the love of science," that science which "shed lustre upon religion."

The XIII century was a period of outward glory but of internal decay; and far from presaging the dark years of struggle which lay before the Church, the Popes continued to live according to the joyous resolution of Leo X. In churchly architecture the Gothic was

supreme; the most beautiful Cathedrals in the world, Notre-Dame of Amiens, of Chartres, of Bourges, of Beauvais, and of Rouen, were rising; Clermont in the Midland was being built; in the South, Narbonne had been begun; and the prelates of Limoges, who had only a Cathedral of Romanesque form, began to find it "of bad taste and vulgar workmanship," "neither sufficiently beautiful nor proper in form or shape," and in 1273 the first stone of a new choir was laid.

"A Cathedral," writes one of the old Canons of Limoges, "is not the creation of a man but of ages," and certainly no work is more dependent on every wind of doctrine and fervour. The choir of Saint-Etienne was finished in fifty years; the rest of the church dragged through centuries. Some continuation was attempted during the reign of Clement VI, a native of the diocese, but this prelate had none of the great architectural ambitions of Clement V, and contented himself with a spiritual donation of an Indulgence. During his reign the south transept, economically left in its small, Romanesque breadth and length, was probably heightened and given a rose-window and a new portal. Then the wars between France and England, in which the Bishop became embroiled as temporal lord, put a stop to further construction, and Froissart says that when the Black Prince took the city, "there is no man so hard of heart that, if he had . . . thought of God, he would not have wept tenderly . . . for the three thousand persons of all ages and

both sexes killed that day . . . for they were truly martyrs."

In the XV century one of the large bays of the old nave was torn down and two Gothic bays were erected in its place, and the beautiful north transept was built in the XVI century. Then the work was again suspended. The See was occupied by an Italian whose "intendant"—another Italian—was so infamous that he was tried and burned in effigy before the Cathedral-church. Protestantism had also grown to terrifying strength, the Renaissance introduced pagan sentiments among the clergy, always the heart of the Church, and all architectural ambitions were soon extinguished in the Wars of Religion.

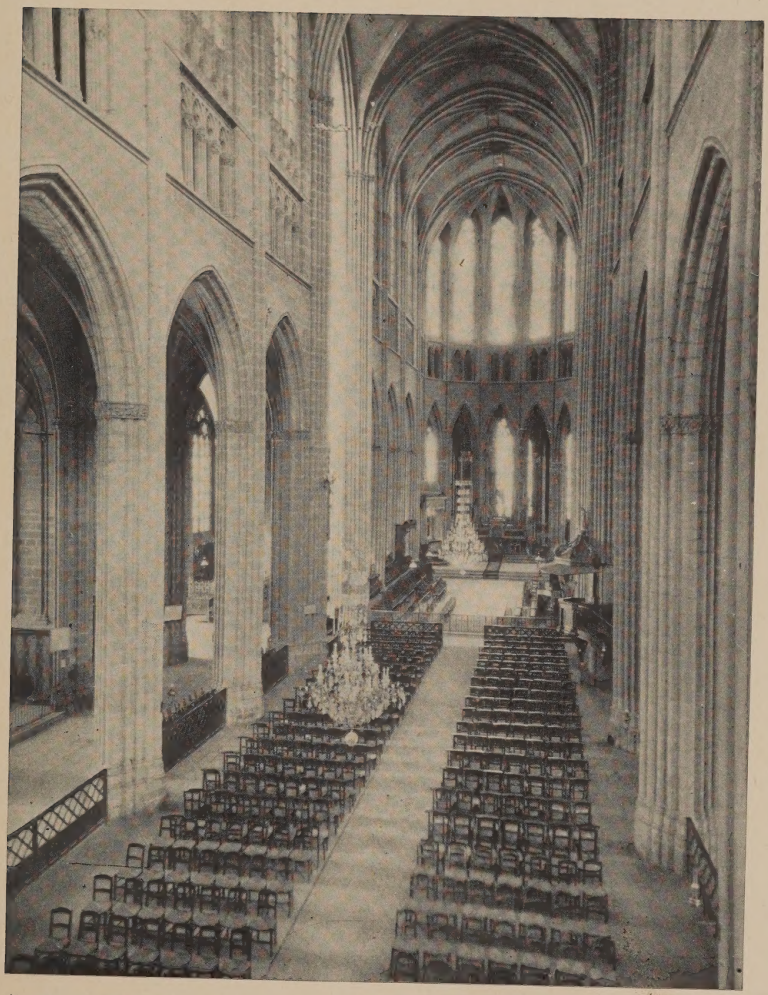
The Wars ceased and the years went on; the misery of the poor increased with the increasing infamies of the great. Voltaire sneered, the Revolution killed; and ecclesiastical architecture, fallen elsewhere to low estate, happily ceased in Limoges until the XIX century when artistic taste had become more enlightened. Then, in consonance with the first Gothic bays, five more were added to the nave, and it was joined by an enclosed porch to the old Romanesque tower which surmounts the western portal; and at last, after six centuries, the Cathedral of Limoges became a finished whole.

The city lies in amphitheatre on the hillside above the river Vienne and to-day forms one, conglomerate whole; but in the Middle Ages it formed two distinct,

contiguous towns,—the Castle of Saint-Martial surrounded by walls and moats, and the "Cité" of Saint-Stephen built about the Cathedral, and also surrounded by walls and moats. The "Cité" is now the poorer part of Limoges, the home of artisans and workmen, and, as the traveller climbed its narrow streets, he saw men and women sitting gloomily by their open windows, he brushed against a few tipsy strikers, and heard oaths and complaints, from which he emerged into the quiet little square of the Cathedral and looked up at the calm strength of its walls. A fog had descended over Limoges; and leaning against a gate, peering from beneath his umbrella at the upper galleries of the tower, the traveller was startled by the sound of a long "toot" and stepped into a doorway as an automobile whizzed up the narrow street and stopped abruptly before the church. Without a glance to right or left a party of four descended and darted under the portal. The traveller, partly because it was becoming very damp, partly because he felt a growing proprietorship in Saint-Etienne, followed to enjoy their pleasure in its beauty, and arrived just in time to see the blank, polite expression on the gentlemen's faces and to hear these words in a high, pleasant voice,

"Oh, I am not tired of them yet, we have n't such fine churches in our country," and to catch the low reply,

"In England we have finer things than this, and as for Cathedrals they are all pretty much alike you know."



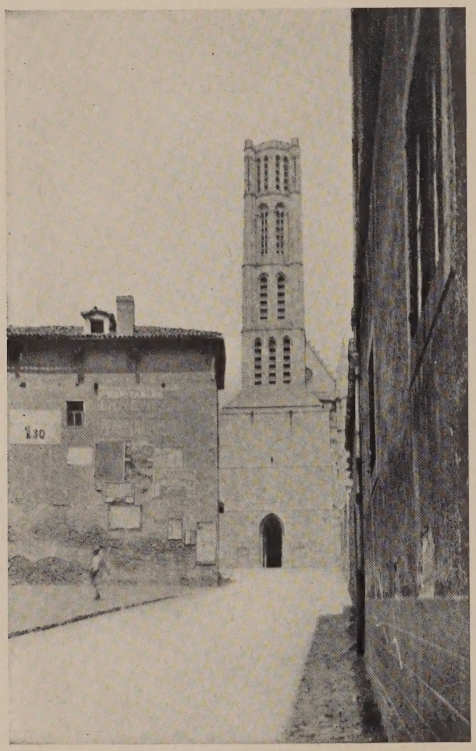
"THE SLENDER, CLUSTERED COLUMNS, THE LARGE WINDOWS, THE HIGH ARCHES OF THE NAVE, AND THE NARROWER ARCHES OF THE CHOIR SEEM TO HAVE BEEN BUILT WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT."—LIMOGES.

The party then walked down a side aisle and disappeared in the Sacristy where three minutes sufficed for the wonderful little enamels. They returned by the same way they had entered; and when the traveller had gathered together his slow wits and reached the door to see in what strange manner they would look at the exterior, the automobile had started down the narrow street. They had not looked at the exterior at all, they had not even whirled about the little square.

The traveller slowly re-entered and sat down to catch his breath. He saw some justice in the words of the Englishwoman, the interior was in many ways "like" other interiors,—it had transepts, a nave, aisles, choir, ambulatory, and chapels, in the usual form of a Latin Cross,—but a beautiful conception is contained in this Gothic sameness. The slender, clustered columns, the little capitals, the triforium, and the large windows, the high arches of the nave, and the narrower arches of the choir seem to have been built with a single thought, towards the realisation of one, fixed ideal. It is not majestic like Clermont; it is more simply beautiful than the choir of Moulins; and without the extravagances of the Flamboyant, it is also without the crudities of the earlier Gothic. Fine loftiness is not among its attributes; it does not surprise or astound; but with the mellow tone of its yellow-brown stone and its lines combined in perfect harmony of proportion, it has attained an exquisite beauty, and the eye is

charmed and satisfied as with the calm perfection and simplicity of the classic.

Far from possessing the harmony of the interior, the exterior of the Cathedral is more interesting in its differing details than in its whole. The most prominent feature is the great, single tower—which, happily, has been preserved through many years of wars—and consists of a massive, Romanesque base, recalling the fortified style of the South, crowned with four stories of long Gothic windows built in stone, but light and svelte as Pamiers or Lavaur. From the river or the heights of the city, this tall shaft "appearing in severe majesty, sharp cut against the sky," as Arbellot has finely written, "seems like the shaft of an antique column placed on a gigantic block." Seen in closer



"THIS TOWER SEEMS LIKE THE TALL 'SHAFT OF AN ANTIQUE COLUMN PLACED ON A GIGANTIC BLOCK.'"—LIMOGES.

"THE TOMB OF A BISHOP, WHICH . . . STANDS IN MUTILATED SPLENDOUR."—LIMOGES.

view the disparity between it and the body of the Cathedral becomes more marked; and with the south transept, the lateral walls with their two stories of Gothic windows and balconies, and the apse whose flying buttresses are merely large and strong, it is often neglected for the north transept.

This beautiful Flamboyant wall may be divided according to the periods of its creation; first, the portal of 1517, then the central gallery and its rose-window which were built a few years later, and finally the terminating gable and the turrets which were added in the XIX century. To the captious mind, this charming, harmonious construction shows the weakness of an art which would place so fragile a piece of decorative sculpture on outer walls that should normally appear strong and protecting as well as beautiful. In spite of this defect the transept is a delight to the eye, lace-like in its delicate beauty. It belongs to the art of carving rather than to architecture and has been well called "the most beautiful page in the history of Limousin sculpture."

Besides these structural details of Saint-Etienne there are many ornamental parts which, illuminating the past of the Cathedral, of the Church and its symbolism, add greatly to the traveller's interest. Like the sky, the glass in the windows of the ambulatory chapels shades from dark to light blue; tombs of Bishops, which have escaped the destruction of several generations of Vandals, stand in mutilated splendour.

The rood-screen has been removed from its proper liturgical position at the entrance of the choir and placed at the back of the nave. It is much defaced and is not comparable to the screen of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont nor to that of Sainte-Cécile of Albi; but apart from its weak, capricious exuberance of ornamentation it is interesting in its exhibition of the pagan spirit which had contaminated the Church of the XVI century. Formerly it was decorated with statues of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, and other noble Fathers of the Latin Church; near them were the symbolic figures of the theological and cardinal Virtues; but, more richly expressed than all, were the Labours of Hercules. That these strangely pagan subjects were not the mere fancies of the sculptor, profanely introduced into the sanctity of the church, is proven by a most solemn memorial, an epitaph placed there in 1516 to the memory of Jean Gayot de Bastide, a member of the reverend clergy. This epitaph—unfortunately removed during the Revolution—ran thus,

"He was the most distinguished of priests,
And at the same time the first among singers.
But these things make no impression on the gods.
The Fates, who spare no one, have removed him,
And he has become dust.
Traveller, as thou leavest say to these ashes
'May you enjoy a long repose.'"

The ancient windows which remain are of much the

same epoch as the epitaph and the screen, but they do not partake of their frank paganism. Like the beautiful enamels in the Sacristy, they fittingly portray the scenes of Christian history and tradition, and are worthy of much study from those who love the lost art of painted glass.

Another part of the Cathedral which is very interesting to those who find the key that unlocks its door is the crypt. These old, subterranean chapels were so often abandoned that, more than many other portions of the church, they have preserved something of the form and style of the earlier edifices which were destroyed or torn down to make way for the later Gothic creations.

The crypt of Saint-Etienne is one of these ancient constructions, said to be a reproduction of the choir of the Latin or the Romanesque church, a sanctuary with low cylindrical columns which bear the heavy vault. It brings to mind the early days of Christianity whose habit of worshipping underground persisted long after its necessity had passed away. The mural frescoes of the Virgin, the Angel Gabriel, and other figures are mysterious and defaced, and a Christ painted on the vaulting is very curious. The tiny Saint—probably the Magdalene—who lies at His feet, the composition of the central figure, and the surrounding symbols of the four Evangelists are crude; but the rare colour of the cloak of Jesus, the "lapis lazuli" of the ancients, is perfectly preserved, and this detail, originally insig-

nificant, has become one of the wonders of the hidden, old fresco. The side walls of the crypt have also dim, painted figures, and it is a pity that the walks should not be cleared and that the little, underground church should not be opened again.

After a fashion of olden days it was planned to paint not only the crypt but the whole upper church as well. Fortunately this plan was not entirely carried out; and as the beginnings which were made do not disturb the whole effect they are interesting because of their antiquity and ecclesiastical symbolism. To the Middle Ages every curve, every line, every form of the Gothic church had its meaning, and as the vault of the Cathedral was a symbol of the arch of heaven, the artist painted there the figures of heavenly inhabitants, angels who "praise the Lord" and reminded the Christian who entered below of the words of the Psalmist-king, "I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, . . . I will sing praise unto Thee in the sight of the Angels, I will worship towards Thy holy temple, and give glory unto Thy name." This religious suggestiveness is continued in the portal of the north transept where, beneath the statue of Christ, the door opens in two bays to signify His divine and His human nature united in the Incarnation. Those who care to follow Limoges's particular development of religious suggestion can find many another example within its walls.

These are some of the many details which lie in

every old Cathedral and are, as it were, the stories of olden times which it is ready to tell to the modern who wanders lovingly about its many nooks and corners. They are, however, only details and do not give Limoges the distinction which places it among the most exquisite Gothic monuments of France. Nor is that distinction to be found in the exterior, interesting in many parts, preserved in all its developments of styles, but for that very reason lacking in essential harmony. It is in the unity, the proportions, the grace of the interior that perfection is most nearly approached, and it is this interior which may be compared with Amiens and Beauvais, as a flawless cameo to a marvellously sculptured head; and it must have been here that Father Bonaventura, in the XVI century, prophetically exclaimed, "If this church were finished it would rival the most beautiful churches in France."

Angoulême. Like Rodez, Lectoure, and Auch, Angoulême is an ancient stronghold securely built on an eminence, one of those fine old hill-towns of France which are not only beautiful in situation, but quaint in legend and history, and remarkable for some relic or monument which they have been happy enough to rescue from the ruins of their past.

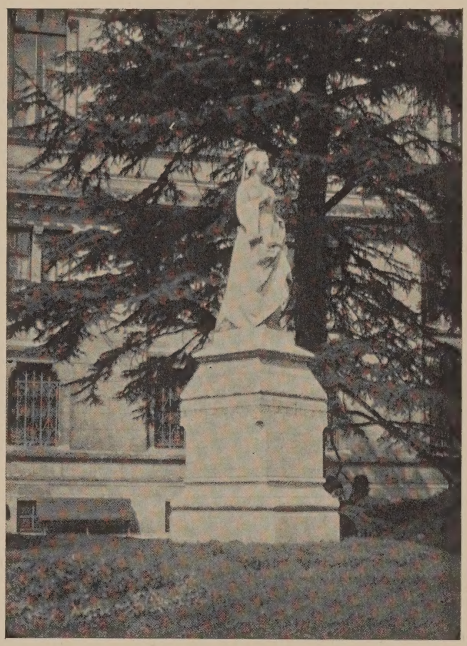
Except in its museums, Angoulême has preserved no traces of Roman times, its mediæval aspect has also disappeared in great measure, and it is now a large

and pleasant town with an atmosphere of provincial tranquillity. One can bargain long and wittily in the market-place, purchase every ornament and necessity of life in the small, discreet shops of the narrow streets; and after these arduous duties are accomplished, the broad, quiet boulevards which encircle the city along the lines of the old ramparts tempt to meditative walks.

From the edge of the narrow plateau on which the city lies, the traveller saw a fertile country of fields and hamlets, of other rocky plateaus and little hills; a tiny stream, the Anguienne, is bordered by rows of poplars, and the larger Charente flows slowly through its meadows until it is lost in the misty horizon. Looking below the city he caught glimpses of the prosperous suburbs of Angoulême which mark its modern growth and industries. Memories of events far removed from things of modern times arose. A big, round tower sent his fancy back to lords and ladies of a tiny court. There, in the shady square, is a statue of the wittiest among them; Marguerite of Angoulême; beyond, hidden by the branches of the trees, is a grotto where, in the earliest Christian days, a pious hermit lived and prayed; and, finally, there is the strangely beautiful and impressive Cathedral. At the sight of these relics of the past, stories of old Angoulême come trooping to the mind.

This city, which lay secure within high walls, grew very slowly and was never very large. During the

Middle Ages it was divided into three sections, and, as in the Estates of France, these divisions were founded on caste. There was the great castle of the Lords of Angoulême and its numerous dependencies; another quarter, where the Cathedral and four other churches were grouped, and in which the clergy very naturally congregated; and, finally, the section where the "city fathers," the burghers, and the people lived. Far from dwelling together in either solidarity or community, the inhabitants of these three divisions seem to have been in a constant condition of jealous suspicion or strife, and to have continued behind the same walls only because there was greater danger without.



"IN THE SHADY SQUARE IS A STATUE OF THE WITTIEST AMONG THEM, MARGUERITE OF ANGOULÊME."

The Bishops were often younger sons of the great families of the neighbouring country, and having inherited the lust for possessions and power, they aspired

not only to acquire spiritual honours but to become mighty feudal lords as well. In the pursuit of this ambition they naturally came into contact with the Counts of the city, a contact which was not only violent, but so habitual that even when one brother ruled in the castle and another in the episcopal Palace, the struggles between castle and Palace continued.

The temporal lords of Angoulême, lacking the revenues which the Bishops received in the offerings of the Church, endeavoured to enrich themselves by imposing taxes on the people; and the people, obliged to contribute to the cause of religion, to pay certain tithes to my Lord Bishop, and to assist my Lord Count, were in a fair way to be mulcted by every one. In self-preservation they, too, entered the conflict and contributed to the general turbulence. They remembered that, like Reims, Bourges, Toulouse, and Marseilles, they could claim to have possessed the right of justice before the monarchy existed. Roman law still held in the guise of "custom," and the civic body of the little town was composed of a mayor, twelve stewards, twelve councillors, and seventy-five worthies who were called "peers." Notwithstanding this majestic body of governing citizens, the official protection of the Counts, and the presence of the Bishops, Angoulême was not a progressive city. The private preoccupations of its rulers, their petty, private wars, and their part in the national struggle against the anglicised Plantagenets, were engrossing, and the internal con-

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS.
—ANGOULÊME.

dition of the town was such that the following advice was given to pedestrians by a contemporary:

"The wayfarer should avoid the props which are in front of shops and should take care not to knock against any lean-to which may be placed too low. He must be careful not only of his head but of his feet, for the cellars have . . . openings which extend over one-third of the street, and their wooden trap-doors rot in the long run and give way under the weight of passers-by. . . . Spouts permit the rain to fall from the roof drop by drop unless a gargoyle is there to throw water into the street in floods, whereupon, not being paved, they become mud-holes or creeks." Everyone put the dirt and débris of his house into the middle of the street, and the refuse of the Bishop's stable was regularly placed in the public square. At night when there was no moon the city was in complete darkness.

In the XVI century an effort was made to induce the inhabitants to pave and sweep the ground directly in front of their own dwellings, "and each mayor . . . placed in his platform the purchase of a garbage cart after which," continues Monsieur Lièvre, historian of the town, "each left to his successor the honour of realising this progress." In the comparatively modern days of 1776 the nocturnal brawls and disorders which had distinguished the nights of the Middle Ages still took place in the dark streets of Angoulême. In that year the stewards decided to try the effect of light and

voted the purchase of three lanterns; in 1778 "there was some talk of placing them in the streets; but since that time of radical change the strides of Angoulême towards modernity have been so rapid and genuine that it has fewer traces of Mediævalism than almost any other of the hill-towns of France.

In spite of the fact that the Bishops of Angoulême had entire jurisdiction over the episcopal section of the city, together with an especial prison and instruments of torture, they seem to have been interested in the numerous privileges their power bestowed rather than in any onerous duties it entailed. During two weeks of every year the retail selling of wine in the city, the suburbs, and the domain of Vars, belonged to my Lord Bishop; and when he did not sell the privilege, one of his retainers served the episcopal customers in some discreet corner of the Palace. His Grace's cook had the right to one piece of china from the pack of every animal which carried wares from the factories of Blanzac to the gates of Angoulême. When a rector of the diocese died, my Lord himself graciously consented to inherit the donkey and the breviary of the deceased, and the succeeding rector indemnified himself by taking the bed of every householder who died in the parish. At Pentecost, after Vespers, the Bishop also graciously accepted from each bridal couple of the preceding year four leather skins. This ceremony took place in the presence of the Seneschals, other officers, and all the people who cared to witness it; and the

couples who failed to appear were then and there sentenced to send as forfeit a whole cask of wine.

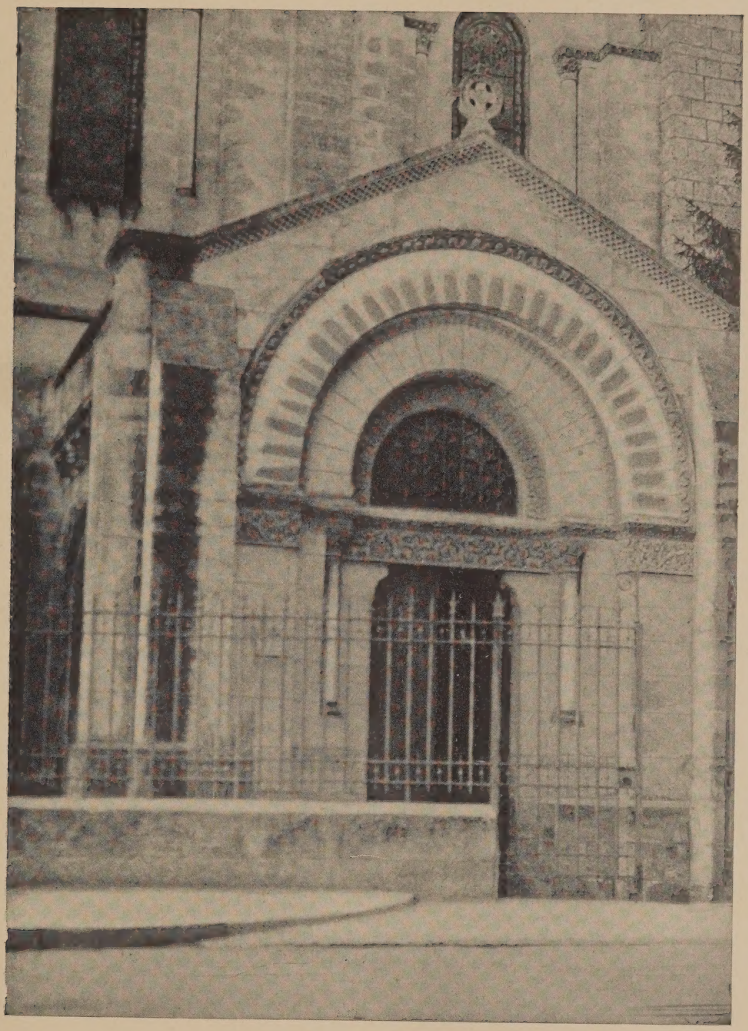
These and other little "rights" were but sources of amusement and pocket-money. The Bishops had far more serious temporal occupations. They owned domains and châteaux, a fortress, a summer house, a hunting-box, they possessed many fiefs, and at the death of every lordling, they were obliged to receive the new vassal or to compel him to pay homage both in person and in gifts of candles or—more acceptably—of gilded spurs or white gloves. The prelates had also the privilege of going at any time to the castles of their feudatories, of demanding all the keys from gate to dungeon and wine-cellar, of temporarily dismissing the vassal, his family, and his servants, and of staying at the expense of the dispossessed lordling until it pleased them to depart.

All these privileges, so agreeable when they were peacefully acknowledged, became at times sources of annoyance. At one time the Count of Angoulême so far forgot himself as to defy the Church in terms of its own phraseology, priests were obliged to leave the city, the Bishop found its gates closed in his very face, and the people were forbidden "to sell or give anything at all, bread, wine, or meat, to clerics, their relatives, or their servants; . . . to carry them water from river, creek, or fountain; . . . to till their ground, to trim their vines, to shoe their horses, or . . . to render them any service whatsoever."

In spite of these lapses from reverence and respect, the episcopal state was pompously maintained throughout the feudal period. At his first entrance into the city the new Bishop was received by the most important citizens. First they rendered him homage before the altar of the Church of Saint-Ausone; he then mounted the sacred throne, and the proud Lords of La Rochefoucauld, La Rochaudry, Montmoreau, and Montbron took the poles of this throne in their hands and carried him through the streets and into the Cathedral.

In the XVI century, Hugue de Bauza, newly elevated, found himself in an embarrassing position. The domain of Montbron had passed to the Valois of Angoulême, and the lord on whom devolved the duty of carrying one fourth of the episcopal weight was no less a person than the future King of France, the royal, débonnaire Francis I. Fortunately the prince was but a boy and represented by his mother, Louise of Savoy. Women rendered homage to the Bishop and gave him the kiss of fealty by proxy; and thus everybody's dignity—royal, feminine, and episcopal—was preserved, and my Lord de Bauza made an appropriate and solemn entry into his Cathedral-church.

At this period Saint-Pierre was at the height of its architectural perfection. Its walls and domes were wholly built, its great façade entirely sculptured, and over its transepts rose two great towers. But the XVI century was the era of destruction, not of building; it was a period of Protestant uprising and material



A DOOR OF THE "LATERAL WALLS . . . BEAUTIFULLY BUT MODERATELY DECORATED."—ANGOULÊME

revenges. In Angoulême Huguenots had been forced to assist at Catholic services holding lighted candles and dressed only in a chemise, they had been compelled to walk the streets dressed in the same humiliating costume, they had been dragged into the ecclesiastical courts, and harassed in a multitude of ways; and when their brethren entered the city in 1569, hot with the memory of these grievances, they demolished the Cathedral's Gothic tower, ruined its central lantern, and hacked the sculptures of its façade. Their revenge was complete; the majestic splendour of the church had departed.

Repairs of the XVII century were timely if not altogether happy, Monsieur Abadie in his later and more extensive re-building restrained his taste for originalities; and Saint-Pierre, having experienced the perils of heretics, revolutionists, and barbarous restorers, at present exists in much of its primitive form.

Like all the edifices of Gallo-Byzantine form it has the interest of originality. It has none of the rather homely dignity of Cahors, none of the quaintness of Saint-Étienne of Périgueux, and not a trace of the majestic severity and extraordinary contours of Saint-Front, but a magnificence and even an opulence which are possessed by none of its sister churches.

The south tower has never been re-built, the three domes of the nave, instead of being externally outlined in rounded form, are covered with one long roof, and the lateral walls are beautifully but moderately

decorated. The dome-like lantern is also finely formed, the old tower of the north transept with its stories of open windows has the grace of a campanile, and the western façade is still a marvel of luxuriant sculptures.

"THE DOME-LIKE LANTERN, . . . THE OLD TOWER OF THE NORTH TRANSEPT, . . . AND THE WESTERN FAÇADE, . . . A MARVEL OF LUXURIANT SCULPTURES."—ANGOULÊME.

It is the façade which holds the traveller spellbound. Here is, as Barr Ferree has truly written, "the glorification" of the western wall; an early glorification un-

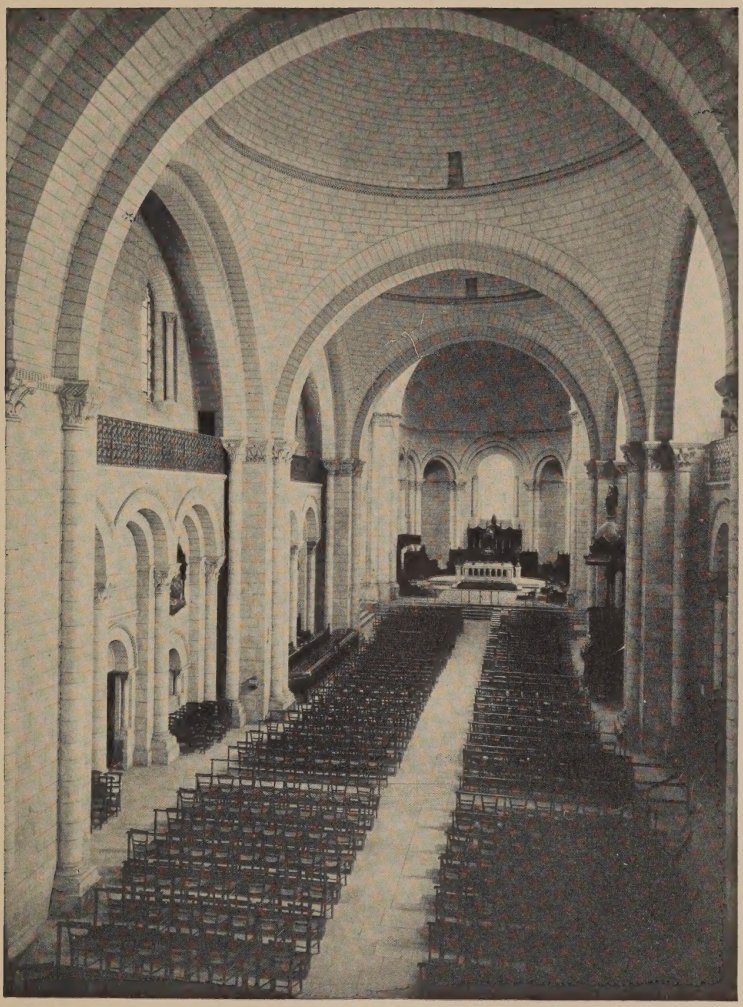
like the symmetrical conceptions of the Gothic builders; less perfectly planned than the tiny and extraordinary façade of Notre-Dame-la-Grande of Poitiers which Lübke says is the work of a goldsmith rather than of an architect; yet, with crudeness of plan and disposition, it is so astounding and unique, so powerful and so varied in sculptured figure and decoration, that it commands a long and interested study. In the presentation of his artistic conceptions the sculptor has utilised the entire wall. The Apostles in groups of three, and Christ receiving the incense of Angels, occupy the tympanums of the five lowest arches; above, Saint Martin gives his cloak to a beggar and Saint Michael is piercing the dragon. Still higher, many Prophets and Doctors of the Law stand under rounded niches, and crowning all is the figure of Christ, the Judge, surrounded by symbols of the Evangelists, with Angels and the awakened dead at His feet. On either side of the great arch which shelters Christ are the smaller arches that contain medallion heads of the Redeemed. The gable which surmounts these sculptures is a conventional vagary of Monsieur Abadie, and the façade is properly finished by two low towers and their cone-shaped pyramids. The general form of the wall is heavy but not uncouth, and the frequent recurrence of the arches and the regularity of their disposition give an illusion of continuity which is far from existing in the subjects themselves or in the actual composition. The façade suggests comparisons

with other depictments of the Last Supper, its principal theme, with Chartres and Bazas, with Saint-Trophime, and with Saint-Gilles-du-Gard; and although in comparison it lacks in essential unity and symmetry, its originality is impressive.

The contrast between the exterior and the interior of Saint-Pierre is so marked that the traveller, on entering, felt a surprise that was almost a shock. The interior is long and its single nave is amply broad, but the outer walls give the effect of enclosing a much larger space, the originalities of the façade and of the disposition of the high tower find no echo in the interior where all is planned in beautiful regularity; and the larger ornamental effects of the western wall which have made so deep an impression on the beholder are not reproduced.

The decorative style of the interior resembles much more closely that of the lateral walls, where only bands and capitals of finest carving break the severe monotony of the uncut stone. The stone of the interior of the church has not only the hard newness in which Abadie seems to have delighted, but is a cold, dead white, and is far from being in harmony with the darker toning of the outer stone which is softened by age. The sense of originality and irregularity is lost, there is a return to conventionality of line; lavishness and richness and variety of conception are gone, but a simplicity which is not less fine takes their place.

It is easy to believe that Warin discovered, as he



"THE LONG, SINGLE NAVE HAS THREE DOMED BAYS, AND THE STATELY CURVES OF THE ROUND CROSS ARCHES DESCEND AND BREAK THE FAR-REACHING PERSPECTIVE."—ANGOULÊME.

claimed, traces of an early ground plan, the Greek Cross; for in the interior the present plan of the building, a Latin Cross, becoming more accentuated, more apparent, presents, with the domical vaulting, an unusual combination of architectural forms. The long, single nave has three domed bays, and the stately curve of their round cross arches descend and break the far-reaching perspective. Massive piers divide the bays, and the side walls between them have a rounded arcade which is in harmonious precision with the cross arches. Windows cast a measured and subdued light into the nave, at the crossing a stronger yet a gentle glow falls from the high lantern, and large windows in the rounded apse powerfully and directly light the Altar, the place of adoration. The south transept, whose tower has never been re-built, is also unrestored in the interior, and the eye instinctively seeks the perfection of the north transept, the domed Chapel of the Holy Sacrament which, elevated above the flooring of the body of the church and radiantly lighted by its upper lantern, is far more beautiful and impressive than the choir.

The sole architectural ornamentation of the church is the carving of the capitals and of the narrow bands. These carvings, although not lavish in quantity, are both effective and important; for they have a deep-cut, conventional richness, and the elegance of fine, firm, old lace.

In general form the interior of Saint-Pierre is heavy.

Its large piers are broken by applied columns, but they still maintain the appearance of great weight; the hemisphere of the domes and the semi-circles of the apse and of the arches are ponderous in spite of an inherent grace; and the heaviness of the church would be oppressive if it were not relieved by the rare ornamentation and the exquisite harmonies of the church's lights. In this combination of moderation of carving and these diffused and religious lights, there is a familiarity with architectural methods, a complexity of architectural conception, which were unknown to the builders of Cahors and Saint-Étienne of Périgueux; and although Saint-Pierre has not the majestic nor awe-inspiring severity of Saint-Front, it is, as it were, a more cultivated and sophisticated creation, and far more advanced in the scale of artistic evolution.

To walk about a Cathedral at noon-day, when worshippers are rare and the empty building seems to resound at each step, is to invite curious thoughts and wonderings on things long past and things that may be yet to come. In the stillness of the white church of Angoulême, the mind of the traveller went back to those who had sat here enthroned, and particularly to one who had raised the Host with most unworthy hands; and then his mind reverted to a belief he had lately heard upheld—that the standards of the world were lowering, that the people were degenerating, and that the ideals of the past were purer than those of "this materialistic age." He remembered a fellow-

"THE CHURCH'S RARE ORNAMENTATION AND ITS EXQUISITE HARMONIES OF LIGHT."—ANGOULÊME.

traveller, an old and kindly priest, who had looked up at Angoulême and said: "Such monuments are the work of loving thought and care, of a time of faith purer than our own." Again his mind reverted to the distant past, to the Bishop, Octavien de Saint-Gelais, who had unworthily celebrated in this church, and who was called "the man of wit, of gentle and of amorous vein." And the traveller felt that, in spite of evil that

SCULPTURES OF "THE WHITE CHURCH OF ANGOULÊME."

remains, "the world is growing better," the ideals and the faith of the Middle Ages have grown and spiritualised, a frankly worldly clergy thrives no more, and sentiment indeed has changed; for those words which were epithets of praise in the time of Saint-Gelais would be to-day opprobrium.

Yet this Bishop was by no means a strange or an unusual figure in his age. Like many of those who

preceded and those who followed him in office, he was of ancient line, destined from his cradle to become a Churchman, and to rise to an ecclesiastical rank befitting his lineage. He was therefore educated in religious institutions and duly ordained. But the influence of his traditional ancestry, who were none other than Greeks, Romans, and the fairy Melusine, seems to have been more powerful than that of his pious training. The young priest was fascinating, witty, and merry, an ideal courtier of the Renaissance, which was much that a cleric should not be; and when he made the metric translation which should prove his learning and fitness for churchly honours, he could not resign himself to the old-time eloquence of Saint Augustine, the unfashionable logic of Saint Jerome, nor any other musty work of the Fathers. He chose rather the life of Pius II, the Pope of an eminent pontificate, the illustrious Piccolomini. "No one," writes the Bishop's biographer, "could possibly imagine his work a seminary exercise, yet the . . . world to which Octavien belonged did not judge it as utterly unecclesiastical," and it was prepared with the most consummate tact, wisdom, and taste. Dedicated to the King, Charles VIII, a dispenser of good gifts, it was placed under the "shield of the Holy Trinity," and began with a sonorous invocation of the Creator. The work itself was made interesting to all, because, although ecclesiastical in association, it avoided the onerous problems and heavy charges of the pontificate

of Pius II to dwell entirely upon an incident of his wild youth, "The Love of Euryalus and Lucretia." For a crude and captious censor, the future Bishop patiently explained that this was but the story, the recital of adventures which, in the actual happening had not prevented their hero from ascending the papal throne; and one can imagine the young priest politely stifling a yawn as he writes, "Is not some distraction necessary between prayers?"

With these and other works of like "distraction," Octavien became the favourite of royalty and of ladies; and when Robert of Luxembourg died and the Chapter of Angoulême elected a worthy Canon as his successor, Octavien, the candidate of Charles VIII, gracefully overlooked the Chapter's haste, and was magnificently consecrated in the Cathedral of Lyons before the King and the greatest of the Court. Entering his Cathedral to the sound of trumpets, he began his episcopate at the age of twenty-five; and after a few more years of literary honours and court favours he died, and on his tomb these words were inscribed, "I, Octavien, having arrived at the summit of honours, behold me, under this bit of earth."

This "gentle Bishop," as he was styled, was not the only type of ecclesiastic of his time; it is beyond doubt that the Church in France had, at that period as in all others, eminent priests, holy monks, and prelates like the Cardinal of Amboise, who were without reproach. Yet he was one of the two types who reigned

in Angoulême; and it seems that they were men of his character who built the Cathedral. Grimoard, the early builder, was a man of troubles and turmoils; and Robert de Montbron, who in 1259 was endeavouring to finish Saint-Pierre, had so many disputes with Hugues de Lusignan that the Count refused to allow any "stone, water, lime, sand, or wood" to be carried for the Cathedral, and kept the architects, the "masters of the work," outside the city gates.

JEAN, A LORD OF ANGOULÊME.

So greatly have our customs changed that these olden tales now seem untrue. Armed security is not now an ideal of comfort. The walls of Angoulême are gone; and, no longer hidden by them, the Cathedral stands superbly forth, a marvel of a past art and a worthy place of worship for generations yet to come.

Poitiers. Few cities in France are of greater historic antiquity than the peaceful little city of Poitiers. The "raised stone" of the suburb of Saint-Saturnin, a lonely, fallen dolmen, is the mute, mysterious witness of its most remote past, the days of Celtic tribes and white-robed Druid priests. Of the pagan Roman city there are but few remains. Like Arles and Lyons, Poitiers became one of the first and greatest Christian schools in Gaul, and it would seem that the faith of the converted was so enthusiastic that they not only renounced their pagan mythology, but voluntarily allowed the edifices of a heathen Imperialism to crumble away. Arena, Palace, and Forum must have been deserted for church and monastery. Even to our times the churches and convents have persisted, the religious atmosphere has survived; and it is from book-knowledge that the traveller, wandering in the quiet streets, recalls that the city has a place in profane history, that the Saracens entered here, that the English, for a weary time, were masters in the town, that heretics swarmed within and laid siege without, that Jeanne d'Arc was brought here to be questioned by the learned Doctors of the Church, and that here also, on a Trinity Sunday, Richard, son of Henry of England, was crowned Duke of Aquitaine in presence of his French mother, the famous Eleanor.

The reminders of these events are few; but at every step there is an exposition of some phase in the develop-

ment of the city's dominant theme, the Church. Poitiers is still a religious place, still a great Christian school, its quiet streets are lined with churches and high convent walls, and its atmosphere is fragrant with holy memories. It is the shrine of Saint Hilary, the Bishop who was distinguished by "Hellenic grace

"THE 'RAISED STONE' OF THE SUBURB OF SAINT-SATURNIN, A LONELY, FALLEN DOLMEN."—POITIERS.

and the loftiness of the Gallic buckskin," the heroic and triumphant enemy of the Aryan heresy; of the pious Abbot, Saint-Porchaire; and of Sainte-Radegonde, the beautiful Queen who renounced the glories of a wicked Court to become an Abbess. Here lived the poetic Bishop, Fortunatus, a Saint and a friend of the holy Abbess-Queen, and one is told of a holier footstep

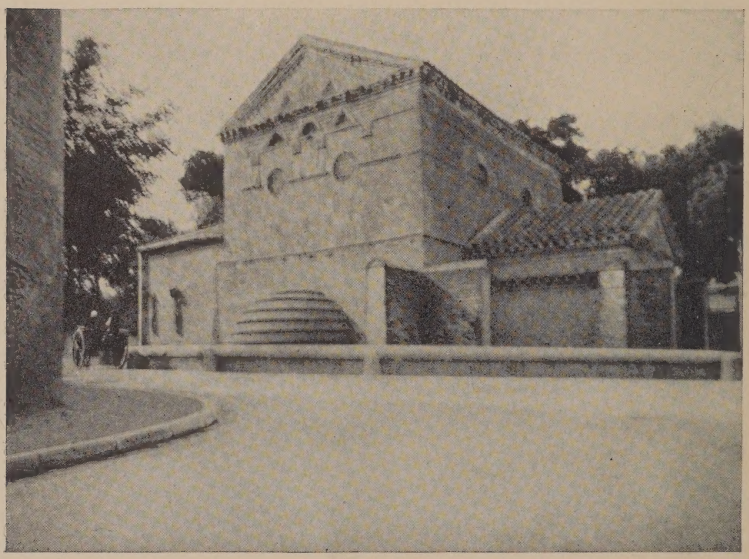
than any made by saintly feet, and shown the place where Christ is said to have appeared in Poitiers.

To walk about the ancient city, from one shrine to another, is not only a religious but an architectural pilgrimage; for every halting-place in the little journey is marked by a veritable treasure of the mediæval or pre-mediæval art of building. Few cities have ecclesiastical monuments of such surpassing interest and variety as the tower of Saint-Porchaire, the Churches of Montierneuf, of Saint-Hilaire, of Notre-Dame-la-Grande, of Sainte-Radegonde, the Baptistery of Saint-Jean, and finally, least in style and in religious memories, the Cathedral of Saint-Pierre.

As the Bishopric of Poitiers dates from the beginning of the IV century it must have had several Cathedrals of which no more than a few scanty traditions, a few unimportant facts can be adduced. The story of the present Cathedral is well known. Its first stone was laid in 1162 by the Queen of England, Eleanor of Guienne, who, with her husband, Henry II, planned to re-build the church in the Plantagenet–Gothic style. A large part of the work was finished, the monumental façade was complete and its two towers had risen far above their foundations, when the Queen died and the large contributions ceased. More or less intermittently, as means permitted, the work was resumed, and the Cathedral was consecrated in 1379.

This church was planned in an unsettled architectural period. The supremacy of the great southern form,

the Romanesque, was waning, the rapid development of the northern Gothic had begun; and, placed geographically between North and South, Saint-Pierre shows evidences of the effects of the radical change of taste which was then taking place in the religious styles of mediæval France. It was begun in the traditional



"THE BAPTISTERY OF SAINT-JEAN."—POITIERS.

manner of Poitou, and has many rounded arches; but it is pre-eminently Gothic.

The lateral and transept walls of the huge building, heavily and plainly buttressed, appear strong, and utilitarian, and have no beauty except that of the little door of Saint-Michel. The interesting portions of the exterior are its large façade and curious apse, and

"THE FAÇADE WHICH IS PLANNED WITH THE ELABORATION OF THE EARLIER GOTHIC, AND HAS ALL THE DETAILS WHICH THE CONVENTIONS OF THE ART DEMANDED."—POITIERS.

nothing could be more antithetical than these parts of the church, as widely separated in style as in distance. One is strictly conventional, the other almost a vagary; one is elaborate, the other severely plain; the façade is Gothic, the apse is Romanesque, and the only quality which they seem to share is size.

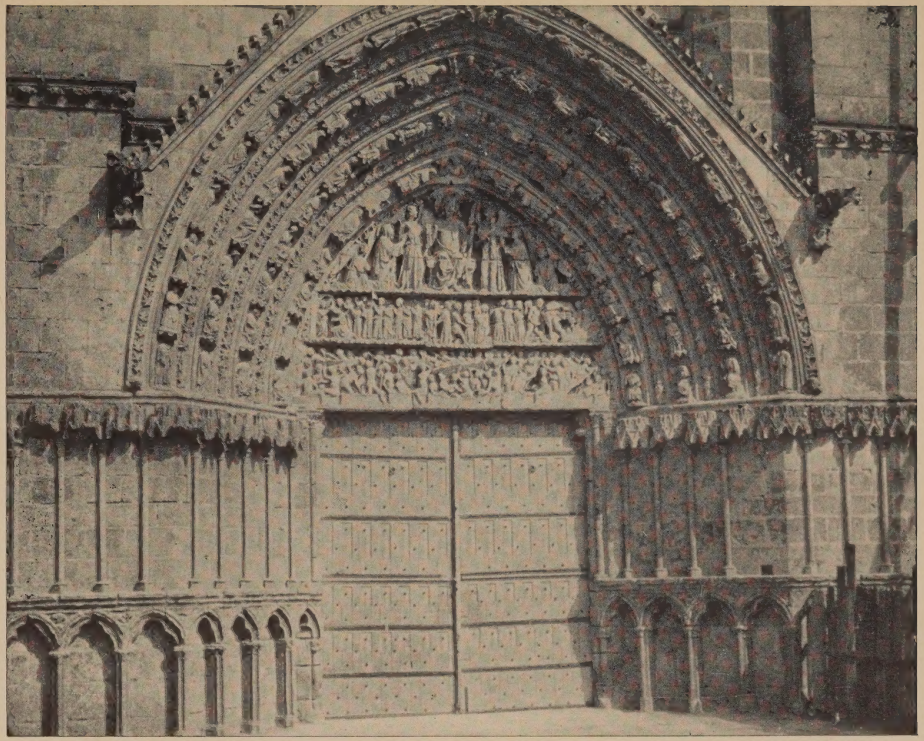
The apse is the sole portion of the church which departs from an extremely conventional ideal, and is, properly speaking, only a sheer wall rising to a great height. It is a dull, heavy, yet rather interesting wall, decorated with three stories of windows or arcades. It is terminated in the centre by a pointed gable, and at each end, by a small, cone-shaped turret. The style is purely Romanesque, faintly reminiscent of the fortified churches of the Midi of the type of Saint-Sulpice-du-Tarn, and if there were portals in the blank, grim wall of its lower story, it would be far more appropriate as a façade than as an apse.

Behind this wall, a long expanse of roof stretches drearily across the Cathedral and meets the wall of the façade, which is planned with the elaboration of the earlier Gothic, and has all the details which the conventions of the art demanded,—the three sculptured portals, the rose window, the galleried arcades, the flanking towers, and even the grotesque gargoyles. The sculptured carvings of these forms are very beautiful. The veinings of the rose, firm and yet delicate, the arches, the columns, and canopies are exquisitely fine, and the portals are rich in niches, in Saints, and

in Angels. The dramatic scenes of the three tympanums are represented with much power of composition and with vivid clearness and strength. Their subjects are usual, the Last Judgment, the Presentation of the Keys, and scenes from the life of the Virgin; and it says much for their merit that these sculptures will bear comparison with similar work and similar subjects in the portals of far greater Cathedrals.

The details of the façade are admirable, its proportions are deplorable, and as a whole, it is a failure. The immense breadth of the wall is disproportioned to its height, and everything seems to accentuate this unhappy effect. The unfinished towers are heavy and squat, the three portals are unaccountably low, and, as if nature herself had conspired against the church, the level of the ground has risen, and to enter the doors one must descend eight steps.

Four more steps lead down into the interior, where the first impression of dreariness cannot be explained by any structural defect, nor by coldness of tone, for the stone is a softened, ivoried white. The traveller glanced around in perplexity, and slowly became conscious that it was the floods of hard light which gave that cold bareness, a quality foreign to the Gothic church. Saint-Pierre has a little rich, old, stained-glass, but they are relics, fragments in a sea of plain, white glass; and it is in a church which has the many, large windows of Saint-Pierre that one realises that white glass is not a neutral makeshift but a veritable



"THESE SCULPTURES WILL BEAR COMPARISON WITH SIMILAR WORK AND SIMILAR SUBJECTS IN THE PORTALS OF FAR GREATER CATHEDRALS."—POITIERS.

blight, and that stained-glass was not an independent art which contributed to Gothic beauty but, like sculpture, was an essential and integral part of the style.

The interior shows in every line a straining after an ideal presentation, a desire to produce an overwhelming and majestic effect. Its plan is simple and somewhat unusual. It is church-like in appearance because of the disposition of its furniture, but, except in the transepts which project the length of one bay, it has no distinct churchly form, but is rather a vast Gothic hall divided by two rows of graceful, clustered columns. There has been no economy in dimensions, no meagreness in execution, yet in this interior the architects have failed to realise the perfection for which they strove. The large proportions would be grandiose if they were not so regular and, as it were, neat; the bays are exactly square; the vaulting, although Gothic in style, is almost domical in form, and each bay is precisely complete; the spacious breadth of the nave and that of the aisles are almost equal; their height is almost the same; and the general oblong form, lacking the gracious curves of the ambulatory or the rounded apse, is not only monotonously regular, but angular in its perspectives.

The architects, however, brought to the construction of this vast hall all their art. They enlarged its windows, adorned its lateral walls with rounded arcades and the capitals of its columns with pretty foliage

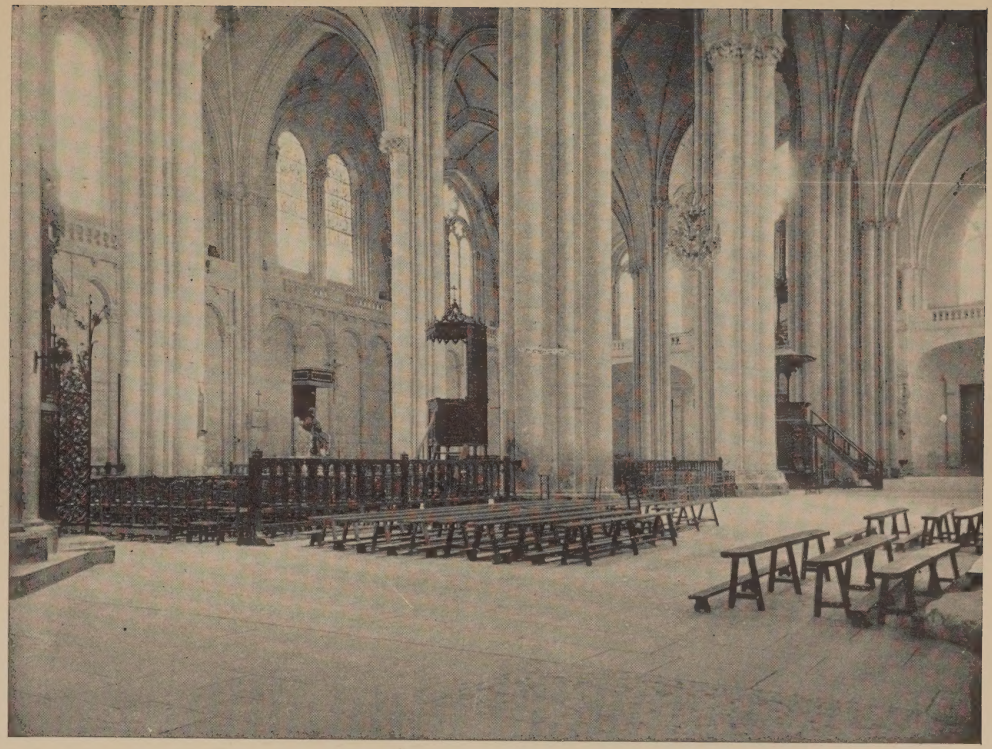
and quaint animals. They employed, not only arts, but artificial devices; and, to increase the effectiveness of the interior perspective, the hall was slightly narrowed, and the arches and the vaulting were lowered as the apse was approached.

The large simplicity of the original conception has been scrupulously respected by all who inherited the building of the monument, yet this respect which has preserved the architectural unity of its early builders has failed to produce, either in interior or exterior, a Cathedral of great beauty. Magnificently generous in size, its exterior is never imposing and its interior is never majestic; its very length and breadth destroy the effect of loftiness in vaulting and walls less boldly planned. The inner church seems too low, the outer church seems squat.

Saint-Pierre has elements of both greatness and beauty, but "in spite of its grandeur, the beauty of its construction and of its details, . . . it is a strange monument," writes Viollet-le-Duc; and in contemplating it, one feels a deep sympathy for the builders whose power was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

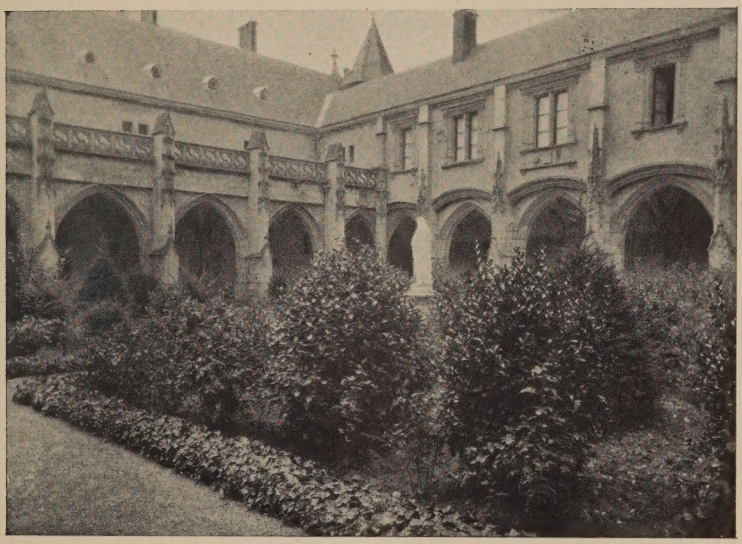
Luçon.

To the world of laymen, if not to Churchmen, the See of Luçon is most interesting because it was once governed by Richelieu. Towards the end of the XVI century, writes Ballereau, "it had passed into the hands of the



"THE FLOODS OF LIGHT WHICH GIVE A COLD BARENESS, THAT QUALITY FOREIGN TO THE GOTHIC CHURCH."—POITIERS.

family" of the Cardinal, and the steps by which it descended to the great statesman himself form so eloquent an exposition of the ecclesiastical habits of the XVI and XVII centuries that comment would be superfluous. The first incumbent of the name, Jacques du Plessis de Richelieu, was not even consecrated as



"ENTERING THE DOOR OF THE LOW, BROAD FAÇADE ONE COMES IMMEDIATELY INTO A CLOISTERED COURT."—LUÇON.

Bishop; the second, Alphonse-Louis du Plessis de Richelieu, never lived in Luçon; the third, who afterwards became the great Cardinal, was originally destined for a military career, but he abandoned the army—not to say the world—for the study of church-craft, and after having proved his gifts in a sermon preached at the early age of twenty-two, before the

Pope and the most renowned of Italian theologians, he received the dispensation which allowed him, in spite of his extreme youth, to succeed his relatives upon the episcopal throne of Luçon.

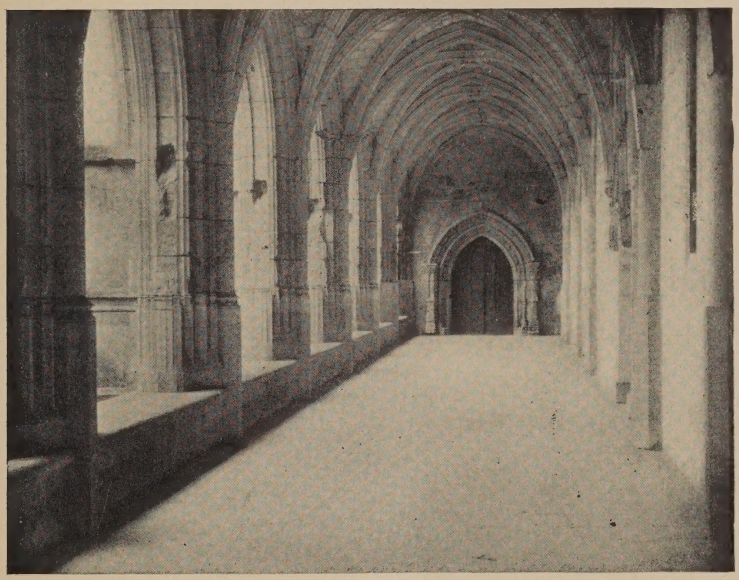
Although, at first, he had not thought to become a priest, the young Richelieu showed, if not a more marked spirituality, at least a greater sense of things ecclesiastical than his reverend predecessors. He was not duly consecrated within a year of his elevation, but, with a faithfulness not always seen in his day, he took up his residence in his See.

To ascend an episcopal throne was a very sonorous honour, but to live in Luçon proved to be a more prosaic fact. The Palace was almost uninhabitable, and soon after the young Bishop was installed in his Cathedral-city he wrote to Madame de Bourges: "I am extremely ill-lodged, for there is no place I can make a fire on account of the smoke. You see that I do not long for a rigorous winter; but there is no remedy except patience. I can assure you that I have the most villainous, the most squalid, and the most disagreeable Bishopric in France. . . . There is no place here where one may walk, neither garden, nor promenades, nor anything else, so my house is my prison."

In any material sense of the word the residence of the Bishops of Luçon is no longer a "prison." Entering the door of the low, broad façade one comes immediately into a cloistered court. Outside, in the

"IT IS . . . A VAST GOTHIC HALL, DIVIDED BY TWO ROWS OF GRACEFUL, CLUSTERED COLUMNS."—POITIERS.

town's big, open square, the solitude suggests loneliness; here, within, it induces meditation, serenity, a clearness of mind akin to the limpid waters of a still pool. The beauty of the place is incontestable; a quiet, insinuating beauty, full of charm and religious suggestiveness that, after the wise method of Holy



"THE CLOISTER-WALKS ARE SIMPLY BUILT."—LUÇON.

Mother Church might well lead faltering man through the material to the spiritual.

The Cloister-walks are simply built; a balcony extends over one side, over two others is the second story of the Palace with its rows of prettily curtained Renaissance windows. The little close is carefully laid out in winding paths and bordered plots, and all

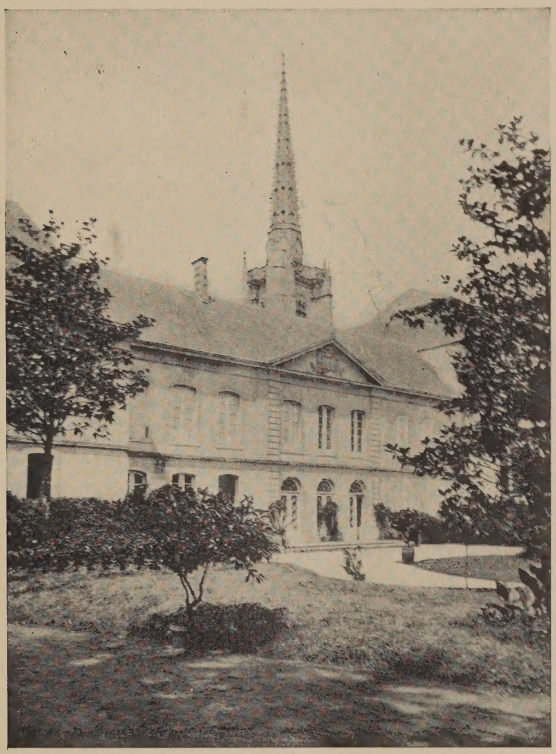
this beauty seems to have been planned in honour of Mary Immaculate whose white statue rises in its midst. A wall of the Cathedral forms an appropriate fourth side to the quadrangle, and on May evenings and other holy nights those who are within the Cloister-walks see the slow-moving lights through the church's windows and hear the organ's softened tones and the low voices of the chanting priests.

A beautiful little door leads into one of the halls of the Palace and beyond this hall lie the great gardens of the Bishop. Palms, bushes, trees, flowering shrubs, and the roses of France are planted in this stately spot. Its broad walks are veritable promenades, and the turreted walls rise white and gleaming from among the greens of the foliage. This is a Palace which a King might envy; no castle-garden of fair Touraine is more charming, but here is an atmosphere of dignity which is foreign to the pleasure grounds of princes; the workers who are busily ironing near the windows are white-capped Sisters of the Church; the Cathedral's walls enclose part of the garden; and above the Palace, which bears the arms of Richelieu, the spire looms suggestively.

The rooms of the Palace are as stately as its garden, and the walls of the large and the small reception rooms are hung with interesting paintings. There is a Last Supper, a dark, obscure canvas ascribed to Titian; a worn portrait of the creator of the See, John XXII, a lean, brown-skinned prelate with dreadful, piercing

"ALL THIS BEAUTY SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN PLANNED IN HONOR OF MARY IMMACULATE WHOSE WHITE STATUE RISES IN ITS MIDST."—LUÇON.

eyes; an almost life-sized figure of the great Richelieu in the flowing robes of a Cardinal, the portrait of the present Bishop of Luçon, and those of many of his



"ABOVE THE PALACE, WHICH BEARS THE ARMS OF RICHELIEU, THE SPIRE LOOMS SUGGESTIVELY."—LUÇON.

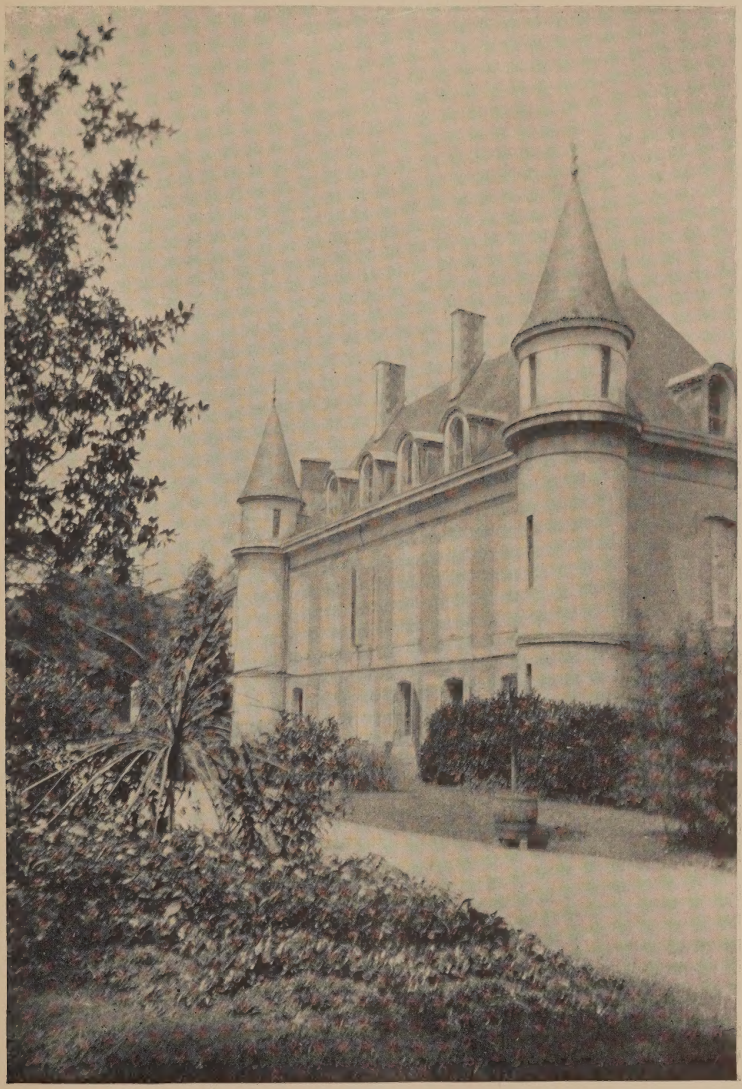
predecessors—a host of works whose study is a rare artistic and psychological treat.

Beyond the rooms which contain these paintings is the chapel where the prelate, surrounded by his household, hears daily Mass; and near-by is the sunny

Library filled with all sorts and conditions of books from rare old editions and illuminated manuscripts to the most modern of churchly magazines; and the traveller, wandering happily from shelf to shelf, felt far removed from the great man who found himself so "extremely ill-lodged" in the Palace of Luçon.

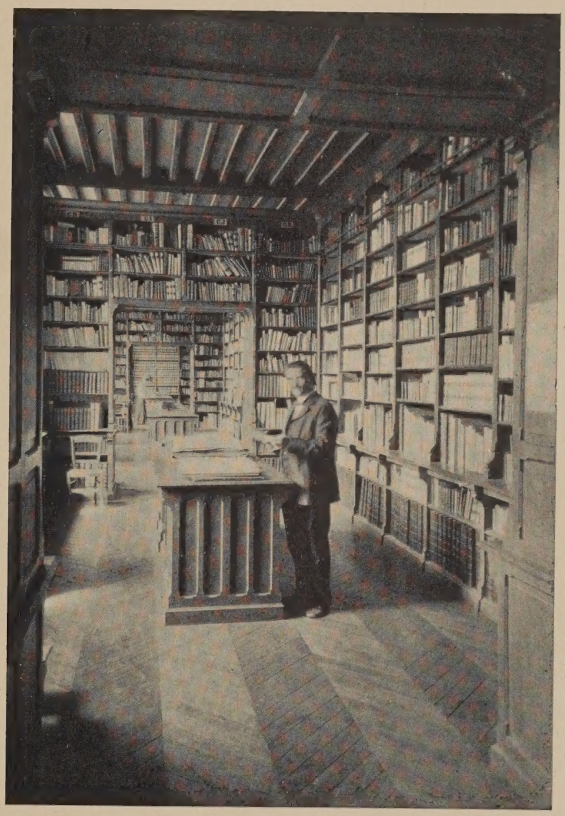
"AN ALMOST LIFE-SIZED FIGURE OF THE GREAT RICHELIEU IN THE FLOWING ROBES OF A CARDINAL."—LUÇON.

The Bishop's residence is far more attractive than the Bishop's church, a building which illustrates every famous architectural style of France, from the Romanesque, which exists in the northern transept, the interesting fragment of an



"NO CASTLE GARDEN OF FAIR TOURAINE COULD BE MORE CHARMING."—LUÇON.

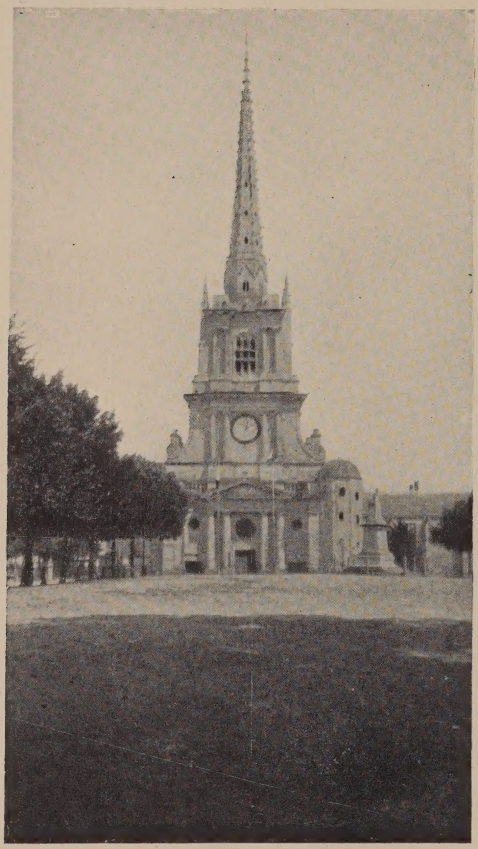
old Abbey-church, to the renascent classic of the tower and the façade which is scarcely more than the tower's base. In spite of this inapt juxtaposition of styles, the Cathedral is not without homogene-



"THE SUNNY LIBRARY FILLED WITH ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF BOOKS."—LUÇON.

ous and even beautiful perspectives. The rounded arches of the north transept are discreetly hidden by neighbouring houses, the slender Gothic spire

which looks ill-mated to its cumbrous base, regains its graceful proportions when the thick summer foliage hides its foundation; and the many peaked turrets of the short, double flying buttresses, which give to the lateral walls a mannered, stiff aspect, seem from the Bishop's Cloister and the episcopal gardens quaint and even picturesque.



"THE RENASCENT CLASSIC OF THE TOWER AND THE FAÇADE WHICH IS SCARCELY MORE THAN THE TOWER'S BASE."—LUÇON.

In the interior of the Cathedral, there is, despite dissimilar proportions, a truer organic unity—the Romanesque of the northern transept is scarcely more than a fragment in comparison with the Gothic of the three white aisles and the lateral chapels. The choir is broader than the nave, and, as in so many of the

"FROM THE STEPS OF THE HIGH ALTAR THE NAVE SEEMS EXQUISITELY LOFTY, DELICATE, AND WHITE."—LUÇON.

minor examples of the style, the pillars are beautiful, slender, and clustered, the capitals have charming delicacy, and the arches are tall and broadly pointed. But here the artistic impulse seems to have wearied, the triforium and the clerestory are proportionally low and squat, the aisles are ended by a flat wall, and the pale stained-glass casts an unpleasing light into the Cathedral and makes the pure whiteness of its stone seem hard and glaring. In many perspectives these defects are marked, but the vistas of the side aisles are very harmonious and from the steps of the High Altar the nave seems exquisitely lofty, delicate, and white.

Comparisons are odious, but they underlie every judgment and every appreciation. Some Cathedrals are "very great" because the mind of man has conceived none greater, others are "poor" only because so many better ones have been created. In contrast with the noblest of Gothic churches, the Cathedral of Luçon has very many imperfections; its simplicity is sometimes meagre; its ornamentation, mannered; and its mixture of styles, unpleasing; but in comparison with modern edifices of its size and importance, it has much dignity, and whatever its defects it is a Cathedral in which a noble worship may be worthily celebrated. It is a churchly church, and in these days when the architectural distinction between halls of amusement and places of worship is all too slight, it is a pleasing and inspiring sight to those weary of the amphi-

theatrical, the rococo, and the gauntly plain. Luçon is not a Montauban which, architecturally speaking, should never have been built; nor an Amiens, which it is perhaps impossible to build again; but a church of small size and of an honest, temperate ambition; a type whose merits are worthy of study for they might be happily reproduced in churches which are yet to be in the Old World and the New.

Maillezais.

"Ruined by the Huguenots" are the terrible words which mark the XVI-century history of innumerable churches in France. To the Catholics of those times they meant the coming of stern, determined foes, the terror of crashing stone and blazing fires. At the setting of the sun a Cathedral stood in beauty and splendour; with the dawn its great towers had fallen, the naves were filled with the blocks of the vault, statues of Christ and His Saints lay broken in an hundred pieces, and in the smouldering ashes the sorrowing Faithful found blackened fragments of gold, bits of the rich, invaluable wood-carving of stalls, embroidered vestments, and the charred bones of Bishops and Saints. Sometimes, as at Dax, the church was hideously re-built; sometimes, as at Valence, there were more or less satisfactory restorations; at Maillezais only ruins remained, "the most picturesque," writes Berthelé, ". . . in La Vendée and one of the most important of the region of the West."

"'RUINED BY THE HUGUENOTS' ARE THE TERRIBLE WORDS WHICH MARK THE XVI-CENTURY HISTORY OF INNUMERABLE CHURCHES IN FRANCE."—MAILLEZAIS.

Established after the records of the Church had become historical, the story of the foundation of Maillezais is not a beautiful tradition, and the steps of its rise and fall are clearly marked. Being an Abbey that was transformed into a Bishopric, its history is not only that of the episcopacy, but of monastic life, and gives to the Cathedral-seeker a glimpse of another and most interesting branch of the Church, the regular clergy, the Order of Saint Benedict. The X century that of the Abbey's creation, was one of strange virtues, crude religious emotions, and moral rudeness; and the history of its beginning is characteristic of the times.

William of Poitiers, Duke of Aquitaine, with Emma his wife and a number of attendants, were hunting in the forests of La Vendée when the wild boar which they had been following took refuge under the overturned altar of a Chapel of Saint-Hilaire. Coming to the chapel which had probably been ruined in the Norman invasions, seeing in the shadowy darkness of the trees a holy place of which they had not known, and the tracked animal panting wildly in the harbour of a consecrated spot, the Duchess Emma was much moved; she saw a heavenly guidance in the chase, and both she and her husband vowed to restore the little chapel. As a consequence the first Monastery of Maillezais was begun in 959. The noble donors were not, however, amenable to the same rigorous discipline as the monks whom they had invited to dwell in their land. The Duchess Emma seems to have been an untamed shrew.

William the Duke was too amorous and gallant a knight; and during the times of their quarrels, which were more or less Rabelaisian in character, the holy work of Abbey-building was usually suspended.

The X and XI centuries were, however, periods of intense industry and toil for the Order itself; and during the next hundred years a great church and large monastic buildings had been constructed, and the prosperity of Maillezais had begun.

Brochet in his interesting descriptions of La Vendée writes that "this was the time of the great monks of Maillezais. Their life was rude and simple. The monastery was constructed like a stronghold for fear of invasions and roughly, heavily, and almost poorly built. Here and there, leaning over tables or desks, one could have seen monks still as statues . . . plunged in the study of large manuscripts. The type of the monk of this century was full of strength and austerity, he was not merely a student or a man of pious leisure; . . . penance held his body in subjection, and prayer uplifted his soul. More than an hundred brothers were kept busy in writing or making books. The most absolute silence was observed. No one, except the Abbot, the Librarian, and the Superior ventured into these work-rooms. Each monk had his especial task. One corrected the book which another had written. A third ornamented it with red ink, this one was responsible for the punctuation, that one for the paintings. . . . Stretched open on all

the great desks lay these parchments resplendent with gilding and beautiful paintings; their heavy bindings had large clasps and were made of thick leather embossed with graceful or fantastic designs. It must be recognised that the Benedictines of Maillezais were, during a long period, . . . industrious workers, and if their influence was not as active as it might have been, the fault belongs to the political conditions which were opposed to all civilisation.

"Their hierarchy, which was elective, and their organisation, which was admirable for the development of character, were one long protest against ignorance and brutal force." The Church was a refuge for all those who were too gentle, too refined, too good, to endure the coarseness and cruelty of society, and in the X and XI centuries whole families entered the religious life, fathers and mothers and children, husbands and wives, voluntarily separated; as that Daervert and Hermengarde who, in 1065, went their own ways, one to the Convent of Notre-Dame at Saintes, the other to the Abbey of Maillezais. The rough and the brutal remained in the world, the gentle and the good fled to the holy, busy haven of the Cloister.

In the XIII century the admirable discipline of the monastery became relaxed, in the XIV century Maillezais, grown rich and fat like many other Benedictine Abbeys, partook of the ambition for the episcopacy. At this time Pope John XXII became persuaded that the diocese of Poitiers, like those of Limoges, Narbonne,

Toulouse, and Bourges, was too vast for one Bishop; and by Bulls given on the "Ides of April, 1317," the division of the See was accomplished and the Abbot of Maillezais was that same year crowned Bishop in the Cathedral of Avignon.

The Chapter of the new See was composed of the monks. As Canons they had new privileges of a secular order, and their superiors, no longer Abbots but Bishops introduced less rigorous standards of living.

Maillezais itself, although denominated "a city" in the Bull of erection, was never more than a village. The community, therefore, untrammelled by the public opinion of a city's wealthy burghers and without the stimulus of the opposition of a neighbouring lord, began to enjoy a life of contented leisure. A succession of noble prelates brought new ideas of elegance and laxity. In 1475 came John, prothonotary of Sixtus IV, brother of three Bishops and of the Cardinal d'Amboise. The large old Abbey-church, which was of the sturdy Romanesque, "appeared cold and mean to the lord of the marvellous castles of Chaumont and Amboise," and to please his eye accustomed to Gothic refinements, he added lofty transepts of the slender, pointed style to the heavy nave.

A following incumbent, Peter II, was a noble Florentine who never came to Maillezais. Only the most captious could chide him for this omission. Obtaining the purple with the title of Saint Eusebius, he was Bishop of Ancona, Cadiz, Maillezais, Arras, Cremona,

Ravenna, Albano, of Palestrina, Sabina, and Porto; and as those were days when travelling was slow and arduous, and as he could scarcely direct the affairs of all his holy offices in person, is it a matter of wonder that, rather than mortify the flesh and journey to an island of La Vendée, he should have preferred to give his attention to those nearer at home?

Another Bishop, Geoffroy d'Estissac, came to Maillezais and finished the Cathedral by the construction of a choir where the Renaissance is said to have lavished "its richest inspirations and most delicate arabesques." Judging from the character of the men who contributed to it, this completion was not so much the expression of religious fervour as of the fitting dignity and ambition of ecclesiastical lords. Monseigneur d'Estissac was far more a man of the world than a priest. His tastes were literary, he was a friend to the arts and architecture, and his frank worldliness and misapprehension of the spirituality of the religious state are well illustrated in his espousal of the cause of Rabelais.

The life of this unholy monk was the outcome of ecclesiastical vice and hypocrisy acting on a free, keen, and over-joyous nature. He was always witty, always merry, and in the course of the decadent religious training of the XV century he had developed the license, coarseness, and ribaldry that degraded his great intellect; and Arcère declares that in his writings "all is unintelligible except that which should be so—libertinage and obscenity." Notwithstanding these marked char-

acteristics which he cherished with frank cynicism, Rabelais was a monk of the Franciscan Order at Fontenay-le-Comte. For a too Gallic joke with which he had celebrated Saint Andrew's Day, Rabelais was thrown into a cell. Instead of performing penance he meditated on freedom; and he remembered that an old comrade of La Beaumette, the Bishop of Maillezais, ruled only a few miles away. When he succeeded in escaping from Fontenay he fled to his old friend. Monseigneur received the delinquent and was so delighted with his wit that he kept Rabelais with him for several years, invited him to enter the Order of Saint Benedict, and obtained from Clement VII an indult of authorisation. Much, perhaps, may be adduced in extenuation of Rabelais, but little in excuse of his introduction among the Benedictines of Maillezais; and perhaps no better illustration of the decadence of churchly order and ideals in the XV century can be given than this incident. That he was not unfrocked and excommunicated, that the monks did not protest against his reception as they did against other mandates of their superiors, that a Pope protected him, and a Bishop was his friend, are signs of the times which preceded the Religious Wars.

After the reign of Monseigneur d'Estissac had ended, these religious struggles soon commenced, and from its island position Maillezais was coveted and attacked both by Catholics and Calvinists. Several times the monks were forced to abandon it, and in the differing

fates of the old Abbey one may read some of the many strange causes which were involved in these fierce fights. The Benedictines, fearing the Reformers, quoted Scripture according to their mind and petitioned that those who were derelict in churchly duties should be punished, "even with that punishment which in the time of Moses by the Commandment of God was given him who was found on the Sabbath day gathering wood—to wit, the . . . stoning as is recited in the XV chapter of the Book of Numbers." Brantôme writes that Catherine de Médecis with the same fear of the Huguenots exclaimed to her advisers who wished to destroy them and yet feared to violate a truce, "Truly you are very dazed on the problem of the remedy. . . . You have at Maillezais the regiment of . . . Huguenots. Send as many arquebusiers as you can and cut them in pieces for me, and the truce will be unsaid and untied without any further to-do."

The spirit of the monks and the determination of the Queen were united in their foes, who wrote in 1567: "After the invocation of the name of the Eternal, being all assembled to assist the maintenance and growth of our holy reformed religion, we promise unanimously to live and die therein, and we renounce all superstitions and papistical idolatry, to make way with them and to detest them with all our hearts, . . . and in ample testimony thereof we have decided with one accord to tear down, ruin, and destroy the Temple, otherwise the papistical Babylon of this place; we ap-

prove the seizure and all that was done . . . and direct that the receipts from the large and small Cross, the three Chalices . . . and other furnishings . . . shall be chiefly sent to Messieurs the Princes."

In this spirit the Religionists fell on the Abbey and left it almost in ruins. In the following year d'Aubigné and his garrison held Maillezais for Henry of Navarre, and a new life began for the monastic buildings which still stood. At the death of Henry III the Leaguers had hailed as King, Charles X, the old Cardinal de Bourbon who was said to be "devout to superstition, generous, voluptuous, and credulous to excess."

"Seeing," writes Brochet, the learned historian of Maillezais, "the ambitious family of Lorraine behind the royal soutane of his competitor," Henry seized the person of the Cardinal and sent him for safe-keeping to d'Aubigné at Maillezais, and the strange life of the Abbey began in earnest. In the vaulted room of the monastery the old Cardinal, who had been acclaimed King, muttered his prayers and shivered in the low, miasmatic climate; d'Aubigné, who disliked the part of jailer, lived and fumed in the Bishop's Palace and consoled himself by writing the *Histoire des Histoires;* his soldiers lodged in the cells of the monks and wandered about the great ruins of the old church. In 1598, when Henry IV promulgated the Edict of Nantes, the Benedictines took immediate advantage of the measure of pacification to begin a daily pilgrimage from the village to the ruins of their monastery, and three years

later d'Aubigné gave them the ancient refectory as a place of devotion, and ordered that the drawbridge should be lowered as soon as they appeared. A stranger or more melancholy picture can scarcely be imagined than that of the walls of the old Abbey standing among its ruins; the figures of a few exiled Benedictines crossing their own drawbridge to pray in their desolate church; the careless, heretical soldiers, who lounged about the holy places, watched them with indifference; while the irascible, tired face of the old Huguenot Captain looked from his windows in the Palace. It is to be regretted that de Rochebrune, the sympathetic etcher of Fontenay, did not live to re-create this strange scene in the life of his country.

In 1621 the Huguenot occupation of Maillezais came to an abrupt close. Louis XIII entered the neighbouring city of Fontenay and the garrison of the monastery surrendered without a blow. Catholicism was triumphant, and after this political victory, its religious crusade was so successful that the records of La Vendée are filled with detailed recitals of converted heretics or with these simple, significant words, "Decease of a Calvinist," which is to be interpreted as another conversion.

The condition of the Bishopric of Maillezais was by no means as prosperous as the general Catholic rejoicing of the country would seem to imply. The Cathedral was almost totally demolished, the Palace and the monastic buildings were in very bad repair; since the

retreat of the sea the adjoining land had become swampy and malarious, and to voluntarily return to a home of stony ruins in an atmosphere of miasmas and low fevers was no small test of pious zeal. The Saints and martyrs of an earlier day would have rejoiced in such an opportunity of service, but the prelates of the XVII century were not equal to the sacrifice. They took up residence in their Castle of Hermenauld or in the Priory of Saint-Hilaire at Fontenay; and in 1629 Monseigneur de Bethune was so pleased with the comforts, the conveniences, and the church of Fontenay, where the Priory was situated, that he conceived the idea of the transference of his seat from the desolated and almost deserted village to the pleasant town, of the creation of a double ecclesiastical title, "Bishop of Maillezais and Fontenay-le-Comte," and of the elevation of Notre-Dame, the fine church of Fontenay, to the rank of Cathedral.

This plan met with the favour of Urban VIII who issued a Bull for its consummation, but it did not meet with the approval of the citizens of the new episcopal city. They made many polite and unreasonable protests, declaring that the city could not afford so sudden and notable an addition to its inhabitants, and that the price of living would be increased; but their real dread was the permanent residence of lords who, they believed, would undermine municipal freedom. "Monsieur the Bishop," reads a letter of 1631, "is now our . . . good guest, for it is his pleasure to put distance between him-

self and his old swamp. Resident here, he will wish to play the master, his gracious manners will change to lordly airs. It is never well to receive into one's house a greater than one's self."

The Bull of Urban VIII did not take effect, nor would Richelieu raise Maillezais from its ruins. The plan of that far-seeing statesman was to transfer the See to the famous Calvinistic stronghold of La Rochelle, as soon as the royal troops should succeed in conquering it; and in pursuance to this wise scheme, Innocent X, on the second of May, 1648, took from the devastated home of the Benedictines even its purely nominal title of "city," and elevated La Rochelle to the episcopal rank.

Some of its monks, refusing secularisation, remained disconsolate among the ruins; after 1666 the Abbey became only a farm of the Bishops of La Rochelle; and in 1790 it was sold to a layman who turned it into a quarry. Delicate pieces of sculpture were smoothed into the proper shapes for building blocks; others, untouched, were incorporated into houses of the town; the carved tombs of an Abbot, a woman, and a warrior —perhaps a Count of Poitou—are among those which disappeared in this barbarous destruction, and it is small consolation to read that the owner of the "quarry made trade but no fortune at all." Fifty years later some young men discovered bits of rose-windows, of emblazoned shields, of carved flowers, angels, tombs, and the remains of a tower; but the quarry field had been

so well cleared that, even if the government had opened a lavish exchequer, there was no hope of restoration, and to-day it is unhappily certain that the great Abbey of Maillezais will never live again.

To reach the quiet village of the present day the traveller must leave the little branch railroad at Fontenay-le-Comte and take the mail-coach which starts every morning at six o'clock. If he is book-learned he will believe that he is going to "the island" of Maillezais, and for nearly two hours he will watch for some signs of "land surrounded by water." In summer, fields of yellow grain will stretch far into the distance of the plains, the early, rising sun will beat hotly upon the pleasant, monotonous landscape. After an hour's jogging along the white roadway the walls of Maillezais will rise in the far distance. Still there is no appearance of "land surrounded by water."

The traveller, perplexed, turned to his companion, a priest who had been diligently reading his breviary. "Pardon, Monsieur le Curé, a thousand pardons, I see the walls of Maillezais but not the island on which they are situated."

The Abbé laughed. "Every one who is an inhabitant of this place believes that he lives on an island; but to the stranger this distinction, like that of a French title, must seem a courtesy to antiquity, to tradition, rather than an actual fact of modern times."

"Yet, Monsieur l'Abbé," the driver interposed, "when the sea-tides swept up to our city in ancient

"PEASANTS . . . WERE SLOWLY PLYING UP AND DOWN THE TINY STREAM."—MAILLEZAIS.

times the surrounding streams were doubtless large, very large——"

"'In ancient times,' my friend, 'in ancient times,' —that is the point. You see Monsieur," turning to the traveller, "what this good Loiset says is perfectly true, but the salt waters of the sea, which swept near the island, suddenly retired during the Vespers of a fall evening of 1460—and never returned. If you will give yourself the trouble to look on either side, you will see what has become of Loiset's 'large, very large streams' of ancient times, that used to outline more obviously the island of Maillezais."

They approached a tiny bridge and the driver considerately stopped. The coach occupied almost the entire length of the bridge, and the stream was scarcely more than a long, thin line of stagnant water. Peasants with loads of grass picturesquely piled in scows were slowly plying up and down the tiny stream, and with each thrust of their poles they broke the green scum which covered the shallow waters. It was scarcely a stone's throw from shore to shore, and the bridge which connected the "island" of Maillezais with the mainland of La Vendée was more massive but no broader than that of a diminutive Japanese landscape.

"It may not seem to you, Monsieur, that so slight a separation from the mainland is worthy of geographical notice, but we Vendeans are tenacious of ancient ideas." His thin, sensitive mouth and laughing grey eyes took on a melancholy expression. "You

laugh at us in your great world, but in this instance our idea has picturesqueness and, as the streams are not yet dry, accuracy as well."

"Perhaps the 'great world' is not always accurate, Monsieur l'Abbé," said the traveller as they drove on, "and I confess to you that some of the things which I have read of Maillezais puzzle me; I feel very expectant —on the threshold, as it were, of real discovery."

"And does the great world ever speak of little Maillezais?" asked the priest, with a shrug of his lean shoulders.

"It says at least this, Monsieur 'l Abbé, 'Maillezais is but a memory so far as its people and power are concerned. It is not even a Vendean town as many suppose——' "

The Abbé threw back his head and laughed with real glee. "Will you not come and read those lines to my good friend, the Curé of Maillezais? I want to hear him answer me when I tell him that he is caring for phantom souls in a phantom town, or else I will tell him his cure is so small that it is imperceptible on the earth's surface. But tell me truly, Monsieur, did you also think this?"

"When I found that a mail-coach ran between Maillezais and Fontenay, I scarely thought that such a service would be kept up on account of a solitary, ruined Abbey —I am on my voyage of discovery——"

They turned into the long main street of the village.

"Such is our little Maillezais," said the Abbé with a

"A GRASS-LINED MOAT STRETCHES BETWEEN THE DUSTY ROAD AND THE CHÂTEAU."—MAILLEZAIS.

wave of his hand, "its 'power' is indeed gone; the trading of its fairs has departed; and with the tides of the ocean in the XV century the small importance of its fishing commerce dwindled. Yet it exists—it is still 'a Vendean town' whose people have as real heart-throbs as any, perhaps, in your great world."

The coach pulled up, and the Abbé led the traveller through another long, winding country street to the gates of the estate to which the Abbey-ruins now belong.

"I may not go in with you, Monsieur," said the Abbé, "for I must do much before noon, but enter freely—and do not forget that I consider you have promised to meet me at the presbytery of the Curé this very afternoon."

For a few moments the traveller watched the hurrying priest until his soutane began to look like a black speck on the dazzling, white road—and then he turned to the Abbey. Although so secularised, it still lies isolated from the neighboring land. A grass-lined moat stretches between the dusty road and the château; the site on which the Cathedral was built rises high above the surrounding fields; and the Abbey-land slopes to the little stream where the grass-laden scows pass between the island and the opposite shores.

Entering the gates, the whole plan of the Abbey becomes clear. Its buildings were constructed on the site of the Roman "castrum," a small plateau that is slightly elevated above the dead level of the surround-

ing country, and was defended in the fierce days of the Middle Ages by the river, by moats, and by its own strong walls. On one side of the plateau, the site of the ancient Episcopal Palace, there stands to-day a small, modernised château which contains subterranean remains of the older construction and a round, vaulted room which was formerly the Council Chamber of the Bishops. To the left of the château are the larger farm-buildings of the estate, and in spite of the hay which hangs from the windows, the cart that stands in one big door, and the fat, old country-woman who is busily attending to chores, the monastic character of the architecture is apparent in the gable and buttresses. The vaulted cellar of this farm-building is a large, damp room over twenty-three feet broad and more than an hundred feet in length. It is dark and has an atmosphere of deathly chill, but its walls and its vaulting are so finely, so firmly, and so largely planned that it is worthy to be called a hall. A stairway leads from it to the old octagonal kitchen with its big fireplace; and although it serves homely, modern uses, the building still contains the refectory, the infirmary with its piscina, and a cell where Rabelais is said to have expiated the sins of an unbridled tongue.

Before the château and the farm stretches a large, stony, stubbly expanse of ground bounded by the remaining walls of the ruined Cathedral. This empty space was formerly occupied by the church, for Saint-Pierre in its days of magnificence was over three hundred

"BEYOND THE NAVE ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE RUINS, THE SLENDER ARCHES OF THE WINDOWS OF THE NORTHERN TRANSEPT."—MAILLEZAIS.

feet in length. In describing this church, tradition exhausts all wealth of beautiful adjectives. The "boldness," "elegance," and "perfection" of the Gothic, and its "grace and lightness"; the heavy cylindrical pillars of the nave and the groups of fine columns in the choir; the arcades, galleries, and large windows; the ineffable richness of the sculptures, the garlands of carved tulips and vine leaves, the capitals, the rood-screen, and the stately stalls cut in stone,—these are some of the details which composed this marvellous whole.

It is claimed that all the epochs of French ecclesiastical architecture were nobly represented in its construction. The narthex showed the pure Romanesque of the XI century. The transition of the XII and XIII centuries, the Gothic of the next hundred years, the Flamboyant, and the Renaissance, followed each other in the nave, the transepts, and the choir, as they had succeeded in the chronology of architectural evolution. The church was preceded by two heavy Romanesque towers and crowned by five spires, one above each angle of the transepts and one over the crossing, and dominated the low surrounding country in indescribable beauty and magnificence.

He who visits the Maillezais of the XX century will find it easier to picture this great Cathedral from its ground plan and its description than from its ravaged ruins, and in the quiet of the lowlands of Poitou he must re-build in imagination much that is not suggested to the eye.

Bourloton writes that "the ruins of to-day still show the majestic character and the harmony of the work of Théodelin, the unity and the majesty of dogma embodied in the imposing sobriety of the Romanesque inspiration; the simple and austere Christianity of the first centuries, still preserved in the sombre mass of its pillars and its walls." These poetic words apply to many an old creation of the Romanesque, but to the narthex of Maillezais only when it is seen through the knowledge and imagination of the archæologist.

The exterior is flanked by the fortifications of d'Aubigné and crowned with machicolations; the remains of its towers, built with the great stones of the famous "Roche aux Moines," are but mutilated trunks, and one climbs over the fallen stairways and among the débris of its walls to see only frescoes that are almost indistinguishable, and other heaps of débris and dirt. One side-wall of the nave still stands. The strong, old buttresses still support it, and on the inner side vines trail over its deep-cut capitals and heavy, empty window frames. Beyond the nave are the most beautiful of the ruins, the slender arcades of the windows of the northern transept. There are the traces of a gallery, a broken arch, a little door, a stairway,—and the ruins of the Cathedral of Maillezais are at an end.

Nowhere in France have the two great destroyers of churches, the Huguenot and the revolutionists, succeeded more thoroughly than here. Alet, in all its decay, is more complete; Macon, in spite of its desolation,

"CROMWELL AND RELIGIOUS BANDS LEFT IN ENGLAND SUCH LONELY WALLS AS THOSE OF LOWER POITOU."—MAILLEZAIS.

continues to celebrate the mysteries of the Faith; Die and Valence have been restored, and Maguelonne is still a place of worship. But Maillezais is like none of these. It is no longer a place of worship; it no longer belongs to the Church. It is scarcely susceptible of restoration, and to regain and rebuild it as a monastery would hardly have entered the mind of a Benedictine of yesterday and is not within the power of the monk of to-day.

Cromwell and religious bands left in England such lonely walls as these of Lower Poitou, and at Maillezais one is reminded of England's ruined Abbeys. The ruins of Maillezais are beautiful, they are picturesque as they loom above the plains, but they give but little idea of the former church. That wonderful building was only another "papistical Babylon," a hated symbol, to the Huguenots of La Vendée. They destroyed it so utterly that its mere ground-plan speaks as eloquently if not as beautifully as the existing walls, and those who go to Maillezais see scarcely as much of Saint-Pierre as those in Rome see of Trajan's Forum. Ruins of great days have, however, a peculiar beauty and charm, born of their solitude, their history, and their legends; and as long as its high walls shall stand this old Vendean Abbey will be one of the most picturesque and interesting pilgrimages of western France.

La Rochelle.

The Cathedral of Saint-Louis of La Rochelle is a product of the unfortunate and inept ecclesiastical architecture of the XVII and XVIII centuries. Its exterior is a large, bulky, and uncouth structure, and the interior has the graceless forms of the religious buildings of Pseudo-Classicism. The dome of the crossing, the three aisles, the big ambulatory, the round arches and their keystones, the cornice, the circular windows, are not disguised by any artistic detail nor half hidden in a "dim, religious mystery." The main body of the church is flooded with light and stands in white, gaunt nudity. It cannot be claimed that it is without form, but it is void—of beauty, religious fitness, or any pleasant architectural significance.

It would be the most unpleasing, disenchanting church in France if its aisles were not crowded with memories of those strangely assorted people through whose life, sufferings, and often death, the contested honour of a Cathedral came to La Rochelle. Some of the most argued questions of the history of the Church in France seem to re-echo here, the questions of the Religious Wars. They are interesting, insistent; not that all these questions have not been answered long since by the adherents of each Faith in the most satisfactory and contradictory manner, but that in the final analysis facts are more satisfying than polemics, and facts are many in both Churches' history of La Rochelle.

In the year 1558, nearly a century before the rule of its Bishops had begun, Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, and his wife, the far-famed Jeanne d'Albret, came to the city, and during their sojourn, writes Philip Vincent, an old-time Protestant pastor, "a band of actors arrived. One day an important play was announced, so there was an extraordinary concourse of people. The prince and also the queen, his wife, were present. A woman was represented, who, sick unto death, heaved great sighs and asked for consolation, whereupon the priest of the parish was sent for. He presented himself with all his apparatus and spared nothing . . . to bring her some repose; but it was impossible. From rank to rank the other ecclesiastics followed, but with no better success. Besides these, several religious Orders were called in, who did their best to find a remedy; but neither relics, nor well-sealed bags of indulgences which they read to her one by one, nor even the ceremony of vesting her in a garb of Saint Francis, availed; the poor sick woman found herself in no way relieved and said, with lamentations, that not one among them all knew how to receive her confession.

"When she had come to this state one of her acquaintances advanced, who came to tell her, as if in secret, looking here and there to see if there were not some one who could hear him, that he knew a man who could confess her perfectly and put her in a good estate; but as his constitution was such that the open air of day was

hurtful and unhealthy to him, he went out voluntarily only after the sun had set. Whereupon she begged that he should be brought; and after some little time, feigning that night was come, they conducted him to her. She saw a simple man, dressed as any other, who, after some conversation at her bedside which the audience could not hear but from which . . . she derived a great satisfaction, drew from his pocket a little book which he presented to her and said it contained infallible prescriptions for her evil, so that if she would put them in practice . . . she would find herself as well as ever in a few days.

"Having retired, and the sick woman with her bed having been carried from the stage, after some interlude, she presented herself, no longer sick and in bed but well and entirely cured; and after having walked about two or three times, she told the audience that the unknown had succeeded admirably well in confessing her . . . and that . . . the prescriptions contained in the little book . . . were . . . incomparable, as could be seen by their prompt effect upon herself. Thus if any of them were struck by the same evil she counselled them to have recourse to the same remedies, and to this effect she would willingly lend them her little book; but first, however, she wished to warn them of a double inconvenience; one that the book was a little warm to the touch of the hand; and the other, that . . . it had an importunate odour of the fagot. For the rest, if any one inquired

her name or that of the book which she praised so highly, these were two enigmas which she left them to divine.

"All this having been represented with great grace, the prince and the queen his wife and also their court testified to having enjoyed it greatly, and following their example, a large number of the audience, of whom many were already disgusted with the Roman religion, and understood that this sick woman was Truth. Those . . . who had not rightly shrived her, those who took the titles of pastor and of doctor, . . . instead of confessing Truth, held her in contempt; the last comer was one of those so-called heretics; . . . the book which was hot and smelt of the fagot, the New Testament, which people were forbidden to have in their homes or to read there under penalty of the stake.

"Religion is too solemn to be acted," continues the reverend writer, . . . "too holy to be dragged on the stage." But the ferment of doctrinal discord through all the country was so great that it affected every grade of society, and among many cities full of its leaven, none was more effectually permeated than La Rochelle. The whole life of the city was feverish with the fervour of fanaticism. Husbands were divided against wives, children and parents were mutually suspicious, and friends and peaceable fellow-citizens became bitter enemies and spies. Ecclesiastics appealed bitterly to magistrates, the stake was made ready, and

heretical meetings were held secretly—fearfully—at night. The goodman of the house kept watch outside; in order to avoid even the appearance of scandal, women whose husbands were Catholics were not admitted to these nocturnal sessions; and the elders of the new Church were known only by a conventional letter.

Notable defections from the older religion becoming more and more numerous, the Protestants began to hold open meetings in crowded halls; and finally, in 1561, the two Christian bodies lived together in La Rochelle with such an appearance of accord that both assembled in the same Church of Saint-Barthélemy. When one congregation entered the other left; to accommodate the Consistory, priests began Mass at a very early hour; and in return, the Reformers paid for the candles and lamps of the Mass. Catholicism steadily declined. Monks and nuns were seen less frequently, several conventional establishments were deserted, and on a May morning of 1562, in the great open square, the Protestant pastors administered the Communion of their Church to more than seven thousand persons.

Unfortunately the dominant virtue of the Christian religions of that period seems to have been blind and rabid loyalty rather than charity or tolerance; and the simple, beautiful ceremony of the morning was followed in the afternoon by the pillage of Catholic churches, and the destruction of many objects sacred to Catholic worshippers. The Protestant pastors denounced these depredations although they were generally conceded to

be acts of "folly conducted with some wisdom," and less heinous than the Catholic massacre of Vassy. For "there is at all times," wrote the intrepid Huguenot Captain Agrippa d'Aubigné, "a notable difference between the hewing down of dead images through zeal for the honour of God, and the cruel destruction of the living images of God to satisfy hatred and envy."

Gradually La Rochelle became "the Protestant metropolis of the West," so heterodox a city that every Catholic service was proscribed, and the rumour of the King's edict of mutual toleration which caused rejoicing in so many Huguenot hearts brought to these powerful separatists only hesitation and forebodings. One of the curiously interesting psychological facts is the attitude with which each Faith viewed its own acts. If Catholics burned perishable bodies they vowed it was but dreary labour—to save immortal souls. And the intolerance of the Reformers has been as convincingly justified by Edgar Quinet, who writes that "the ancient religion was immutably resolved to extirpate all which she did not embrace, . . . the issue was evident, . . . If the new religion had adopted the rule of sparing the old, in time no doubt she, who spared her adversary, would have disappeared before one who never lost an occasion to destroy her. To reproach Protestantism for intolerance is to reproach it with having desired to live."

In spite of the arguments and oratory of some Catholics and some Protestants, the Edict of Nantes was

signed, and with it the Faithful and their clergy again entered La Rochelle. They were restricted as much as possible by a Protestant majority, and the two religions were exercised with mutual suspicion and discord until the fatal intervention of Richelieu.

For a long time, both as Churchman and statesman, the Cardinal's attention had been drawn to this heretical stronghold. It was not a parish of his Bishopric of Luçon but it was not far distant from that city; and during his residence there Richelieu must have heard in most minute detail of the affairs of this important and heavy charge of his Brother of Saintes, which were scandalising the whole Catholic world. When he arrived at the dignity of the "red hat" the Cardinal considered even more attentively the great seaport city, "whose situation," Delayant declares to be "the keystone of its history," and he wrote to the Archbishop of Lyons, "La Rochelle must be besieged and the Huguenots chastised, or better still, destroyed."

Richelieu was not a persecutor of the old type. In the evolution of the spirit of tolerance he stands between the fiery Dominic and the more rationally and beautifully holy Saint-François-de-Sales. He could doubtless have witnessed an *auto-da-fé* with mere ennui, or an execution with calm repugnance, but he probably believed that "to minds which are truly great" there are means far mightier than the sword—or the stake. He was, nevertheless, potentially if not spiritually a Catholic, and served his Church especially

IN "THE HARBOUR OF LA ROCHELLE."

well when he was actuated by weighty reasons of state.

"La Rochelle must be besieged," wrote the great Cardinal, and immediately bent his mighty intelligence to the problem. He remembered the failure of 1572, his own prestige was at stake,—and he found the key to this difficult situation. Not through assaults by sea or by land, not by great battles or prowess, but by famine should the rebellious city be reduced.

The work began. Soldiers, ungirding their swords, took up the barrow and the shovel; dikes were built across the harbour and when swept away by the sea they were built again; and "Babylonian walls and monuments of Nineveh" rose to surround the town by land. Meantime "the white city" gradually sank into a place of desolation. Protestant England, although lavish of promises, gave no sign of rescue by sea or by land. Food became so scarce that a cat was a delicacy and stewed parchment was considered succulent. Whole families died, and were left lying in their houses because nobody was strong enough to carry them to the graveyard. The soldiers could no longer bear arms and went about leaning on sticks, and sentinels perished of hunger at their posts. "It makes no difference," said their heroic leader, "if but one is left to close the gates." At length the old, the sick, and many women were sent from the city to find succour in the opposing camp. The besiegers drove them back, the besieged did not dare to open their gates. "Walls of Babylon" on one side,

on the other, city walls as grim frowned on the outcasts and they perished miserably between two armies of their own people. Within, the streets had become lugubrious wastes where desolation reigned, and where the gaunt and emaciated figures of the starving raised their awful dying cry for continued resistance.

Finally, when of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants scarcely six thousand were left, the brave city succumbed, and on the morning of All Saints' Day, 1628, Richelieu celebrated Mass in the Great Temple. The Cardinal, always mindful of the practical, ordered that food should be liberally distributed; and fed and defeated, the survivors listened with dull anguish to the rumours of the new Bishopric which Richelieu had long been planning "to give them for their sins," and gazed bitterly at the abomination of their desolation, at the Catholics who began again to walk their streets, and at the conversion of their Temple into the Church of Saint-Barthélemy. Then for the first time in sixty years, the solemn procession of the Holy Sacrament took place in the city. The Archbishop of Bordeaux assisted by two priests carried the Blessed Host, the King with Richelieu at his side followed the canopy, its corners were borne by two Dukes and two Marshals of France, and couriers hastened to all the courts of Europe to announce the triumphal progress of religion.

Not in vain had the Cardinal refused the Bishop of Maillezais subsidies to re-build his ruined Cathedral, not in vain had the Bull which elevated a near-by city

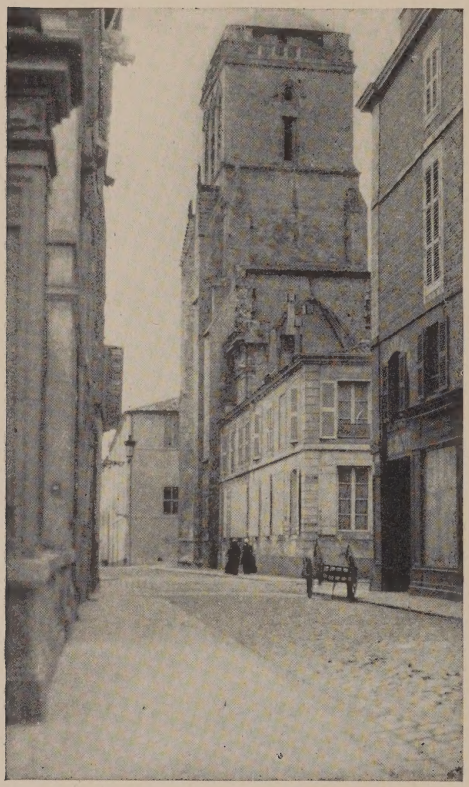
lain in desuetude, for twenty years later, on the Feast of Saint Luke the Evangelist, Richelieu their great enemy —though dead—triumphed a second time over the Rochelais. The last Bishop of Maillezais left his resi-

"THE LAST BISHOP OF MAILLEZAIS" WHO BECAME "THE FIRST BISHOP OF LA ROCHELLE."
(From a print in the Library of the Episcopal Palace of Luçon).

dence of Fontenay-le-Comte to become the first Bishop of La Rochelle.

What difference did it make that the twelve monks of the ancient Chapter of Maillezais refused to give up

the monastic garb in order to constitute the new Cathedral's Chapter? What matter if, during the Protestant occupation of La Rochelle, twelve great and beautiful churches of the older Faith had been "ruined from roof to foundation-stone"? The older Faith was triumphant. Monks and nuns flocked to the city as a "body of troops qualified to preserve the victory," children of heretical parents were so carefully educated that more than one man whose father had starved in the Protesant cause gladly became a priest, and more than one woman whose parents had suffered in the siege voluntarily took the veil; and Parliament, looking on all these things, declared that the "establishment of a Cathedral in the city of La Rochelle was the most



THE OLD TOWER OF SAINT-BARTHÉLEMY.—LA ROCHELLE.

glorious result of the conquests of Louis the Just, whose fruition God had reserved for the son." It is not Richelieu but this son, Louis XIV, who, at the age of eight is accredited with having procured the episcopal elevation; and in honour and gratitude to the

"A SMALL CHAPEL WHICH IS NOW USED BY THE GOOD URSULINES OF CHAVAGNES."—LA ROCHELLE.

child-king and his father, the ancient name of the new Bishop's church was changed and Saint-Barthélemy became Saint-Louis.

If that Cathedral had endured until the present day it would have been, if not the most beautiful, at least

one of the most interesting of religious edifices. When the Catholics took it they declared that there was "as much to do as if a mosque or a pagan temple were to be converted into a church." Yet in spite of many transformations, the form of the Temple remained and its early arrangement might have been easily divined. It had been planned by no less an architect than Philibert Delorme, designer of the Tuileries; the first stone had been placed by the young Henri de Condé in 1577, and not only were its historical associations memorable, but it was architecturally curious as embodying the Huguenot ideal of "a temple made with hands." Unfortunately, after having served two Bishops for nearly forty years, it was destroyed by a terrible conflagration. Clouds of flame and smoke broke suddenly from its roof, its stones fell violently asunder, and so furious and swift was the fire that the terrified citizens could do nothing but watch its destructive onslaught. The ruins had scarcely grown cold before recriminations and persecutions began. The Catholics declared that the Huguenots or an Huguenot, enraged at the so-called profanation of the Temple by an idolatrous worship, had set it on fire. The Huguenots, on the other hand, protested their entire innocence and declared, not unreasonably, that the church's destruction was caused by sparks from a great bonfire which had been lighted in the Cathedral-square the evening before to celebrate the King's recovery from an illness. They contended that during the hours of the night, when the church was

closed, sparks from this fire must have smouldered and spread, and that this was a rational explanation of the violence and rapidity of the fire.

The actual cause has never been discovered; but beside their suspicions the Bishop and the Chapter were confronted by the material discomfort of the loss of a Cathedral. They appealed to the Curé of the parish of Saint-Barthélemy which had recently been re-built; but as neither Bishop nor Chapter had been practically interested in the new church, both Curé and people protested and received the Canons coldly. During a time the Offices were sung in a small chapel which is now used by the good Ursulines of Chavagnes. There were also plans for a new Cathedral, different sites were discussed, and once stakes were placed. But there was much difficulty in getting money; even in 1740, after nearly a century of repressive measures, there were "a large number of Huguenots" in the city, and finally it was by the "liberality of Louis, King of France," and the unstinted labours of the clergy that, in 1742, the first stone was laid and blessed.

In spite of the "liberality" of the royal profligate the edifice is not yet finished. And indeed what would it be if it should attain to completion? The possibilities are small; for the Cathedral is barren and unattractive, seeming to reveal the pharisaic religionism of those who built it, and religion here seems a priceless treasure ensconced in a solid, commonplace packing-box.

Saintes.

On the banks of the broad Charente, which flows sluggishly in summer through a low, dull country, lies Saintes, an old, historic spot become unimportant in these modern times, whose pagan ruins lie neglected in the quiet of the country suburbs, and whose old Christian towers rise above the white walls and red-tiled roofs of modern houses.

This is "one of the most interesting cities of western France"; and being in a chronological mood, the traveller went first to the Roman monuments, and from there began, as it were, a strange and lonely walk down the ages. He saw the formless ruins of the Baths, and as he looked a little snake wriggled into its hole. A small, stone chamber attracted his attention, and looking between the iron bars of its door he saw three venerable sarcophaguses; between the lid and the sides there was modern lead, and about the tombs an epitaph told that "here lay" a family who had died less than an hundred years ago. Climbing over piles of stone, the traveller saw another sarcophagus, empty, lidless, which will—soon perhaps—be used again, and he wondered what manner of person had first lain within its narrow walls, man or woman, pagan, Christian, native, or expatriated Roman who gave up life in this foreign land.

The road to the Arena was dotted with little houses, and groups of women sat sewing and chatting before their open doors; but as the traveller passed by he noticed especially one or two old crones on whom death

"THE BROKEN ARCHES, . . . AND IN THE DISTANCE, THE CHARMING GOTHIC TOWER OF SAINT-EUTROPE."—SAINTES.

had set its mark, and he thought of the old stone box which he had just seen lying carelessly in the hot sun a few hundred yards beyond.

"Our old Arena," boasts a history of the town, "was as large in area as that of Nîmes, of Bordeaux, or of Pompeii, and only yields in size to that of Rome." The traveller scrambled down its hill into the hollow of the circle, and sat alone and looked at the grass-grown steps where twenty thousand spectators had sat and gazed and shouted sixteen hundred years ago. A few women came down to get water at a spring, a young girl stopped to amuse the traveller with the tale that "every maid who throws a pin into the well is married within the year," and then went on—perhaps to throw her pin; a few goats wandered about, and flies buzzed and circled in the sunlight.

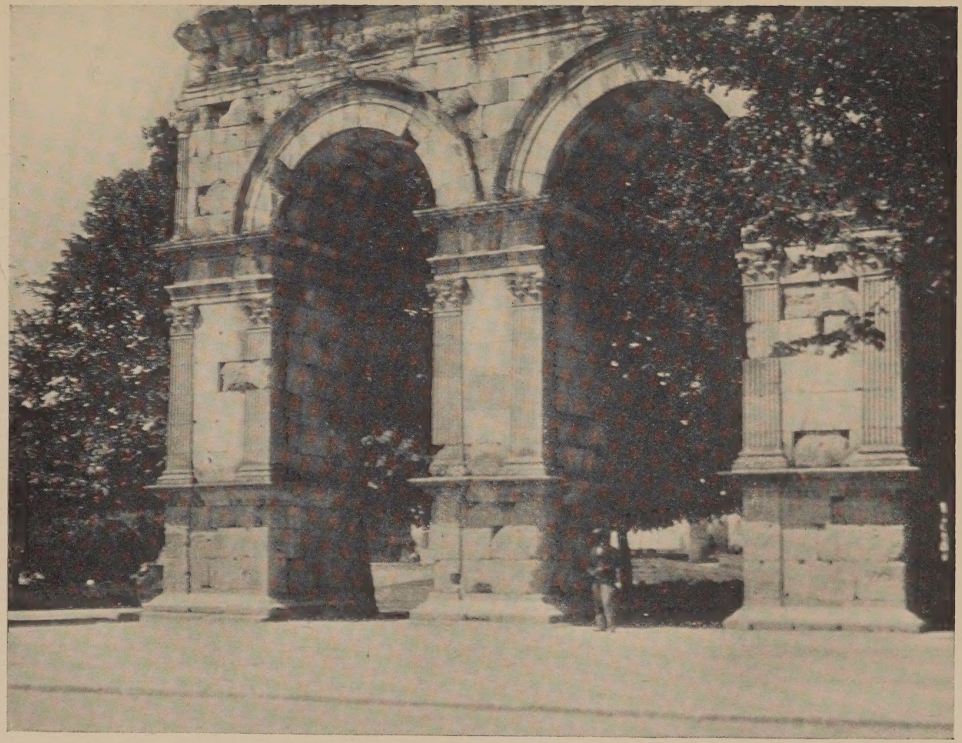
In the peaceful monotony of the summer afternoon the traveller looked at the weeds, the little trees, the piles of fallen stone and broken arches, and above them, in the distance, the charming Gothic tower of Saint-Eutrope. He went across the fields to see its old, patched church and the large and beautiful crypt of Merovingian days which is well worthy of comparison with that of Chartres. Then he wandered to the river-side and found the Corinthian Arch of Germanicus half-hidden in the grove of trees where it was placed when, with that mania for transplanting Triumphal Arches which distinguishes the French, the city fathers removed it from a commanding position at the entrance

to the bridge. The cone-shaped tower of Notre-Dame, which is strongly reminiscent of Périgueux, next lured him on, and as the great old Abbey-church of Saintes is now a military store-house surrounded by barracks instead of monastery walls, he had to prove that he was not a spy before the courteous sergeant could show him even the exterior.

For a long time the traveller had been skirting the Cathedral precincts, manœuvring, as it were, about the church. The tower which he had seen from the little hill-side of Saint-Eutrope loomed suggestively across the river; but entering the long, shady avenue he was tempted to sit down at one of the many cafés and to watch the people who were beginning to promenade and flock to other little tables for the tiny glasses of liqueur that are the daily necessity and the daily treat.

Two well-to-do men in peasant blouses sat down near him, and then a group of gentlemen, and the conversations on both sides were so animated and interesting that the traveller forgot both politeness and the Cathedral in the pleasure of eavesdropping. The peasants had spread out a newspaper and were discussing the Pope. One declared he was a "saingt," but that Saints should be in a monastery or in heaven; and when the other observed that Christ was a very holy man, he was promptly reminded that not Christ but Saint Peter was the first Pope.

"We need a clever one well-versed in affairs—a real Pope!"



"THE CORINTHIAN ARCH OF GERMANICUS, HALF-HIDDEN IN THE GROVE OF TREES."—SAINTES.

"How 's that?" asked his friend.

"Well I 've thought a great deal about it, and it 's this way. What is a Pope? A Pope 's a Vicar—the Vicar of God on earth. Very well! The point is then, what 's a Vicar? A Vicar is a sort of agent, like an agent for a proprietor. He goes around and collects what is due, kicks out people who don't pay their rent, and does a great many things the proprietor maybe would n't do himself. But he has to have the keen eye—he must get what is due!—*voilà!* And he 's got to be a clever one—lazy proprietors make poor agents and good Saints—well, you understand me!"

The conversation continued with much warmth, the little table was often pounded till the spoons and glasses fairly danced; and after half an hour the friends left, having concluded that "we 've got to have a Church, but the Pope can take care of himself, since it is positive that the German Cardinals have egged him on to spite France." And they went off muttering, "It 's the country, the republic that counts. If the republic says 'chase the priests' we'll do it, if it says 'close the churches' we 'll close them—later on we 'll unlock the doors and ask the good priests back and—" But the voices had become faint in the distance.

In the meantime the gentlemen had been discussing another phase of the same question.

"We can change the government; if a republic won't do, something else will."

"What is your something else, Léon?"

"He'll tell you a king—" said one.

"If that 's all he can say let 's keep what we have. When I want to realise what kings do for both Church and State, I have only to recollect one little fact—that Louis XIV made his bastard infants Commendatory Priors."

The conversation stopped as a heavy barouche swayed by, for in it was not only a white-haired old lady but the prettiest young girl one would care to see.

"There 's a sacrifice to your legitimist notions," said one, as the carriage passed, "since her father was n't allowed to soil his noble hands his daughter has no dot."

"And so she 'll never marry."

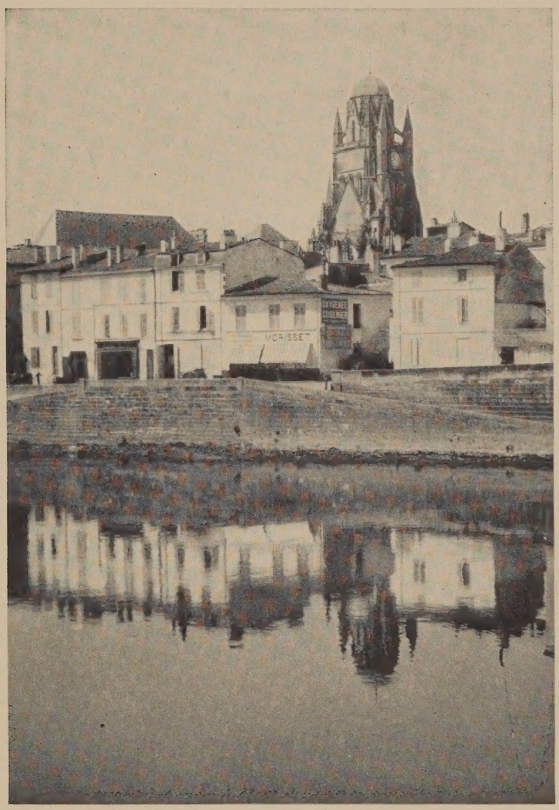
"It 's a shame," cried the one whom they called Léon, "the whole family starve because their prince gambles in a foreign country instead of in France. I wish she were an American—then she' d be as rich as Crœsus."

"Or, failing that, I wish she were sour as vinegar or prim as a corkscrew—then we 'd be heart-whole—" And they too passed up the street.

The traveller, following their example, went his way, musing on the peculiar mixture of intelligence and provincialism which is characteristic of the French people, and the French people of all kinds and conditions.

He soon caught a glimpse of the tall tower and, admiring its handsome massiveness, approached nearer

and nearer until he stood face to face with the mutilated portal which forms the main entrance to the Cathedral. The tower is somewhat conglomerate in style



"THE TOWER, . . . LOOMED SUGGESTIVELY ACROSS THE RIVER."—SAINTES.

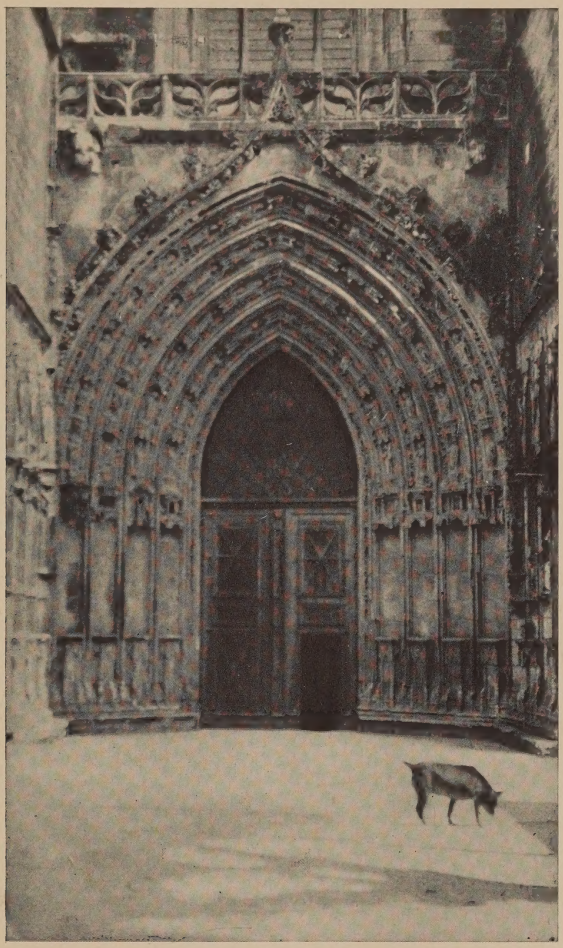
but tall and strong and whole and does not presage the ruined walls which lie behind it. Houses have been built closely about these ruins, but from little alleys

and streets one can catch glimpses of worn and ragged stone sometimes in shapeless mass and sometimes carved. Far above the low roofs and patched repairings of the present church are the flying buttresses of the bold Cathedral which the Huguenots destroyed, the high gable of the transept with its gaunt peak pointing sky-ward, little, richly carved turrets and pyramids, and fragments of walls whose crevasses are filled with grass and delicate pink flowers. Beneath these great ruins nestles the poor church of to-day.

The sun was low when the traveller again reached the front portal, and as he entered the Angelus began to ring. No one was in the church, either to look or to pray, the light was growing dim, and a rank, musty odour seemed to permeate the place. He looked down the long, white nave and counted its rows of heavy, rounded pillars. Through the squat windows of a pseudo-clerestory the sun cast faint rays which lighted the low, flat vaulting. There was no beauty, no majesty in the perspective. Walking about, listening to the melancholy echo of his own footsteps, the traveller found little to admire. The domes which still cover the transepts reminded him that one great Bishop-builder had wished to reproduce the cupolas of Angoulême; there was little ornamentation; everything had been plainly, cheaply restored.

The poorness of the church became more melancholy in the paling light. Deep patches of verdigris on the white stone floor looked more and more mouldy, little

lizards, encouraged by the stillness, darted in and out, and a noise near the door called the traveller's attention



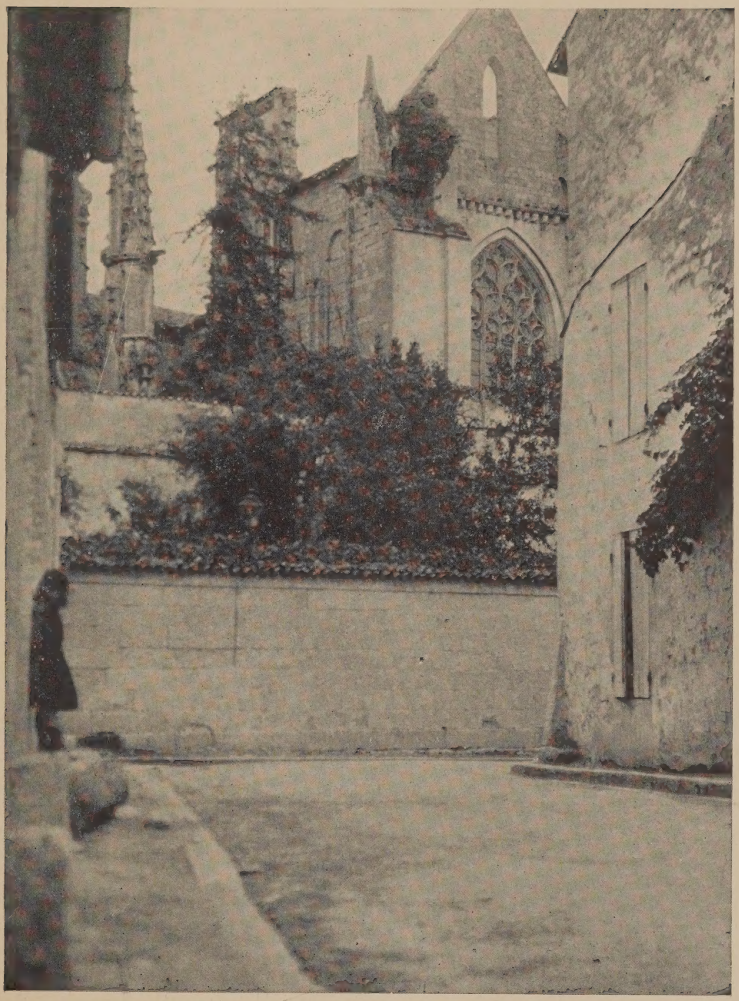
"THE MUTILATED PORTAL WHICH FORMS THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL."—SAINTES.

to a rat which was climbing over a stack of chairs. The traveller stopped near the door to read the "Livre

d'Or," the tablet which recalls to man's forgetful mind the long-departed greatness of the Cathedral. "Nicholas V declares," he read, "that this church was builded above a lake which covered the bodies of martyrs of the I century." It is also claimed that John XXII learned the use of the Angelus, which he gave to Christendom in a Bull of 1318, from a pious custom of this Cathedral; eleven Saints are counted among its Bishops; and Pepin and Charlemagne were among its devoted patrons. Great name is followed by great name, and the sacristan coming to lock the doors found the traveller still peering at the "Livre d'Or."

"I should think you would not be very sorry that I come and put you out," he said as he turned one big key in its lock. "I never read that tablet any more; it 's too sad to me to roll off those great titles in our poor church. I don't even care to remember that it was once a Cathedral. For then I think of Cathedrals that are beautiful as this once was with things that people crowd to see, whereas two or three stray in here. And they are wrong to come, if you'll excuse me, Monsieur, for saying so; for Saint-Pierre of Saintes has a nice tower but it is a wreck of a church, and any one who wants to know its glories can learn them better in a book at home than in the musty dampness here."

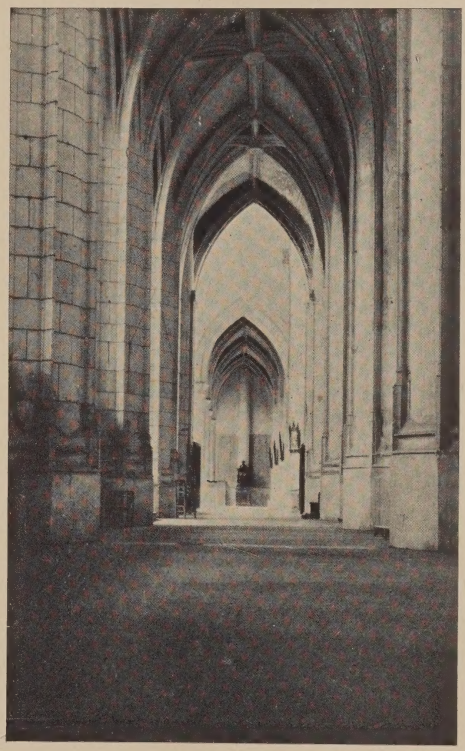
There was a silence as the last door swung to; then, talking of more cheerful things, the sacristan and the traveller walked into the twilight of the narrow street.



"THE HIGH GABLE OF THE TRANSEPT WITH ITS GAUNT PEAK POINTING SKYWARD, . . . AND FRAGMENTS OF WALLS WHOSE CREVASSES ARE FILLED WITH GRASS."—SAINTES.

Bordeaux.

The Cathedral of Saint-André, writes Cardinal Donnet, "is like an old and enormous . . . tree . . . whose branches have spread in luxuriant vegetation. . . . It gives a whole history of the most fertile period which architecture has had since the XI century, from which it sprang in the tentative forms of the barbarous Romanesque, to be completed in the weaker and too complicated forms of the Renaissance." After this fine appreciation, the Cardinal, losing his critical sense in his enthusiasm, seems to exclaim rather than to write, "the beauty of this edifice lies in the variety of all its parts." A less partial beholder would probably say that there is much



"THERE IS LITTLE ORNAMENTATION; EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PLAINLY . . . RESTORED."—SAINTES.

interest in the variety of all the Cathedral's parts, but that as it departs from true unity it becomes less perfect, less harmonious, less beautiful.

This is particularly noticeable in the interior, where the nave is low and the choir is lofty. They are on the same axis and therefore have not the disjointed appearance of Toulouse, but the general disparity of their plans and of their proportions has an unhappy and marked effect. Because of its inherent inferiority the nave suffers the most from this juxtaposition. It is a large hall, fundamentally Gothic and spanned by a great, flat vaulting. No single Gothic nave is as broad, and the expanse of its vault is structurally marvellous; but its effectiveness is marred by the differences and variations of its style, and it suffers like Saint-Pierre of Poitiers and many other old churches from the loss of its stained-glass windows. The bays have the Romanesque wall arches of an older edifice; above them is a little balcony; higher still, behind deep arches, deeper but smaller arches and small Gothic windows. This method of construction, which has no apparent unity, seems a too obvious and economical adaptation rather than a general re-building; and this effect is heightened by the two forms of the vaulting, and the pillars of the nave which are both round and clustered. The large, white panes of the windows cast a hard light over these differences which accentuates instead of softens them, and leads one to look beyond where, in the mellow light of stained-glass, rises the tall

"'THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-ANDRÉ,' WRITES CARDINAL DONNET, 'IS LIKE AN OLD AND ENORMOUS . . . TREE . . . WHOSE BRANCHES HAVE SPREAD IN LUXURIANT VEGETATION.'"—BORDEAUX.

choir whose every line is svelte, correct, and beautiful.

Such a perspective dwarfs the nave in spite of its vast breadth, and it is from the arcades of the choir that this low hall is best seen. The climb to the upper gallery is long and dusty, but here, from the triforium, the architectural effect of the whole church is less disjointed. The loftiness of the choir appears in all its beauty. On the wall which descends from the transept vault to the lower vaulting of the nave, seven ornamental arches are placed, and the abruptness of the fall from one roof-level to another is much lessened.

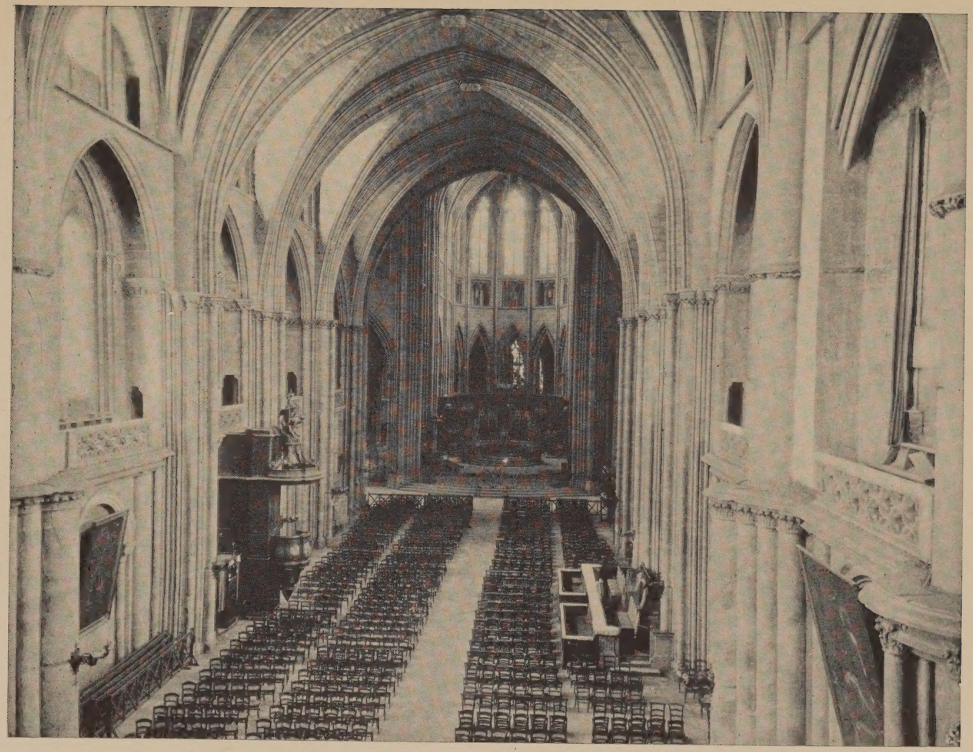
The choir, surrounded by a broad ambulatory and chapels, is entirely conventional in plan. Its stone is a soft brown; its lighting, mellow; its ornamentation, almost confined to the little foliated bands of its capitals and the tracery of its windows, is very moderate; and its beauty is that of high, narrow arches, of tall windows, of lofty, shadowy vault, and of slender height that is perfectly and gracefully proportioned.

The transepts have little of this fine harmony, they are high but so shallow as to seem broad; and the rose-windows above the triforium of the north and south walls, although effective on the exterior, have lost much of their beauty because of the destruction of the stained glass, of which only fragments remain.

In its exterior the Cathedral, which was planned in regal beauty and magnificence, betrays less discordantly the different periods of its construction. It is situated most happily in the centre of a large square; every

building which was too near, even the historic Palace of the Archbishops which formerly leaned against part of the western façade, has been torn down; and a little grove of trees, clustered about the apse, gives a touch of the picturesque to its architecture. If the church had been completed it would have had the beautiful tower of Pey Berland, the fine apse, the transepts dominated by four lofty spires, the lower nave walls and their adjoining Cloister, and finally, the crowning glory of the Gothic church, a great western façade and its mighty towers. These plans have never been fully carried out, and Saint-André had a cruel mischance when, as has been aptly said, it "suffered a restoration" at the hands of Monsieur Abadie. The canons pray for him because he preserved the high walls of their stalls that keep off draughts and cold; but Churchmen and laymen alike who cherish our inheritance of mediæval art can scarcely forgive him for the irrevocable loss of the Cloister. The stalls which he preserved are mediocre, but the Cloisters, which were both quaint and picturesque, he unjustifiably and wantonly destroyed to make way for a series of plain, useful apartments and sacristies.

Other portions of the Cathedral are unfinished, the portal of the south transept has empty niches and spireless towers, and the western façade, far from being a "crowning glory," is scarcely more than a blank wall. But the blank wall looks merely as if it were built for the temporary protection of the nave, and is far better



"BEYOND, . . . IN THE MELLOW LIGHT OF STAINED-GLASS, RISES THE TALL CHOIR WHOSE EVERY LINE IS SVELTE, CORRECT, AND BEAUTIFUL."—BORDEAUX.

than an inharmonious addition. The unfinished transept towers are not ruined by uncouth constructions, and except for the useful sacristies, the Cathedral is unspoiled. With a little imagination, therefore, the traveller can fancy that he is transported to olden days, that the Cathedral is still in process of building; and seeing the marvels that have already been achieved, he can picture to himself the wonders of the completed church, its great portals, its façade, and its cluster of marvellous spires. For Saint-André to-day has an imposing Gothic exterior, and in completion it would be among the most beautiful Cathedrals in France.

First impressions are always somewhat general, but they often record very vividly the effect and the atmosphere of an edifice. At Bordeaux the traveller's first impressions were those of extent, of size with grace, height, and beauty. The Romanesque remains, which are much less obvious than in the interior, do not disturb the general effect of Gothic unity. The lower walls of the nave are of the XI, XII, and XIII centuries and have little distinction; but the formation of their buttresses is most curious. Having no side-aisles or chapels there are no lower roofs on which the flying buttresses can rest, and special supports had to be constructed for them. These are a series of angular pillars ending in little, ornamented turrets, which stand apart from the church like a row of grenadiers on guard; and against them lean the buttresses, decorated as those of the apse, but small and stiff in comparison.

Behind the nave rise the more beautiful portions of the Cathedral, the constructions of the XIV and XV centuries. First the tall, tower-flanked walls of the transepts, then the noble apse with its great, outstretched lines of flying buttresses, and finally, detached from the building itself and framed in thick, green foliage, the fine tower of Pey Berland.

As the door of the façade wall is but an angular, practical aperture, Saint-André has only three entrances worthy of the name,—the "royal portal" of the northern wall and the two single portals of the transepts. The door of the south transept is incomplete, and it is the unused "royal portal" and the doorway of the northern transept which are interesting both from their own intrinsic merit and in comparison one with the other. They stand almost side by side; their carvings represent the same subjects; both have Angels in canopies and Saints in niches; and both treat of the Resurrection and of the Judgment of the Dead. Both are Gothic; but one is of the XII and the other of the XIV century, and the study of the two treatments, of the developments, of the advance, and the elaboration of the art, is an illuminating study to the student of comparative architecture.

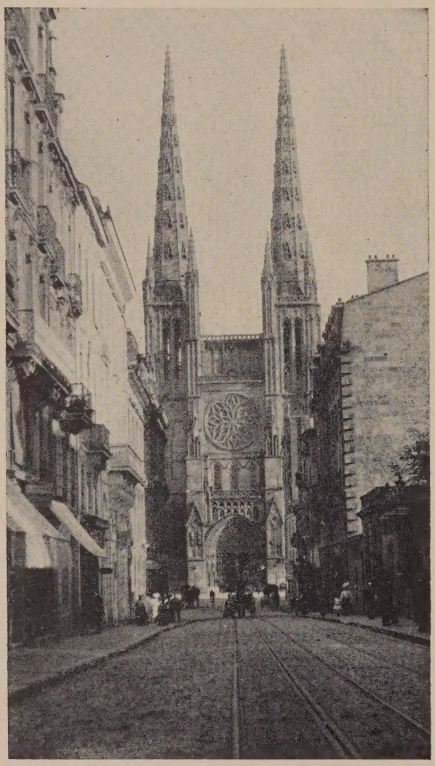
To those of historic mind Saint-André is no less interesting, for it is full of the memories of the past, and it seems as if the spirits of great personages are in every changing shadow and fill the church with an ever-moving procession of ghostly figures. One sees a baby carried in state to the baptismal font and christened

"ITS STONE IS A SOFT BROWN; ITS LIGHTING, MELLOW; AND ITS BEAUTY IS THAT . . . OF SLENDER HEIGHT THAT IS PERFECTLY AND GRACEFULLY PROPORTIONED."—BORDEAUX.

"Richard," a very French baby who was later King of England; one hears the approach of men with clanking swords and ladies in silken skirts,—Francis I, beruffed and *débonnaire*, comes gaily in to Mass, Charles IX who comes more slowly, the feeble Louis XIII, and the Louis of the High Heels,—all pass by. A fair, rich lady, Eleanor of Aquitaine, comes to marriage with the monkish King of France, and later comes more merrily to wed Henry, King of England; sad little Madame Elisabeth, a very different bride, takes to husband the dark and bigoted King of Spain; here Anne of Austria comes with wondrous pomp to marry Louis XIII. Foreign potentates also come to visit and to pray In this Cathedral in 1373 the Black Prince receives the oath of fealty of his father's French subjects; further down the years Charles V, hurrying across France to chastise the rebels of Ghent, is received as befits his power and orthodoxy; and in 1701 a feebler but no less faithful King of Spain, detained in Bordeaux by storms and rains, comes every day to Mass.

Words are cold; but he who holds the magic wand of history can make these illustrious dead return in all the warmth of life and action, in all the gorgeous apparel of their rank; he can evoke the Archbishops in silk and lace and golden thread, the soft-stepping attendant priests, the censers swung low, and the radiance of the lighted Altar. He also may picture the quaint and time-honoured ceremonials of the Chapter, and the Masses on holy-days when the people crowded into the

church; and the times, long past, when the organs were adorned with "two great faces of men that had big eyes which could be made to move, two long, grizzly beards, and long, white teeth. . . . The organist could make them . . . to seem as if they were chewing and also moved their eyes and . . . beards, the which amused the people and disturbed their devotion." On the Feast of the Holy Trinity there was still another diversion. During the High Mass men went up to the roofs, and in pious memory of the descent of the tongues of fire, let drop through the air-holes into the body of the church numbers of little cakes, and when the people began to pick them up the men threw water on them. These customs and antics of the organ-heads were very popular; but as they were exceedingly conducive to



. . . "THE TRANSEPT, DOMINATED BY LOFTY SPIRES."—BORDEAUX.

indecorum, the Canons forbade them; and together with many churchly pranks, which were once sanctioned in spite of their grotesque vulgarity, they have passed out of practice and almost out of memory.

Such visions of old conceits and wondrous pageants are for him who loves the past; but besides these visions

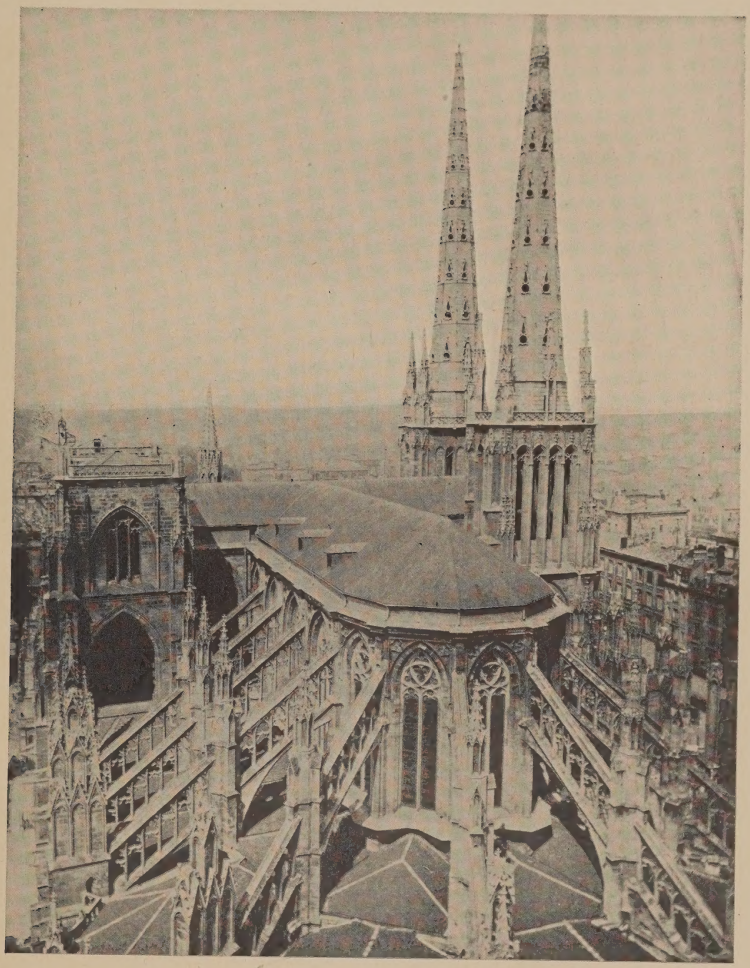
ONE OF THE "ANGULAR PILLARS ENDING IN LITTLE, ORNAMENTED TURRETS, WHICH STAND APART FROM THE CHURCH LIKE A ROW OF GRENADIERS ON GUARD."—BORDEAUX.

there are more substantial reminders for the careless traveller,—the statues of Edward I and Eleanor of Castile which stand in the niches of the "royal portal"; the portal of the north transept where the magnificent Clement V stands against the pier that divides the doorway, surrounded, as it were, by the six Cardinals of the

lateral niches; and the tower which recalls the great and holy Pey Berland. No greater contrast can exist than the lives of these two prelates, both Archbishops of Bordeaux, Pey Berland who was justly given the title of "Blessed," one of the most beautiful spiritual honours the Church bestows, and Bertrand de Goth who was crowned with the greatest glory of the Church Militant.

Bertrand de Goth, whether poor peasant or Gascon noble, was filled with all the unbridled ambition of his age. The most ardent of apologists can hardly claim that he added a jot or tittle to the spiritual advancement of the Church, but he was an ardent patron of arts and letters, and never forgot the Sees of which he had been a prelate. His visits to Abbeys are said to have been virtual pillages, but some of his booty was well spent, for Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges owes much of the beauty of her Cathedral and Cloister to his generosity, and it was he who planned the great choir of Bordeaux and contributed most lavishly to its realisation.

Pey Berland, who was no less interested in the building of the Cathedral, was a man of very different mould. His parents were the poorest of the land, they desired their only son to become and to remain a shepherd; and when they discovered that the boy, irresistibly led by a strong, healthy hunger for knowledge, had secretly learned to read and write and longed to learn still more, they consented very reluctantly to give up their ambitions for his future and to send him with what scanty



"THE NOBLE APSE WITH ITS GREAT, OUTSTRETCHED LINES OF FLYING BUTTRESSES."—BORDEAUX.

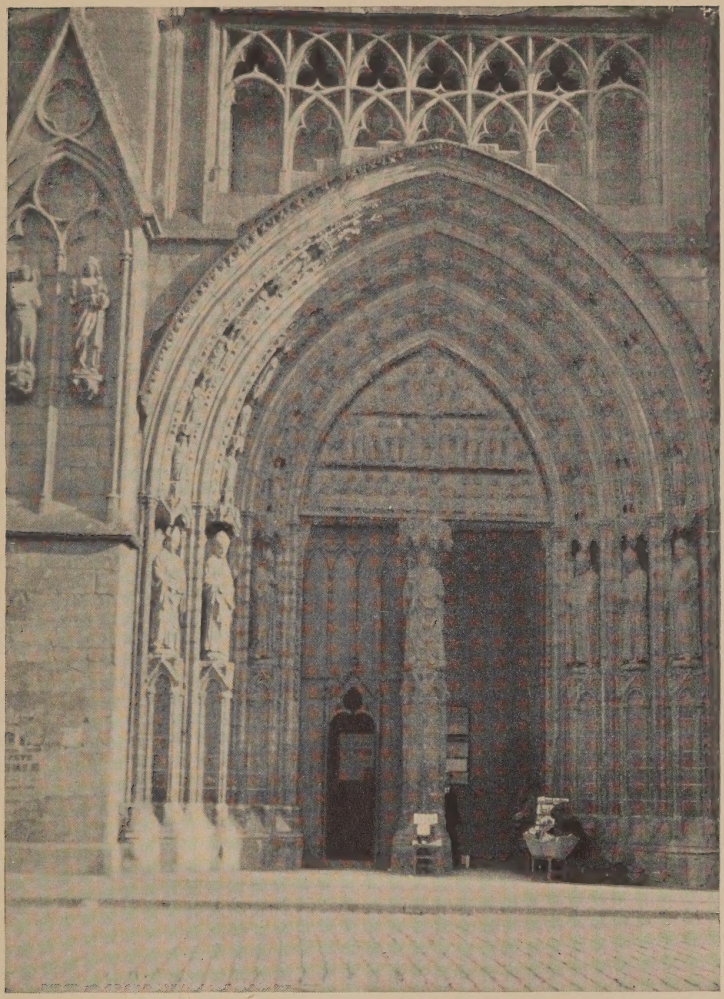
means they had to the city schools. "The life of this great pontiff," writes the Canon de Laborie, his biographer, "shows how a . . . peasant, without credit and without fortune, born in the midst of an arid and almost uninhabited land, living . . . the humble life of the shepherd, became one of the most holy and learned men of his century." As a priest the good Berland travelled to Italy in the train of Cardinal François Hugocion, and there he is said to have conceived a great admiration for the campanili of the land. Elected to the Chapter of the Cathedral of Bordeaux and later to the Archbishopric, he desired to erect one of these imposing bell-towers. Aquitaine was at this time harassed by the Hundred Years' War, and poverty was so universal that the charitable were besieged by the indigent begging for bread. A tradition tells us that the Archbishop saw in these hungry hordes an army of workmen who could build his tower, and thereby give comfort to their families and glory to the Church in Bordeaux.

"See," he said, "these many stones which have been brought for you; shape them and they will mount towards God bearing witness to your gratitude," and in 1440 he himself placed the first stone a little beyond the axis of the apse. More critical history contends that the tower, which all agree was built at this period, had older foundations or the remains of an earlier tower; it is also said that Pey Berland did not live to complete his work; and that it has small resemblance to an

Italian campanile and a strong resemblance to the towers of Saint-Michel and to the native "lanterns of the dead" whose sepulchral chambers were surmounted by a high cone, by a spire, or by turreted stories. But whether the old tales which linger are legendary or true, it is certain that Pey Berland built his brown tower much as it stands to-day, and it is fitting that so holy a man should be kept in continual memory by so beautiful a work.

The best parts of the Cathedral date from the days of Clement V and of the saintly Archbishop; but its traditions, like those of all the early Sees of France, are founded in an antiquity which, if not historically admissible, is very interesting and often very beautiful. The tradition of Saint-André's foundation takes one back to the scenes of the Gospel, to the gentle Christ Who took a child in His arms and said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." This child is believed to have been Martial, who in his maturity became a follower of the Christ Who had blessed him, a disciple of Saint Peter, and "through the consecration of the Prince of Apostles," the first Bishop of Bordeaux, and the Apostle of Aquitaine.

Martial, says ecclesiastical history, came into this Roman province, and making a few humble converts near the city of Burdigala, outside its precincts built an oratory in memory of Saint Stephen which in later times became the Church of Saint-Seurin. Penetrating within the city he made new conversions and formed a second congregation which he wished to dedicate to his master,



"THE PORTAL . . . WHERE THE MAGNIFICENT CLEMENT V. STANDS AGAINST THE PIER THAT DIVIDES THE DOORWAY, SURROUNDED, AS IT WERE, BY THE SIX CARDINALS OF THE LATERAL NICHES."—BORDEAUX.

Saint Peter. But being informed by a vision of the crucifixion of Saint Andrew at Patras in Achaia, he was constrained to erect his church in memory of the new martyr.

This church, which Innocent VIII declares to have been the first to be placed under the vocable of Saint Andrew, grew to many honours. It acquired the right of coinage, it gave Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals to the Church, two Popes—Boniface IX and Clement V came from its midst, and it was—or became—the Cathedral of Bordeaux. But, as one of the old Canons quaintly wrote in the XVIII century, its pre-eminence "is not exempt from the clouds which sometimes pass before the most brilliant sun of truth"; and not only have its greatest honours been hotly disputed in the past, but in our own day, when so many old customs, privileges, and precedences have been forgotten or have lost their meaning, learned theologians still try to solve these problems with as much interest as earlier doctors discussed the number of angels who could stand on the point of a sword.

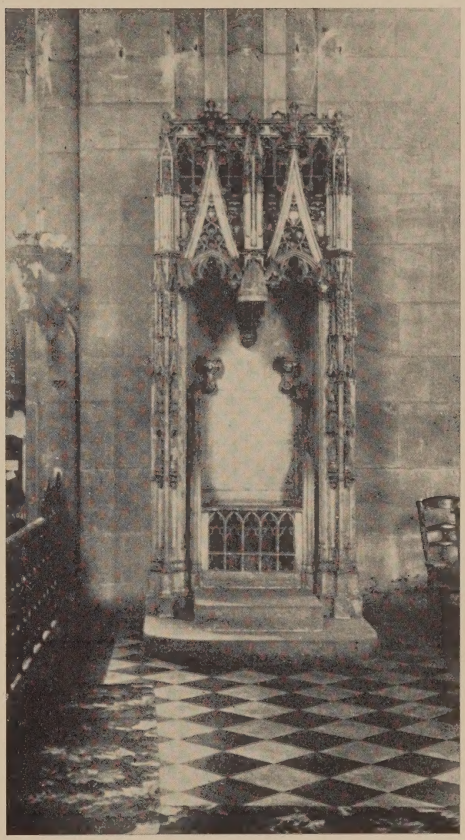
For centuries the Archbishop of Bordeaux and the Archbishop of Bourges disputed the title of "Primate of Aquitaine," each claimed it with more or less reason and authority, and each claims it to this day. But a sorer point was the claim of another church that it was the earliest Cathedral of Bordeaux; and this was the Church of Saint-Seurin, admittedly a foundation of Saint Martial and admittedly his first foundation. As

in the case of the primacy there is much authority on both sides; and although the Chapter of Saint-Seurin has ceased to exist, priests and people continue to contend, as it contended, that until 813 the Collegiate Church of Saint-Seurin was the Bishop's church. There are other priests and other people who argue as warmly that Saint-André was a Cathedral from its very beginning. It is seldom the province of the stranger to decide where native doctors disagree, but it is interesting to note the jealousies which always animated the Chapters of the two churches and the smouldering fires of rivalry which often flamed high when a new prelate succeeded in Bordeaux.

Whether Cathedral or Collegiate, Saint-Seurin is a church of historic, architectural, and religious importance, it was long noted for the pomp of its ceremonies, the brilliance of its sermons, and the great beauty of its music. It has venerable relics and illustrious names, and was the church which every Archbishop was obliged to enter before he went to Saint-André; here he heard Mass, and here knelt and swore to respect the Chapter's rights. In 1380 his Grandeur, Raymond de Roqueis, was called to account by the Canons of the old church. "It is of immemorial usage that the very reverend fathers, Archbishops of Bordeaux, after having been consecrated outside the city should be enthroned in pontifical vestment in the Church of Saint-Seurin; to this effect they sit upon a throne which . . . is in this church, destined for this use. . . . You how-

"PEY BERLAND BUILT HIS BROWN TOWER MUCH AS IT STANDS TO-DAY."—BORDEAUX.

ever have judged it apropos to ignore these formalities. . . . You have walked about the city, your Cross borne before you, and you gave benediction to the people. . . . In consequence we declare to you that we shall appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff." Another ill-advised prelate, arriving in Bordeaux for the first time, ventured to retire to his private apartments and to send word to the Canons of Saint-Seurin that he would receive them after he had seen the Chapter of the Cathedral. He and all those of like mind were brought to reason and the observance of ancient usages with an energy worthy of a more exalted cause.



"THE BEAUTIFUL THRONE WHICH STANDS IN THE CHOIR" OF SAINT-SEURIN.—BORDEAUX.

But these old events indicate power rather than

any declared rank. The beautiful throne which stands in the choir is of the XV century and probably replaced one more ancient. Exclusive honours, primatial rights, are now questions of historic interest rather than of bitter heartburnings; spirituality is replacing religious rank as a churchly ideal, and to-day it is not the antiquity of Saint-André's See, not the primacy of its church, not the glory of the two Popes which it gave to Christendom, nor its titles, nor its kingly visitors, which are its highest claim to pre-eminence, but rather the memory of its holy Archbishop, Pey Berland, "the Blessed," and the very present glory of its Cathedral-church.

Agen.

The department of which Agen is the capital is believed by at least one eminent geologist to have been the first home of primitive man. Whether this be accepted or not, from pre-historic times until the days of its definitive union with France, this bit of country has seen the coming and going of many peoples; and from the age of iron to our own times, each has left some trace which will delight the archæologist who can wander along the high-roads, past caves that were the habitations of early man through ancient hamlets and villages to modernised towns as ancient as they. In the museums, he will see instruments of the Bronze Age, bits of carved bone, gods of various peoples, and coins of the conquering Romans. Down in the valley of the Bayes, he will find one of the Roman villas, a beautiful ruin in marble

IN "THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF SAINT-SEURIN."—BORDEAUX.

and mosaic, typical of the sumptuous life of the later era; buildings whose foundations are old Roman walls; curious little churches of the early Christian times, such as that of Aubiac, whose choir and transepts are shaped as a clover-leaf; ruins of a more advanced period, as the episcopal Manor of Bazens; at Casteljaloux, grim subterranean cells which were used by the all-powerful Templars; a king's castle at Nérac, and those of nobles in almost every town. There are also memories of those people, whom, for lack of a better word, we call "aborigines," memories of Celts and Visigoths and Franks; and above all, memories of their successors, and the infinite complications of feudal society.

Such is the country about Agen, but such is not Agen itself. In spite of a history which, until modern times, has never ceased to be interesting, the city is neither quaint nor beautiful, nor has it any monument worthy of its great past.

Agen took part in all of the many struggles, religious and political, that have convulsed Gascony from the time of Vercingetorix to the Revolution. In its paganism, it killed Saint-Caprais, its first Bishop; and, obedient to the edict of Diocletian, burned alive its young "patron saint." Converted, it suffered from the heretical Visigoths, and received the astutely orthodox Clovis with acclaim. Seven hundred years later it had so fallen from grace that its Bishop-Count called to his aid that terrible General of the Church, Simon de Montfort. The inquisition followed in his train; and a priest

aided by two or three of the native flock, tracked down heretics with so keen a scent that in one day of 1289, eighty of these persons were burned alive. This method of curbing a too great independence of thought became a favourite one with the Agennais. A pile of

"A SOLID, ROUNDED STRUCTURE . . . WITH FIVE LITTLE APSES NESTLING ABOUT IT AS CHICKS AROUND THE MOTHER-HEN."—AGEN.

fagots was built on the grassy bank of the Garonne, and before their religious enthusiasm abated, one Doctor Sabatier had himself witnessed the agonising death of three hundred persons. What tortures de Montfort, the native Agennais, and the inquisition left untried,

were introduced by the fanatic Montluc; and even in Louis XIII's time the Huguenots came under chastisement. They received their final blow when his son revoked the Edict of Nantes, and passed out of the history of the little Gascon city.

During these many years of suffering, Agen had been the prize first of one king, then of another; an involuntary subject of those who cared but little for her welfare. It is not surprising then, that between political battles and religious terrors, it should have fewer monuments than memories of a not overjoyous past.

The city's first Cathedral, Saint-Etienne, was utterly destroyed in the year of the Terror, a market hall was built on its site, and its consecrated stones were used in the construction of a municipal theatre. In spite of these melancholy happenings the Bishopric was not suppressed, and in 1803, there being no energy nor money for the erection of a new Cathedral, the old church of Saint-Caprais was raised to episcopal honour.

Saint-Caprais has few of the architectural attributes which seem inherent to its rank. It has neither size, dignity, nor grandeur, and is as one of its townsmen truly remarked, "a poor little Cathedral." Its wall lines are straight and angular, its tower bare, the nave short and broad; and only the old apse and the little transepts of the XIII century have the heavy grace of the Romanesque, the virility of a true style.

Bézard's modern mural paintings in the interior, its mixture of styles, and unsuited proportions have taken

from the choir all its original quaintness and harmony. The rest of the interior seems to have been added in a purely utilitarian moment by competent masons. It is only the apse which stands as its early architects had planned, a solid, rounded structure in the true old Romanesque, with five little apses nestling about it as chicks around the mother hen. Form, windows, columns,—all harmonise in style; and although it is not a great architectural conception, it is pleasing to find one as good in a church otherwise so unworthy the title of Cathedral.

Bazas.

Down in the heart of the country, on a little branch railroad whose trains average a mile in five or six minutes, lies the ancient town of Bazas. It is said to have been noted, even in the cruel age of the religious wars, for the energy and fury of its inhabitants, and their mutual and horrible excesses. But in modern times, lethargy has fallen on the place; and it seems a town of hobbling old men and little children, of deserted cafés and houses whose shutters are eternally bowed.

For a town so small and commonplace, the Cathedral of Saint-Jean-Baptiste is one of surprising size and richness. Instead of the stout compactness of Saint-Lizier which would be appropriate to a small place, or the angular restoration which usually followed Huguenot vandalism, the Cathedral of Bazas is an imposing building of ample proportions, which has largely retained its original style, the Gothic.

"THESE PORTALS . . . ARE VERY GRACEFUL, VERY ORNATE, AND VERY BEAUTIFUL."—BAZAS.

Yet even in this country of Norman influences, this style could not exist without the innovations and vagaries of the southern mind. Side by side with the usual conventionalities there are those hazardous originalities that destroy purity of style and add a barbarism, an unhappy eccentricity, or even a note of insincerity. At Bazas, the builders have used the graceful flying buttress of the north with much more skill and freedom than we find at Lectoure. But with less caution appeared a too jocular, a too gasconnading temerity; and two buttresses, airily ornamented, not only fulfill their normal function, but support a piece of the front wall which would otherwise rise detached and meaningless, unless, in turn, it were built to support the central rose. Above this window again, rises a bit of construction which deserves only to be torn down, as it forms no component part of the whole. It is so obviously of that irresponsible architectural age, the XVII century, that the careful men who succeeded to the task of finishing this large church, must be absolved from this, its crowning defect.

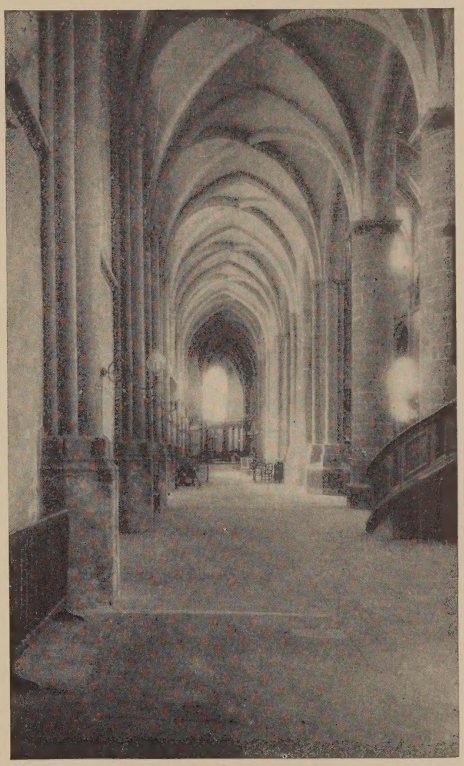
The sides of the Cathedral are ornamented with a double row of gargoyles; and here the modification of the northern style—the acclimation of the animal, as it were, is delightful. For at Paris, at Chartres, or where you will in the Isle de France, the gargoyle is comfortably perched in his devilish malignity. Here he is truly Gascon, stretching so far beyond the church wall

that his claws clutch the stone desperately, leaning far over the street as if ready for the spring, grinning in a significant, personal way, which, for all he is of stone, is quite terrifying. He does not look down on any magnificence of churchly decoration, for the lateral portions of Saint-Jean are unpretentious; but if he were as truly living as he seems to be, he could see the tower which is built beyond the walls. Its hundred and twenty-five feet of height are not remarkable in a country which aspired to towers so lofty that they sometimes fell from overweight, nor is it wonderfully graceful in this land of beautiful spires. It is of their kind, strong and plain until a safe height is reached, and then defenceless, ornamented, and tapering to a long thin point.

It is sad that the portals could not have been built at some such height of safety. For being filled with statues, after the northern plan, these doors excited the special fury of the Huguenots who were inspired by the verse of their new Bible-lore, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." Perhaps in the destruction of the multitudes of statues their fervour was satiated, perhaps they were interrupted, for they spared the tympanum of each door, and we have here, although much worn and broken by time, the Resurrection and the Judgment of the Dead, appropriate scenes from the life of the patron Saint, carvings of the Virgin's life, and Bible stories; and on the pier which divides the central doorway, Saint-John still stands. As the forms

"THE INTERIOR, IN SPITE OF A SIZE WHICH IS ALMOST VAST, LACKS NOBILITY."—BAZAS.

and the designings of the portals are very well preserved, much of their richness remains; and although these portals cannot compare with the astounding glory of Reims or Paris, they are very graceful, very ornate, and very beautiful.



"THE LOWER, SIMPLE SIDE-AISLE."—BAZAS.

The interior, in spite of a size which is almost vast, lacks nobility, inspiration, almost sincerity. A conscientious mason, ambitious and well-taught, might have planned this long, high nave, with its rounded blind arcade and high clerestory. He might, too, have planned from some tradition he had learned the lower, simple side-aisles, and the choir with its ambulatory and seven surrounding chapels. He even might have designed the plain pillars of the nave, and the fluted columns which stand about the altar. Everything

within this church is carefully thought out, everything is mathematically complete. One stands astounded at its height, amazed at its great length; but being so high, it should uplift, being so amply large, it should be overpowering in majesty. That it fails in both these tests proves that here the builders were but feeble copyists and imitators, that they could admire and study, but could not conceive the greater glories of pure Gothic.

Cathedral-cities and towns which are on the railroad.
Cathedral-towns which are not on the railroad.
National roads leading to Cathedral-towns.
Railroads.
Boundaries of Provinces.
Boundaries between France and other countries.
BRITANNY
MAINE
ORLEANAIS
ISLE DE FRANCE
CHAMPAGNE
LORRAINE
GERMANY
BURGUNDY
FRANCHE COMTE
SWITZERLAND
BERNE
TOURAINE
BERRY
NIVERNAIS
AQUITAINE
AUVERGNE
LYONNAIS
SAVOY
ITALY
DAUPHINE
PROVENCE
GUIENNE
GASCONY
BEARN
LANGUEDOC
ROUSSILLON
BAY OF BISCAY
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Brest
Lorient
Vannes
Redon
Nantes
St. Nazaire
Rennes
Fougeres
Mayenne
Laval
Le Mans
Chartres
Pithiviers
Montereau
Troyes
Sens
Chaumont
Epinal
Auxerre
Clamecy
Cosne
Gien
Orleans
Blois
Tours
Angers
Loire
Chatillon
Dijon
Besançon
Belfort
Mulhouse
Basel
Freiburg
Rhine
Bourges
Nevers
Autun
Le Creuzot
Chalon-sur-Saone
Salins
Fribourg
Lausanne
Geneva
Tournus
Macon
St. Claude
Bourg
Roanne
Moulins
Montlucon
Gueret
La Chatre
Chateauroux
Argenton
Chatellerault
La Roche sur-Yon
Parthenay
Poitiers
Lucon
Maillezais
Niort
La Rochelle
Rochefort
Saintes
Charente
Angoulême
St. Yrieix
Limoges
St. Leonard
Tulle
Clermont
Issoire
Thiers
Montbrison
Lyons
Vienne
Bellay
Chambery
Annecy
Moutiers-en-Tarentaise
St. Jean de Maurienne
Grenoble
Susa
Turin
Yssingeaux
Annonay
Le Puy
St. Fleur
Aurillac
Privas
Valence
Die
Embrun
Gap
Digne
Perigueux
Libourne
Bordeaux
Dordogne
Sarlat
Gourdon
Decazeville
Mende
Rodez
Cahors
Bazas
Agen
Garonne
Condom
Montauban
Carmaux
Alby
Lavaur
Auch
Dax
Adour
Aire
Biarritz
Bayonne
Pau
Lombez
Toulouse
Castres
Montpellier
Beziers
Cette
Narbonne
Carcassonne
Quillan
Perpignan
Pyrenees
Oloron
Tarbes
Lourdes
St. Gaudens
St. Girons
Bilbao
Vitoria
Pamplona
Ebro
Alais
Uzes
Nimes
Avignon
Orange
St. Paul trois-Chateaux
St. Remy
Arles
Cavaillon
Entrevaux
Grasse
Antibes
Cannes
Frejus
Aix
Marseilles
Longitude West 2 from Greenwich 0
Longitude East 2 from Greenwich 4
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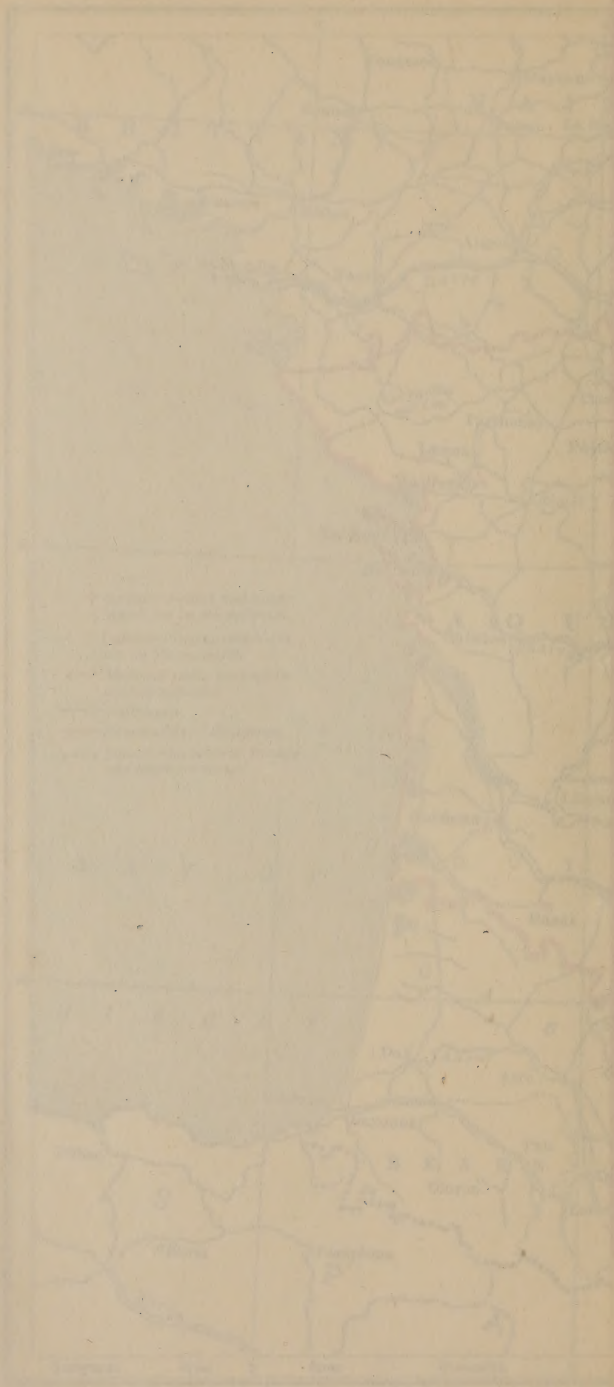

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